

The journals of Washington Irving (hitherto unpublished) ed. by William P. Trent and George S. Hellman. Volume 2

SPAIN TOUR THROUGH THE WEST ESOPUS AND DUTCH TOUR VOLUME III

Irving's Home at Irvington-on-Hudson As it Looked Ten Years After His Death Especially interesting is the ivy vine, which at the present time covers the entire wall. It was grown from a slip given to Irving by his dear friend, Jane Renwick, whom Robert Burns celebrated in several of his poems. The ivy was brought over from Melrose, the home of Walter Scott, who entertained Irving at Abbotsford in 1817. From a pencil drawing made in 1870, by Thomas Wakeman, and now for the first time reproduce.

THE JOURNALS OF WASHINGTON IRVING (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)

EDITED BY WILLIAM P. TRENT AND GEORGE S. HELLMAN

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No. 2 1

TRAVELS IN SPAIN [1826]

February 10th. —Friday. Leave Bordeaux at six o'clock with Peter in diligence for Bayonne. Clear starlight—weather mild. Towards daylight a fog rises which lasts till midday—breakfast at Langon two fr[ancs] fifty cent[imes] which is disputed by passengers. Afternoon sunny and warm—pass peasants in Basque capes—pass over Landes. Postilion refuses to go off of a walk unless conductor pays old debt of *pour-boire* —pass through rough, romantic little village of Roquefort—sup at—, a very clean looking town on entering—all whitewashed. Spanish captain at table with moustache.

February 11th. —Saturday. Travelled all last night—fine starlight—at daybreak stopped at Aix—old *château* now *caserne* on the river—beautiful warm sunny morning—came in sight of the Pyrenees—snow on the summit of some—bright in sunshine—Landes—peasants with capes and long locks—officer in coupé who had been in America—arrive at Bayonne at one. At three part in diligence for Madrid.

Pass thro' St. Juan de Luz—picturesque building in Moorish style—beautiful sheet of water like a lake—Pyrenees in distance—people this afternoon have gay character—Basques—pretty girls. At—pass French frontier—passports 2 viséed—arrive at eight at Irun.¹ Have to leave trunks—too large for diligence.

¹ With this town and its large custom-house we begin to encounter many Spanish proper names. These Irving spelled much as he pleased, often giving them partly in French. Our plan has been to leave the text as he wrote it wherever that has seemed possible. For example, accents are seldom added to the Spanish words; French “St.” is not changed to Spanish “San,” etc. But we have tried to leave nothing that would mislead the reader.

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Sunday, 12th. —At two o'clock leave Irun, first taking chocolate. Three guards accompany us running ahead—pay two pesos among them. At daybreak find us among mountains—strong-featured country. Houses opposite large, desolate—women in mantillas—hair plaited—houses with enclosures—one of our fellow travellers is the same Frenchman, the other a young Frenchman likewise who has adopted the Span[ish] costume and character—tickles all the women.

Stop at—where we take coffee. Figaro brings us to hotel where are pretty girls—long passages. Breakfast coffee and milk—excellent bread—one franc each—drive all day thro' a wild mountainous country with a stream running thro' it—villages of rugged looking houses—men with sashes—sandals—pass mount[ain] of Vergara—just before alighting to walk over it we stop at mountain inn in small village—mules with bells—mule with velvet side-saddles—priest walking before it—pass mountain of Vergara. Soldiers escort us over it—wilderness of mountains—dine at village of Vergara. Begins to rain.

[*Here Irving pauses to make an amusing little drawing of a man with a high hat, presumably one of the characters that he had met with that day.*]

After leaving Vergara the scenery becomes still more wild and picturesque, especially after entering 3 the province of Alava. There are beautiful wild solitudes among the mountains with solitary buildings, looking as wild as the mountains themselves. We arrive at Vitoria¹ at about eight—rainy night—put up at large hotel—Vitoria capital of Alava. People of these mountains appear small but well built, sinewy—lively eyes—Basque women handsome—men with a kind of striped stockings and sandals—wear jackets slung over the shoulders and turn them towards wind and weather. At dinner had a true Spanish dish—fowl—pork—buck—sausage, etc., altogether.

1 This old historic town was the site of Wellington's famous victory on June 21, 1813, over the French in the Peninsular War.

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Monday, 13th. —Get up at two at night—take chocolate—start in diligence—Figaro remains—have two Spaniards in diligence. At Miranda we are permitted to pass custom-house without examination, paying two francs each—cross the Ebro and enter Old Castile—heavy rain—pass through a wild rocky pass of Pancorbo. Mountains on which there had fallen snow—road winds at foot of precipices—pass thro' Corvo—poor village—shabby houses with arms on them—Castilian pride—men with old brown cloaks thrown round shoulders—hidalgos—see them through gateways—enter on plains of Castile—snow lying on them—pass among spires of the Iberian Mountains—plains among mountains, high and cold—but sun comes out hot—villages—shabby houses with arms over doors—hidalgos—plains with sheep—muleteers—peasants all in dirty brown mantillas.

Pass in sight of Mount Oca covered with clouds—arrive at Burgos about one—buildings with long galleries—moresques—streets spacious—idle—houses with grated window between small windows—great doors—men lounging about in great brown mantles—woman in scarlet at grate of window—lower part of houses dirty and desolate for miles—huge rambling inns—with bedroom within bedroom—no fireplaces—braziers under the table—mats on the floor.

Women—long, brown, handsome faces—long plaited braids of hair.

Cathedral of Burgos—rich tower—interior—great expense of workmanship—choir surrounded by brass grating—tombs of saints—statues lying in odour of sanctity—one in right-hand chapel under picture of Virgin and child by Murillo. Old verger a sacristan whose cough resounds through the cathedral—rich carving round the choir—our Saviour's history—figure in red—clock strikes the hour—several buildings in ruins—fine guard—two bridges—curious gateway.

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After leaving Burgos we travel over the great dreary plain of Castile—villages dismal dirt holes 5 —arrive for the night at hotel at village of Lerma—great stable full of mules and horses.

Kitchen—fireplace on a raised platform of brick in centre of the room—a huge funnel above it for chimney—benches round it where travellers sit—lamp hangs hitched to a cord —half a kid turning on spit, other half boiling—supped on kid, also old fowl well blackened in cooking—wine in a pitcher—violet coloured and an excellent conserve.

Slept four in a room—were awakened at twelve to resume our journey—chocolate served, of course.

Tuesday, 14th. —At daybreak passed Aranda del Duero—country arid and dismal—at next post wound up mountains—bleak and barren—foggy. Breakfast at—a miserable inn—chimney a square room the walls of which verge to a narrow aperture whence the smoke escapes and light enters so that the kitchen may be called all chimney—fire on round platform of brick with benches round—chimney hung around with sausages and dried meat.

Our conductor or *conde* or mayoral dressed in brown jacket with collar of red, blue, and yellow patches and similar patches on the sleeves—sheep-skin trousers and fur cap.

Cross the mountains of Somosierra the confines of Old and New Castile—a long pass among brown mountains some cov[er]d with snow—here Napoleon I and his army were almost driven back by a storm—at Somosierra peasant girls come around us with little *reliques* begging charity— *por el buen Dios* —one a very pretty brunette. The passes of these mount[ain]s overlook great tracts of arid country—brown—with groups of muleteers 6 winding along the roads—Castilian seated on his mule with his great wrap and mantle flowing round him—his *montero* cap and his swarthy face looks with vast hauteur on all the world.

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Fine look out Somosierra towards New Castile—mount[ain]s of fine brown and black tint, some scantily wooded—others with snow—clouds—mist. Pass Buitrago—miserable town with old ragged walls. Arrive at six at—. Officer on horseback, preceded by foot soldier, arrives—horseman in brown mantle rides up and rides into the lower story of the house—fine long-limbed muscular fellow with leather gaiters—spurs—sash—round hat—short jacket—throws off[f] his brown mantle.

While at supper a soldier enters our room—swarthy, meagre, with his arm in a sling—inquires whether we want an escort in the morning. We agree to give four dollars for four soldiers to accompany us a league and a half thro' a dangerous part of the road—the first stage.

Go to bed between eight and nine—sleep well (the sleeping rooms very tolerable). Start at four in the morning of

Wednesday, 15th. —After having taken chocolate. Misty morning—soldiers run ahead of carriage—wild looking mountain scenery. As the day breaks we leave mountains and come into naked country. Change horses and take chocolate at—.

Arrive at Madrid at ten—difficulty in getting quarters—put up at the Fonda del Angel.

Call at Mr. Everett's—not at home—pass a cold shivering day at my lodgings over the brazier of coals—go to bed at nine o'clock.

February 16th. —Thursday. This morning got 7 our passports arranged—called on Mr. Everett at two who took me to Mr. Rich.¹ On our way met the Marchioness de Casa Yrujo and her daughter to whom he introduced me—Mr. Rich an American, a book collector, showed me Ms. play of Lope de Vega² never published—in his own handwriting—letter of Cortez, etc.—lent me Ms. of Las Casas' Journal of Columbus³ —walked on the Prado with Everett—dined at hotel—in ev[enin]g took tea at Everetts—with Peter—Mr. Colt there.

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1 Obadiah Rich (1777–1850), American Consul residing at Madrid, in whose apartments Irving took rooms.

2 Felix Lope de Vega Carpio (1582–1635), the most fecund of Spanish poets. Cervantes called him “ *un verdadero monstruo de la naturaleza*,” “a very monster of nature,” because of the vast number of works he gave to the public. He was the author of more than fourteen hundred comedies, and four hundred *autos sacramentales*, or sacred dramas, such as passion and morality plays.

3 The beautiful public promenade of Madrid, which Irving elsewhere describes as having “alleys of stately trees, ornamented with fine fountains and decorated with sculpture.”

February 17th. —Friday. After breakfast called with Peter on Mr. Rich—hired an apartment in his house at the rate of five dollars a week—looked over his collection of Spanish works—met at his house Mr. Duran, a little pale man with fur cap—a black sheepskin jacket under a little black cloak. He is a great collector of Spanish plays—took him for a book dealer—found afterwards he was a man of large fortune—son of a physician to whom the Duchess of—had left all the property she could dispose of.

Dine at home—pass ev[en]ing at Mr. Rich's—present the Marchioness de Yrugo and her daughter Narcissa—Mr. Colt, Mr. and Mrs. Everett and niece—Miss Montgomery who is of Mr. Rich's family—this day has been rainy and chilly.

February 18th. —Saturday. Change lodgings 8 for Mr. Rich's—called with Mr. Everett on the French Ambassador, Marquis Demoustier¹ —not at home—sat some time with the Marchioness, who was born in N[ew] York—called at the Russian Ambassador Mr. d'Oubril's² —not at home—found his lady walking in garden and reading while her children played—a pale but very pleasing countenance. Introduced me to her niece—a charming young person—reads English—left cards for English Ambassador Hon. Fred Lamb—at

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Mr. Everett's met the Neapolitan Ambassador the Prince Cassaro—a handsome man, very modest.

1 Édouard de Moustier (1779–1830).

2 Irving was a constant visitor at the home of the Russian Minister, and his letters at this period contain frequent references to this charming family with all of whose members he soon became a great favourite.

Dined with Mr. Colt—Don Thomas Goffre, an Irish priest there—a violent ultra—has been thirty-five times in prison—three times condemned to death.

February 19th. —Sunday. Wrote a little this morning at translation of “Columbus Journals” but could not make headway. At one o'clock Mr. Everett calls and takes me to see Pope's nuncio, Bishop of Tyre, a tall thin pleasant man, with face something like Hare³ of Philadelphia—not rigid—frequents the Duchess of Benavente's parties on Sunday ev[enin]gs and plays cards there. Called on Duchess of Benavente—shewn thro' suite of six or more rooms—one a long salon richly carpeted—then a round room beautifully furnished—then a bedroom in blue silk with perfumes burning—the Duchess in a small boudoir—her daughter the Marchioness Santa Cruz and her daughter

3 Robert Hare (1781–1858), a well-known American scientist.

9 Mademoiselle d'Alvay there. The Marchioness a fine looking middle-aged woman—the granddaughter very handsome. The Duchess loves company, and to have the diplomatic corps around her—wears a black wig, ruff, and wears wreaths of flowers.

Left cards for the Ambassador of Naples—called on Mr. Kenevitz—Minister of Saxe—saw him and Mad. de Kenevitz whom I had known at Dresden—had a beautiful child with them—called on Mr. Dedel, the Dutch Minister—a pleasant English looking man—speaks English—met there the Minister of Prussia, who knew several of my friends in Dresden—

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called on the Sardinian Minister who has a pretty little wife—dined at Mr. Everett's with the family—Peter, Mr. Colt and Mr. Rich.

Monday, 20th. —Busy examining Ms. and works relative to Columbus. Rec[eive]d letters from Mr. Storrow and Susan—Mr. Mills—Payne—Strobel and Iriarti. Mr. Colt called on us—went with Mr. Everett and called and left cards for Minister of Austria— *chargé d'affaires* of Sweden—called on the Baron Lieberman, Minister of Prussia—left cards for the secretaries, etc., of English legation—called on the Ambassador of Russia—a pleasant, affable man—left cards for Miss Dalbrück—dined at the Fonda St. Luis—enter thro' long café—go up a small stairs and find a dungeon-looking room, where Spaniards are sitting at various tables smoking cigars. In another room find Don Thomas, the Irish priest, seated alone dining—we place ourselves at table with him—after dinner he insists on paying, saying it is a custom in Madrid, when acquaintances meet for the first time in a strange place he who is first there pays the bill. 10 That's a kind of trick often played off on travellers in strange cities—seeing an acquaintance enter café—they pay his am[oun]t without his knowing who did it. Afterwards take coffee in the coffee room—accosted by a sturdy beggar who says he had fought for the royal cause, that the priests above all ought to befriend him—Don Thomas has him turned out of café—the persons in the café eye Don Thomas suspiciously—pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—the Miss—there.

Tuesday, 21st. —Called this morn'g on Sigr. Navarette, Secretary to the Academy of History. Showed me the work concerning Columbus' voyage, etc.—left card for French Ambassador and suite. The Prince of Cassaro (Neapolitan Minister) and Count Marguerita,¹ *chargé d'affaires* of Sardinia, called on me. Cards left by others of the diplomatique corps. Walked with Mr. and Mrs. Everett on the Prado—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Colt there—Marchioness de Casa Yrugo and her daughter Narcissa came in.

¹ Irving seems to give the French form of a name which was probably “Margarita” (*i.e.*, pearl), or some variant of this word. See entry for March 5.

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Wednesday, 22d. —Looked over Mss. in Mr. Rich's library. Bought hat—six dollars—walked with Mr. Ryan to see the King's Palace, etc.—dined with Peter at Fonda St. Luis—passed ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mrs. McKay and her step-daughter there and a Spanish officer of Marines—a great talker—weather fine—cloudless—hot in sun tho' chilly in our lodgings.

Thursday, 23d. —Wrote to Leslie—drew on Mr. Wiggin for fifty pounds—called with Mr. Everett on the Duke de Infantado. A thin, withered man, 11 very polite—amiable and Everett says honorable—afterwards left cards at Duke of Berwick's and—, the Master of Ceremonies—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Marchioness de Casa Yrugo and her daughter there.

Friday, 24th. —Felt good for nothing—walked in the Retiro—fine view of dist[ant] mountains. Sun very warm. Went with the Dalbrücks to see the Casino of the Queen—called to see the collection of paintings of a prince lately deceased—dined at Fonda St. Luis—eight francs—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Colt there.

February 25th. —Saturday. Wrote to Mr. Storrow—Susan and Payne—sent letters by French Ambassador's cousin—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Sunday, 26th. —Read in Bouterweck—walked with Peter in the Retiro—talked of story on a subject taken from “El Condé Lucanor”¹ —weather clear and beautiful—snowy mountains of the Guadarrama² —dined at home—ev[enin]g took tea with the Rich's.

¹ “The Count of Lucanor,” by Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600–1681), one of the most notable of the Spanish dramatists.

² The Sierra de Guadarrama, on the southern slopes of which the province of Madrid is situated.

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Monday, 27th. —Rec[eive]d letter from Payne communicating the success of “Rougemont”—wrote to Mr. Johnston and to Payne—walked in Retiro—delicious weather—rec[eive]d Eng[lish] newspapers from Mr. Ryan—dined at home—took tea at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Colt there.

Tuesday, 28th. —Mr. Ryan called and left newspapers—read all the morn'g in Bouterweck—dined at home—ev[enin]g took tea at Mr. Rich's—Sir Paul Bagot and a young Englishman there 12 and an Am[erican] lady and her daughter from Seville. Sir Paul gave account of his travelling on horseback in Estremadura with a companion—in quest of copper mines—lost his way and after several days' travelling found himself not more than sixty miles from Seville from whence he had started.

At quarter-past eight went to Mr. d'Oubril's, the Russian Minister—Mad. d'Oubril, her niece, the Baron Meyerdorff, Counsellor of the legation, Count Panin, the Secretary—the ladies working at a table—pretty children—visitors in course of ev[enin]g—the Duke of Berwick who is a descend[an]t from the pretender and calls himself a Stuart. General—, a Spanish grandee (a little man), and his son—stay till quarter past eleven.

March 1. —Wednesday. Read in Bouterweck—called on Mr. Ryan—saw Mrs. R. and sister—walk on Prado and out of the gate—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—Marchioness d'Yrugo and daughter and Mr. Rich and ladies there.

Thursday, 2d. —Read Bouterweck, etc.—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Ryan and family there.

Friday, 3. —Passed morning in the garden of the Retiro reading La Huerta's Essay—lovely weather—warm—almond trees in blossom—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Marchioness d'Yrugo there.

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Saturday, 4th. —Read in Aristotle—visited the gallery of paintings. Our trunks arrive from Irun—carriage eight dollars—passed ev[enin]g at Baron de Kenevitz's—the Count—, Baron Meyerdorff and General—there.

March 5th. —Sunday. All day studying Aristotle's Poetics—dined at Mr. Everett's with Peter, *en famille* —ev[enin]g at a *soirée* at the Marchioness de Casa Yrugo—met there the Prussian Minister 13 —the Sardinian *chargé d'affaires* (Count Solar de la Marguerita) and his lady—Mr. O'Shay¹ and family—etc.

1 In the home of this Madrid family—really O'Shea—Irving became a constant visitor.

Monday, 6th. —Finished Aristotle's Poetics—rec[eive]d letter from, Mills—dined with Peter and Colt at *table d'hôte* —three fr[ancs]—met Sir Paul Bagot and Mr. Barrett there—ev[enin]g at Marquis Demoustier—French Minister—with Mr. and Mrs. Everett—met there Mr. and Mrs. Dedel—the Pruss[ian] Minister—Mons. de Kenevitz—Mr. Beauressaire—walk home at night—streets dimly lighted—long, obscure entrances to houses—etc.

Tuesday, 7th. —Read Schlegelaposs Remarks on Span[ish] poet[ry]. The Russ[ian] Minister called and invited me to dine with him on Thursday—walked to the palace—dined at home—walked in ev[enin]g on Retiro—delicious weather—the walks crowded—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's Marchioness d'Yrugo there and her daughter.

Wednesday, 8th. —Read a little, but felt unfit for any occupation—walked in the Retiro—warm weather—reposed on grass in shade of an almond tree—full of blossoms and swarming with bees—read—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mrs. O'Shay, Mrs. Ryan and sister, etc., etc., there.

Left cards for Dutch Minister—read Marmontel's "Critical Remarks"till midnight.

March 9th. —Thursday. Read in Sarmiento² —received letters from Payne, enclosing one from E. I. and another from Medwin. That of E. I. full of

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2 Friar Martin Sarmiento, a Benedictine monk and famous man of letters (1692–1770), born in Segovia.

14 gratifying intelligence—dined at Russian Minister's—present, Baron Kenevitz—Mr. Everett—Mr. Stanhope—Baron Meyerdorff—Mr. Beauressaire—Count Panin—ev[enin]g at a concert at Don Sidonio's.

Friday, 10th. —Read in Sarmiento—went this morn'g with Mr. and Mrs. Everett—Miss Everett—Mr. Rich and Peter to see the Royal palace—King's Dispecho, or Cabinet—books—military affairs of Spain. The Visions of the Most Holy St. Bridget.

Queen's private apartments—piano—basket with music and books—the latter La Escala de la Cruz—Infanta's apartment—bookcase full of religious books—visit Mr. Lopes's *estudio* —the painter to the king—a man rather vain and talkative—dined at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Cook and Mr. Colt there.

1 The distinguished Spanish painter, Vicente López y Portaña (1772–1850).

March 11th. —Saturday. Read in Velasquez—History of Spanish poetry—felt very much depressed—visited the Museum of Paintings—met the Everetts there—left cards for Count and Countess de Solar—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—French secretary of legation there, spoke of exhausted state of treasury—troops unpaid—Duke and Inf[anta] had applied to French [minister] for troops to send to frontier. His own were unpaid and disaffected—did not dare to send them. Yet talked of sending 100,000 men to America² —nobody about the king dares to tell him the truth.

2 Spanish power was destroyed in South America by 1825, the King at that time being Ferdinand VII, and the Queen, his third wife, Marie Amelie of Saxony.

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Thermom[eter] this day sixty-five.

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Sunday, 12th. —After breakfast walk on Prado—Inspection of Swiss guards—walk in Retiro—write this day to Mills and Leslie—Peter writes to Mrs. Van Wart—send letters by Mr. Barrett who goes with courier—dine with Mr. Rich and Peter at a *restaurateur's*—walk in Retiro—full of people—ev[enin]g at home—very heavy and sleepy.

Monday, 13th. —Receive letter from Strobel, enclosing one from Sullivan and in the ev[enin]g one from Leslie—write to Strobel and Sullivan—walk outside of the walls—ev[enin]g take tea at Mr. Everett's.

March 14th. —Friday. Read in Mariana's hist[ory]—accomp[an]y the Everetts and Peter to the Academy—a superb painting by Murillo on a nauseous subject—Queen Isabella washing the sores of mendicants—two fine paintings by him, “The Dreams” of a nobleman and his wife about founding St. Peter's at Rome—several superb Titians in a private chamber and a portrait full length of Napoleon—dined at home—ev[enin]g at the Russ[ian] Minister's—Mr. Lievermann there.

Wednesday, 15th. —Much depressed—wrote letters by the French courier to E. Irving and Mr. Storrow and by the English courier to Leslie—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mrs. Ryan and her sister there.

Thursday, 16th. —Weary and out of order—walked out of the gate towards the meadow—dined at home—this day the king arrived in town—walked after dinner to the palace to see the troops—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Peter.

Friday, 17th. —Walked in Retiro—read Moya y Contreras—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. 16 Dedel's, the Dutch Minister—Count Donloff, secretary of Prussian Legation there.

Saturday, 18th. —Commenced lessons in Spanish at half-past ten—went to court with Mr. Everett—there was a Besamanos¹ in honour of Queen's Saint's day—St. Joseph—was

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presented to the king—Queen—Don Carlos and Don Francisco. Introduced likewise to Mr. Lamb—ev[enin]g walked in Retiro—met the Everetts there—took tea with the Riches.

1 *I. e.*, hand-kissing, a grand ceremony, in which all the nobility, clergy, military, and other people of high rank kiss the hands of the Queen and royal family.

March 19th. —Sunday. Called after breakfast on Colt—in course of day called on the Ryans—left cards at Sig'r Solanes'—dined at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Colt and Julian Rich there—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's, with the Riches—exceedingly list-less and dispirited part of the day.

Monday, 20th. —Rec[eive]d letters from Mrs. Johnston—Bordeaux—and Peter rec[eive]d one from Beasley—at half-past twelve o' clock walked out with Peter—went thro' by-streets past the convent of—. A number of muleteers were teasing two girls—chasing them—throwing stones at them. One overtook one of the girls and was pulling her about rather rudely when a young soldier (who perhaps was her *cher ami*) came up, drew his sabre and struck the muleteer in the head. The latter drew off, and taking off his hat and putting his hand to his head, found by the blood on it that he was wounded. The moment he saw the blood he began to howl. His companions came up furious. A soldier on duty with a musket and bayonet approached—the soldier who had wounded the muleteer 17 scampered. A companion of his kept the muleteers in check and covered his retreat. A muleteer in revenge attacked the other girl. I pushed him back. He was about to attack me when the young soldier's companion stepped in in my defence. The soldier on duty finally interfered and ordered back the muleteers and we continued our walk.

Went out by the gate of Atocha and along the canal to the bridge of Segovia—then returned home thro' the city—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Colt, Mrs. O'Shay and Miss Montg[omery] there.

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Tuesday, 21st. —Walked in Retiro with my Spanish master—read some of Molina's plays—dined at home—passed ev[enin]g at home.

Wednesday, 22d. —Walked to palace, with my Sp[a]n[ish] master—read plays of Molina—Mr. Ryan called on us and Mr. Colt—walk with them to Puerta del Sol and afterwards visited museum—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Marchioness d'Yrugo and Narcissa there—afterwards went to Mr. Everett's.

March 23d. —Thursday. At chapel this morn'g in the palace—High mass by the Pope's nuncio—king and princes and all the court—afterwards the king washed the feet of thirteen poor persons—served them at table and gave them each a piece of cloth and linen.¹

¹ The religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church were still celebrated in Spain with all the pomp and glory of the Middle Ages. Processions of priests and friars, during which the noise and bustle of the city suddenly ceased, were an every-day occurrence, and, as we see, even Royalty took its part in the celebrations.

In the afternoon king and queen and princes walked thro' the city visiting churches—were followed by military.

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Dined at Mr. Ryan's—present Mr.—, Mr.—, Mr. Colt and Peter. This day rec[eive]d a letter from Payne giving account of his play being withdrawn.

Friday, 24th. —Good Friday—and as bad a day as could well be—cloudy—cold—harsh and windy—everybody depressed—called at Mr. Everett's in the course of the morn'g—the streets silent—no bell rings—no carriage to be seen—only here and there a muleteer—the sentinels on duty with reversed arms—the churches shut—the very beggars seem to have dis[appeared]. Felt uncommonly comfortless and depressed—took tea at Mr. Rich's—Mr. Colt there—went to bed at half-past eight and extinguished the day as soon as possible.

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Saturday, 25th. —Wrote a little at life of “Columbus”—great ringing of bells in commemoration of Resurrection—dined at home—Mr. Barrett called—passed ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 26th. —A chilly uncomfortable day—could not keep myself warm in the house nor apply myself to anything—rewrote letter to Mills—Smith arrived—dined at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Smith, Mr. Rich, Mr. Ryan and Peter there.

Monday, 27th. —Rewrote article ab[out] “Columbus”—rec[eive]d letters from H. Van Wart and from Henry—Mr. Balmaseda called on me and told me my bill on Mr. T. Wiggins for fifty pounds had not been accepted for want of advice—wrote to Mr. Wiggins by this evening's post advising him and requesting him to pay the bill in time—Smith dined with us—in the ev[enin]g Marchioness de Yrugo and Mr. Colt came in—went to bed at half-past eight.

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Tuesday, 28th. —Called with Mr. Rich on Mr. Wiseman, Banker—arranged to draw on Mr. Storrow—Mr. W. offered me every accommodation in my money matters—called with Mr. Rich and one of the Mr. Wisemans on Don—Bermudoz, an old gent[leman] who had written lives of the Spanish painters—which has been translated into Italian—has an Ms. “History of Painters and Paintings” in several vol[ume]s and another of “Antiquities of Spain”—he is still busy—is very old—very respectable—well dressed in black—hair white.

Called at Mr. Balmaseda's to draw on Mr. Wiseman but he was not at home—in ev[enin]g he wrote me a note telling me the affair of the Dr[a]ft on Mr. Wiggin would be settled to my convenience—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mrs. O'Shay and Miss Montg[omery] there.

March 29th. —Wednesday. Called on Mr. Everett, not at home—on Mrs. Ryan—walked on Prado—called on Smith—read and took Spanish lesson—went to French Ambassador

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to dinner at six—the company were already at table, so I retired without going in—passed ev[enin]g at home.

Thursday, 30th. —Wrote at life of “Columb[us].” Drew bill on Mr. Storrow at thirty days sight for 2,500 francs in favour of Mr. Wiseman—wrote to Mr. S[torrow] advising him of the same—called with Mr. Rich at the Royal Lithographic printing office—saw them print a portrait of Olivarez—called on Marchioness Desmoustier to make my excuses for not being at dinner there—passed a very pleasant hour in conversation with her—a French general there—walked after dinner on the 20 Retiro with Peter—beautiful afternoon—saw the king, queen, and princes driving up and down the Prado—ev[enin]g Mr. Colt and Mr. Smith took tea at Mr. Rich's.

Friday, 31st. —Wrote at life of “Columbus”—dined at home—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro—met Mrs. O'Shay and Miss Montg[omer]y, who return and pass ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—the Ryans, O'Shays and Mr. Smith there.

April 1st. —Saturday. Busy all the morn'g at “Columbus”—call with Smith at Marchioness d'Yrugo—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ever—ett's with Mr. and Mrs. Rich.

Sunday, 2d. —Wrote at “Columbus”—walked to Convent of Franciscans to see a ceremony but was too late—after dinner walked in the Retiro—beautiful weather—met the Chevalier Oviedo on the Prado—just arrived from Bordeaux—ev[enin]g called at Russian and Dutch ministers' but they were all going to the Duchess of Benavente's.

Monday, 3d. —My birthday—wrote a little in the morn'g at “Columbus”—dressed and went to the palace to witness the ceremony of the Queen's washing the hands of poor women and serving them at table—went with Mr. Rich to see a private library he is about purchasing—dined at home—took tea at Mr. Rich's.

This day Peter rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Strobel.

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Tuesday, 4th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walked in the Retiro—Mr. Colt and Mr. Smith take tea at Mr. Rich's.

April 5th. —Wednesday. Write and read about Columbus—guns fired to-day on account of the birth of young Prince last night—son to Prince Carlos—ev[enin]g walked in Retiro with Peter— 21 met Mr. and Miss Everett and walked with them—soft, delightful weather—retired part of garden—twilight—sound of bells from the city—military music from Prado—took tea at Mrs. O'Shay's—the Riches, d'Yrugo and Miss Montg[omer]y there—Mrs. O'Shay lives in the Donatz palace—went over some part of it—immense building—chapel, etc.

Thursday, 6th. —Write at “Columbus”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Friday, 7th. —Read and try to write but cannot—dined at home—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro with Peter—met Marchioness d'Yrugo on Prado with her daughter and Miss Rich—walk home and take tea with them—Narcissa dances the Bolero¹ for us.

1 A favourite Spanish national dance.

Saturday, 8th. —Wrote at “Columbus”—ev[enin]g walk in Prado—ev[enin]g—Mrs. O'Shay and Miss Montg[omer]y.

Sunday, 9th. —Write at “Columbus”—dine at Mrs. Everett's—present Mr. Smith, Mr. Rich and Peter.

Mr. Wiseman called on me to-day.

Monday, 10th. —Write at “Columb[us]”—walk in ev[enin]g in Retiro—take tea at Mr. Ryan's—the Riches, Mr. Montg[omer]y—Senora Hill, a French lady, sings charmingly.

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Tuesday, 11th. —Write at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk to the Palace—fine ev[enin]g—tho' showers.

Wednesday, 12th. —Write all day at Columbus—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro—take tea at Mr. Rich's—the O'Shays, Ryans, d'Yrugos, etc., there.

Thursday, 13th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—22 hist[ory]—dined at home—wrote letters to Mr. Storrow and V[an] Wart to go by Mr. Montgomery—Peter wrote to Storrow—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Friday, 14th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—wrote letter to Payne to go by Mr. Montg[omer]y—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—took leave of Colt.

Saturday, 15th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—dine at home—after dinner accomp[an]y Mr. Rich and Peter to a painter's to look at some originals—a beautiful Raphael—subject the Farnarina¹ with Nippers and teeth in her hand—a Corregio—a fine Carravaggio—subject a party playing on violin and guitars—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—the O'Shays there.

1 Fornarina, the beautiful model of whom Raphael was enamoured.

April 16th. —Sunday. Morning on the Retiro—reading “Columb[us]”—beautiful weather—dine at home—ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 17th. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—read in library of Jesuits—call at Mr. Balmaseda's and settled about draft—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mrs. Everett there.

Tuesday, 18th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Fountain—take tea at Mr. Everett's.

Wednesday, 19th. —Wrote a little at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro—take tea at Mr. Rich's—Sir Paul Bagot and Mr. Barrett there.

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Thursday, 20th. —Write letters to Mills, Leslie, Newton by Mr. Rich—walked in Prado—joined by d'Oubril and Barrett—Mr. Rich set off this evening with John for London.

Friday, 21st. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—dine at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

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Saturday, 22d. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—rainy day—dined at home—ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 23d. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—rainy day—dined with Peter at Mr. Everett's.

Monday, 24th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—Peter rec[eive]d letters from Beasley and from E. I.—dated March 14—all well and thriving—ev[enin]g go to Mr. d'Oubril's—met there the Prussian minister, Dutch M[iniste]r, and lady—Count Panin, French Secretary, etc.

Tuesday, 25th. —Write all day at “Columb[us]”—weather cool—cloudy—ev[enin]g Smith calls in—Marchioness—write till twelve.

Wednesday, 26th. —All day writing at “Columb[us]”—the Russ[ian] Minister and Mr.—called—ev[enin]g walk in the Retiro—Marchioness and Narcissa and Mrs. O'Shay and Miss Montg[omer]y take tea with Mrs. Rich.

Thursday, 27th. —Wrote but little to-day, frequently interrupted—rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Storrow—dined at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—music—Miss Hill there.

Friday, 28th. —Write all day and till eight o'clock in ev[enin]g at “Columb[us]”—dine at home—ev[enin]g at Mrs. O'Shay's with the family.

Saturday, 29th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—dined at home—siesta—ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 30th. —Write all day at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—return and write till twelve at night.

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May 1st. —Monday. All day noting and arranging chapter for “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g Marchioness comes in—go to Mr. Everett's—cloudy weather and cool.

Tuesday, 2d. —Make notes for “Col[umbus]”— 24 at half-past twelve take lunch with Mr. Everett—set off for [at] two for Aranjuez¹ with Mr. Everett, Mrs. E., Miss E., Mr. Smith and Peter—Aranjuez seven leagues—arrive after six.

1 Once the seat of the Spanish court situated on the river Tagus.

Wednesday, 3d. —Make notes for “Hist[ory] of Columb[us]”—walked in Garden de la Princesa—visited Casa del Labrador—dined at Mr. d'Oubril's, the Russian Minister, with Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. Smith, Peter, Miss Everett, Duke of Berwick there—after dinner drove out towards the King's Farm.

Thursday, 4th. —Visited Garden de la Isla—write a little at “Columb[us]”—called at Mr. d'Oubril's—dined at the inn.

Friday, 5th. —Visit gardens—ev[enin]g visit the Royal palace—letters from P. M. Irving—write a little at “Columbus.”

Saturday, 6th. —Leave Aranjuez at eight with Peter in diligence—arrive at Madrid at twelve—find Mr. Montgomery arrived—ev[enin]g at home—Marchioness and Narcissa—the O'Shays.

May 7th. —Sunday. Write at “Columb[us]”—dine at home—ev[enin]g at home—the Ryans here.

Monday, 8th. —Write all day at “Columb[us]”—Mr. Everett calls—dine at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Peter.

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Tuesday, 9th. —Torrents of rain—write all day at “Columb[us]”—dine at home—ev[enin]g at home—send letter to Mr. Henry—consul at Gibraltar—write till twelve o'clock at night.

Wednesday, 10th. —Fine weather—write all day at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g went with the Riches to Mr. Everett's.

Thursday, 11th. —All day at “Columb[us]”—rainy 25 weather—letter from Nat. Johnston, dated Bordeaux, April 29—Mrs. Rich receives one from Mr. R. from Paris—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—Marchioness and daughter and Miss Montg[omer]y there.

Friday, 12th. —Morn'g sketch out subject for chapter—head weary—walk in Retiro—lie down—after din#er resume labour and write twelve pages—ev[enin]g at home—rainy day.

Saturday, 13th. —Write at “Columb[us]” dine at home—ev[enin]g Mrs. Ryan and sister—write till twelve.

Sunday, 14th. —All day hammering at Roldan's¹ negotiation with Columb[us]—getting it into form—wearied—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

¹ This probably refers to the troubles Columbus had with Francisco Roldan, left as alcalde on the island of Isabella, who fomented disturbances and finally, owing to Columbus's decline in favour at the Spanish court, secured better terms than would otherwise have been granted.

Monday, 15th. —Whitsuntide—rainy day—get up early—work all day at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home.

Tuesday, 16th. —“Columb[us]”—fine weather—ev[enin]g the Ryans at Mrs. Rich's—Peter receives letter from Mr. Storrow.

Wednesday, 17th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

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Thursday, 18th. —Fine weather—"Columb[us]"—rec[eive]d letter from Payne—write to Price, Johnston, Marchioness of Wellesley—Mr. Rich—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's.

Friday, 19th. —Write at "Columb[us]"—at home all day—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—at Mrs. Rich's—twenty pages.

Saturday, 20th. —Rise at half-past four—write at "Columb[us]" all day—ev[enin]g Mr. Dorell an 26 English gent[leman] at Mrs. Rich's—write before going to bed—twenty-nine pages.

Sunday, 21st. —Finished four voyages of "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's.

Monday, 22d. —Wrote episode of Anawanaba¹ —felt in little mood for work—after dinner went to see a bull-fight—three horses killed—two wounded—six or seven bulls killed—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

¹ This is a puzzling entry. Possibly it may have been intended for *Anacaona*, "the Golden Flower," a beautiful native of Xaragua, who at first favoured the Spaniards, but later became estranged from them and was executed after a massacre of the natives.

Rec[eive]d letters to-day from Mr. Van Wart—Mr. Rich and Mr. Henry of Gibraltar.

Tuesday, 23d. —Indisposed to work—drowsy—wrote one page—walked in Retiro—ev[enin]g at Théâtre del Principen ² and Huenpedos.

² The name of the play Irving saw is difficult to decipher. A probable guess is that it was "Don Chico," a *sainete* of the early part of the nineteenth century, and that the word in the text which suggests *huespedes*, *i.e.*, guests, may mean that Irving had taken friends with him to the theatre.

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Wednesday, 24th. —In Retiro—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—modern arrang[emen]t of Lope de Vega's "En amores no hagas yerros."³

3 "In love make no slips."

Thursday, 25th. —All Saints' Day—grand procession—ev[enin]g at home—write.

Friday, 26th. —Retiro—dine at Mr. Everett's—ev[enin]g at Marchioness d'Yrugo's.

Saturday, 27th. —Wrote at "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's— *en famille*.

Sunday, 28th. —Write all day at "Columb[us]"—dine at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Vaughan there—ev[enin]g at home—write at Columbus.

Monday, 29th. —All day at "Columb[us]"—from five in morn'g until eight at night—ev[enin]g at 27 Mrs. Everett's—the Ryans, O'Shays and Riches there—return home and write a little.

Tuesday, 30th. —Rise at five—write at "Columb[us]"—feel heated—weary—walk in Retiro from half-past twelve to half-past two—after dinner siesta then write till past seven—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—the Ryans there.

May 31st. —Wednesday. Write at "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

June 1st. —Thursday. Letter from Beasley—send letters to Payne and Mrs. V. Wart—write at early life of "Columb[us]"—very nervous—flushed—not capable of much work—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Everett's—this day Mr. Wiseman called.

Friday, 2d. —All morn'g making notes out of "History of Arragon," etc.—sound sleep of three or four hours after dinner, a great conqueror of the nerves—ev[enin]g Théâtre de la Cruz—play "Un amo desp[ai]ado de la boda"—very good—Antin Beaux excellent—Las Astuccas Seguidas—this day gave Mr. Rich a draft on Mr. Wiseman for five hundred francs.

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Saturday, 3d. —Write at “Columb[us]” all morn'g—sleep soundly in afternoon—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—write till near twelve.

Sunday, 4th. —Write at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—write on my return home till quarter-past twelve.

Monday, 5th. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—go to bull-fight—receive letter from Storrow and family—ev[enin]g at home—Ryans here.

Tuesday, 6th. —All day write at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—this day Mrs. Rich's bro[ug]ht to bed of a son.

Wednesday, 7th. —This morn'g wrote a little at 28 “Columb[us]” but with great difficulty—at twelve went to Retiro—lay under trees—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz.

Thursday, 8th. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—but with difficulty—write in ev[ening] in Mr. Montg[omery]'s letter to Rich—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—tell story of—.

Friday, 9th. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—call at Mr. Everett's—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro—garden.

Saturday, 10th. —Write little at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz—“El café,” and “Los dos viejos extravagantes”¹ —Mr. Everett and Mr. Smith there.

¹ “The two old extravagant people.” The play has not been identified.

Sunday, 11th. —Write at “Columb[us]”—but not very much—mechanical work—dine at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Smith and Peter there.

June 12th. —Monday. Write at “Columb[us]”—till eleven—went to Retiro—in the course of the day wrote letters to the Storrow family—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—Miss Montg[omer]y there—told story of Pizzaro—weather continues very moderate and showery.

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Tuesday, 13th. —Passed part of morn'g in Retiro—weary and heavy—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz—Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes—the Majo Scrupulosa—very well entertained—rec[eive]d letter and book from Countess of Granard.

Wednesday, 14th. —All the morn'g in Retiro—studying—ev[enin]g at home—Mr. Everett and Mr. Smith call—first put on summer clothes.

Thursday, 15th. —Studied all day—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—weather begins to be warm.

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Friday, 16th. —Studying all day—ev[enin]g walk in the Retiro—meet Mr. Everett—afterwards Mr. Ryan—ev[enin]g at home—Ryan there—beautiful moonlight—warm but pleasant weather.

Saturday, 17th. —Studying all day—ev[enin]g at home—get letter this day from Price—get twenty pounds from Mr. Wiseman.

Sunday, 18th. —Cladiere¹ —receive letter from Mr. Okell—ev[enin]g at home—Mr. Montg[omery] arrives from London.

¹ We cannot explain this entry, except by supposing that Irving was making extracts from the French historian, Jean Joseph Cladière (1656–1720).

June 19th. —Monday. Wrote and studied at “Columb[us]”—at five o'clock went to bull fight—eve[nin]g at Mr. Everett's—beautiful weather—hot at midday—delightful morn'gs and ev[enin]gs—full moon.

Tuesday, 20th. —Notes out of “Cladiere,” etc.—ev[enin]g at home.

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Wednesday, 21st. —Reading “Navarette” all the morn'g—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz with the Riches—“El Castigo de la Miseria,” poor story, a very farcical and whimsical play and some of the characters well played—“Saynette”—“La Prueba de la—.”

Thursday, 22d. —Letter from Mills—read in “Navarette”—make notes, etc.—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

Friday, 23d. —Out of order, with a cold—walk in Retiro—eve[nin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Saturday, 24th. —Wrote a little at notes on “Columb[us]”—Pierre M. Irving arrived—passed greater part of the day talking with him—strolling the Prado, etc.—ev[enin]g at a ball at French Ambassador's 30 —Duke de Ransour there, on his way to Portugal as minister.

June 25. —Sunday. Read and made a few notes—ev[enin]g walked on Prado—met Mr. and Miss Frizel who returned with me and passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's.

Monday, 26th. —To see the *toros* with the Montgomery's and Don—.

Little round-bellied Spanish marquis with us—a battered rake of sixty—as round as a pumpkin yet pale and withered in the face—his plan of amusement for the day—to the bull-fight in the morning—then to dine at a Fonda—to the bull-fight in the evening—then to the theatre—then to have a girl for the night—Pierre dined with us—ev[enin]g visited the Russian Minister's.

Tuesday, 27th. —Pierre with us—in the ev[enin]g went with him to Mr. Everett's—Mr. Sandt there.

Wednesday, 28th. —In the morning went with Pierre—in ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Frizzel there and the Montgomeries—have had no disposition to write for several days past.

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June 29th. —Thursday. Went to court with Mr. Everett—news of Emperor of Brazil having sent Constitution to Portugal¹ —Pierre rec[eive]d letters from home—Peter and Pierre wrote to Mr. Storow, E. I., Beasley, etc.—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with the Riches—cannot write.

¹ Brazil, Portugal's most important colony, had obtained complete independence from her about 1823, with Don Pedro as constitutional emperor. In 1826, at the death of John VI of Portugal, Don Pedro established the basis of the present Portuguese constitution.

Friday, 30th. —All day make notes and extracts for “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro with the Rich family—afterwards go to Mr. Ryan's.

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July 1st. —Saturday. Makes notes from various works for “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—Mr. and Miss Frizzle, Miss Montg[omery] and broth[er], Mrs. O'Shay here.

Sunday, 2d. —Take notes from various works—dine at Mr. Everett's with Pierre, Peter, and Mr. Smith—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's—Marchioness and Narcissa there.

Monday, 3d. —Visited ancient armory¹ with the Miss Montgomeries—several suits of Charles V, one of Cortes—one of Cid—of Gonsalvo of Cordova—of Ferdinand and Isabella—of El Rey Chico of Granada.²

¹ The royal armory at Madrid is one of the finest in the world.

² *El Rey Chico*, known as Boabdil El Chico (The Younger), or more commonly as Chico El Zogoyby (The Unlucky), the son of an old warrior king of Granada. The appellation of “unlucky” was given him because of his repeated reverses in the battles that were waged between him and his uncle to gain possession of Granada.

Visited King's library, handsomely arranged—attendants in embroidered coats and swords.

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Stables—fine cream-coloured horses—weather excessively hot.

July 4th. —Tuesday. Visited Mr. Everett at midday.—ev[enin]g walked on Prado—incapable of work.

Wednesday, 5th. —Try to work but incapable—call with Pierre on Mr. Everett and Smith for passport—afternoon visit the Military Museum with Peter and Pierre—ev[enin]g walk on Prado with family.

Thursday, 6th. —Work a little at “Columb[us]”—Peter receives letter from Beasley—ev[enin]g go to Mr. Everett's with Peter and Pierre.

Friday, 7th. —Day breezy and cooler—work a little in the morn'g—call on Mr. Wiseman about 32 money arrang[emen]t—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro with Pierre and Peter—afterwards at the Russian Minister's—Mr. Liebemann, Count Beauresaire there—come home after eleven.

Saturday, 8th. —Drew on Mr. Storrow in favour of Mr. Wiseman at thirty days' sight for one hundred pounds—rec[eive]d from Mr. Wiseman 160 dollars—wrote a little at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walked on Prado with Pierre and Peter—afterwards at Mrs. Rich's—rainy ev[enin]g.

Sunday, 9th. —Wrote letter to Storrow and Van Wart to go by post and others to Mrs. Storrow, etc., to go by Pierre—in ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Pierre and Peter.

Monday, 10th. —Rec[eive]d letters from Van W[art] and Sally—disagreeable news of E. I.—letter from Mr. Storrow—sent letters by mail to V. Wart and Storrow—visited Armory with Pierre and ev[enin]g at Mrs. Rich's.

July 11th. —Tuesday. Wrote at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's with Pierre—walked on Prado in ev[enin]g.

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July 12th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—got a bill of eight pounds on Bayonne from Mr. Wiseman for Pierre—Pierre sets off for France—ev[enin]g at the theatre with Peter and Mr. Montgomery—play was “El Perro del Hortelano” of Lope well played by Baux and Cabas, indifferently by the rest.

Thursday, 13th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's at their new house.

Friday, 14th. —Wrote all day at “Columb[us]” ev[enin]g walk on Prado with family—beautiful moonlight—tell stories in the hall.

Saturday, 15th. —Wrote all day at “Columb[us]” 33 —ev[enin]g at Russian Minister's—then to the French Ambassador's—Met there several of the diplomatic circle—Marquis de Moustier¹ shews me letters of Washington, Franklin, Napoleon, Jefferson, etc.—return home at twelve o'clock.

¹ Irving was evidently no respecter of persons. He varies the names of his aristocratic friends with as much freedom as he displays toward the most plebeian.

Sunday, 16th. —Write at “Columb[us]” ev[enin]g go with the Riches to Mr. Everett's—Mr.—there—a French general who is travelling to ascertain the route of Hannibal.

Monday, 17th. —“Columb”—in ev[enin]g bullfight with Peter—walk on Prado by moonlight—tell story of three sisters and sit by fountain.

Tuesday, 18th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Opera in Marq. des Moustier's box—opera “Eliza and Claudio”—Sig[no]r Cortesi played excellently—(harassed this day by nervousness).

Wednesday, 19th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

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Thursday, 20th. —“Columb[us]”—Peter gets letter from Beasley—write and send letter to Price—ev[enin]g walk on Prado by moonlight—receive letter from Mr. Rich.

Friday, 21st. —“Columb[us]”—ev[ening] at Mr. Everett's—Mr.—there.

Saturday, 22d. —“Columb[us]”—eve[nin]g walk in Retiro and Prado with Montg[omer]y.

July 23d. —Sunday. “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—Count—and Mr. Royat there—Count told of Lattin of Madrid.

Monday, 24th. —“Columb[us]”—aft[e]r[noon]—toros with Mr. Wiseman and Mr.—. Scene with Miguel, the picador, formerly liberal—ev[enin]g 34 *tertulia* 1 round the fountain—Marchioness, Mr. McDermott, etc.

1 Irving himself explains the *tertulia* in a letter written from Madrid in 1846 when he was American Minister to Spain. “In the summer evenings there are groups of ladies and gentlemen seated in chairs, and holding their *tertulias*, or gossiping parties, until a late hour.”

Tuesday, 25th. —In morn'g visited garden near convent of Delicias—ate fine figs—attended service in chapel—“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Theatre la Cruz—play of “Entroductio” by Sameli and Mal de Mar—both good.

Wednesday, 26th. —Wrote at “Columb[us]”—in ev[enin]g gave first book to P. I.—to look over—ev[enin]g went with Smith and P. I. to café—took ice—afterwards to Mr. Ryan's—bro[ugh]t ladies home from opera.

Thursday, 27th. —Disturbed at night by noises—could not work to-day—wrote to Pierre—visited the Everetts in ev[enin]g—weather very hot.

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July 28th. —Friday. “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk on Prado—met Mr. Dalbrück—afterwards go to Russ[ian] Minister's—Mad. d'Oubril at home—have long talk with her—ret[urne]d home—find *tertulia* —Marchioness, etc.

Saturday, 29th. —“Columb[us]” even[in]g at Mr. Ryan's and Mr. O'Shea's.

Sunday, 30th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—the Everetts—Ryans, etc.

Monday, 31st. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g went to the opera—sat in French Ambassador's box—“Eduardo and Christino”—Cortisi played charmingly—Casi sang very well—at end of first act the Princess of Cassarolles and her family (Neapolitan Ambassador's lady) came in—I retired and passed remainder of ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—took 35 leave of Mr. Robert Montgomery, who goes tomorrow morn'g to Alicant—rec[eive]d letter to-day from Newton.

August 1st. —Tuesday. “Columb[us]”—ev[ening] at Mr. Everett's alone—walk in garden with Mrs. E.—report of Granada being ruined by earthquake.

Wednesday, 2d. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g call and leave card at French Ambass[ador]'s—call at Russian Minister's—meet family just going out—accompany them on drive in calèche to Convent d'Atoch—afterwards to Mr. Dedel's where I met Marchioness Desmoustier—Consul Beauresaire, Prussian Minister, Gen[era]l—returned home at twelve o'clock.

Thursday, 3d. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at opera with Peter—“Zalmira”—Cortesi played admirably—rec[eive]d letter to-day from Pierre.

Friday, 4th. —“Columb[us]”—could not work well—walk in Retiro with Montg[omer]y—ev[enin]g at Everett's.

Saturday, 5th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro—pass ev[enin]g at home—pass uncomfortable night.

Library of Congress

Sunday, 6th. —“Columb[us]”—could not take siesta—ev[enin]g at Everett's—Mr. Navarette there and Count—and the Ryans—uneasy night.

Monday, 7th. —Walk at six o'clock with Peter to Convent of Atocha—drowsy throughout the day—do nothing—ev[ening] walk on Prado with ladies—pay Mr. Everett.

Tuesday, 8th. —At five o'clock walk with Peter to the Canal—write at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—Marchioness.

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Wednesday, 9th. —Awake early—get up at half-past four—walk with Peter to bank of river—fine morning—return to breakfast—this morning talk about work on “Conquest of Granada”—write at “Columb[us]”—eve[nin]g walk with ladies of the family and the Ryans to garden of the Delicias—afterwards to Prado—ret[urne]d home and sit round fountain where I tell story of West Portico.¹

1 Not identified.

Thursday, 10th. —Walk at five o'clock out of gate of Atocha and along the outside of walls of Madrid until we enter gate of—. Talk of work on “Conquest of Granada”—write a little at Columb[us]—ev[enin]g at opera—“Barber of Seville”—Figaro played spiritedly by—. Casi played Rosina.

August 11th. —Friday. Rise at five and walked with Peter out of gate of St. Barbara and round the northern part of Madrid—wrote a page or two at “Columb[us]”—went with Smith and Peter to place of La Celada to see execution of a man for robbing and murder—hanged—took place at about one. Ev[enin]g at opera with the Everetts—Peter and Smith in French Ambassador's box—the opera—“Barber of Seville.”

Saturday, 12th. —Rise early—walk in Retiro—“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk on Prado—moonlight—King returns at six o'clock.

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Sunday, 13th. —Rise before five—walk to Convent of Atocha and outside of walls to gate of Atocha—"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at the Everetts'.

Monday, 14th. —Walk in morn'g to river—Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home and on Prado.

Tuesday, 15th. —Walk in morn'g to—gate of Atocha—"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with the M[ar]ch[i]ones[s].

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August 16th. —Wednesday. Walk in morning at five o'clock with Peter—"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at opera—"Barb[er] de Seville"—write to Mr. Storrow and Pierre by courier.

Thursday, 17th. —Walk in morn'g at five—"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at Russian Minister's—then at French Ambassador's—seated in garden by moonlight—return home at quarter-past twelve—write to Van Wart by post.

Friday, 18th. —Walk to Convent of Atocha—received letter from Storrow—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Everett's.

Saturday, 19th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g walk on Prado.

Sunday, 20th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 21st. —Drew on Mr. Wiseman for \$100—"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at opera—"Zalmira"—letter from Hughes to Peter.

August 22d. —Tuesday. Leave Madrid at six in morning for St. Ildefonso—in carriage with Mr., Mrs. and Miss Everett, Peter and Smith—stop at half-past eleven at Inn in the Guadarrama Mountains—lunch—hear there of three Engl[ish] Minister's servants having been robbed—beautiful ride thro' the mountains—thunder shower—pretty cottages and churches in mountain valley—pickets of soldiers—as we descend opposite side wide view

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over Castile between opening of mountains—pickets of soldiers with black horses—mules—arrive at La Granja at dusk—put up at Fleur de Lis.

Wednesday, 23d. —Walked out with Peter before breakfast—soldiers and music in place before palace—after breakfast walk with the Everetts on through the gardens—the King sends to invite us 38 to the Queen's apartments to go thro' the garden—go there at five—accompany the Royal family, etc. thro' the gardens, where the waters play—Marquis de—walks with me—Prince of Hesse walks with Royal family—one fountain throws the highest jet in Europe.

Thursday, 24th. —After breakfast drive to Segovia—about two leagues distant—Cathedral beautiful—simple—solid Gothic—painted windows—Everett's misunderstanding with priest about the ladies having their heads uncovered—visit the Alcazar¹ —General who commands there shews us thro' the place—a military college—Commandant a son of an Irishman—beautiful room of the throne—Tower where Gil Blas was confined—returned to La Granja by four o'clock.

1 The Alcazar at Segovia is one of the most celebrated Moorish palaces in Spain, and contains many art treasures, statues, and historical relics.

August 25th. —Friday. Morning walk in garden—"Columb[us]"—walk at midday with Mrs. Everett, Miss E. and Peter—after dinner see the waters play—the court and all the populace in garden—ev[en]ing at theatre—"Don Comodo, o el amigo intima"—good.

Saturday, 26th. —Start at half-past five—drive thro' the mountains—get among clouds—fine—immerging into sunshine—arrive at Madrid at five—ev[en]ing at Mrs. Rich's—the Ryans there.

Sunday, 27th. —"Columb[us]" all day—ev[en]ing at Mrs. Everett's.

Monday, 28th. —"Columb[us]"—"Granada"—ev[en]ing at home.

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Tuesday, 29th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

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Wednesday, 30th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Thursday, 31st. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—one page at “Granada.” Wrote letter to Storrow, enclosed exch[an]g[e] at sixty days, sight on E. I. for \$1,000—in ev[enin]g went to Mr. d'Oubril's—Count Meyerdorff and Count—there.

September 1st. —Friday. Morning walk—“Granada”—ev[enin]g with the Montgomeries at Mr. Everett's.

Saturday, 2d. —Weather cool—“Granada”—Mr. Hunter, King's messenger arrives with letter from Mr. Andrews—ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 3d. —“Granada”—dined at Mr. Everett's with the Rich family.

Monday, 4th. —“Granada”—letter from Pierre.

Tuesday, 5th. —“Granada.”

Wednesday, 6th. —“Granada.”

Thursday, 7th. —“Granada.”

Friday, 8th. —“Granada” ev[enin]g Theatre del Principe—“Tellos de Moneses”—“Casa de la Vicindad”—good.

Saturday, 9th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g—Mr. d'Oubril's.

Sunday, 10th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g theatre—one act of “Amar por Señas.”

September 11th. —Monday. Morn'g “Granada”—bull-fight—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

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Tuesday, 12th. —Wrote a little at “Granada,” but very little—retouching—copied sketch of “Contented Man”¹ and sent it to F. Andrews for his

1 This story by Irving has to do with an old Frenchman, who, after being ruined by the Revolution, found much happiness throughout his years of poverty; but when, later, the major portion of his fortune was restored to him, he lost both his philosophic point of view and his gaiety.

40 Christmas work—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's and with them to the opera—“Eliza and Claudio.”

Wednesday, 13th. —Sketched and scratched at “Granada”—walked in Retiro—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

Thursday, 14th. —“Granada”—rec[eive]d letter from Pierre—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—thence to Theatre—piece of “Diablos son las mujeres.”

Friday, 15th. —“Granada”—e[venin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Saturday, 16th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g at—.

Sunday, 17th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Monday, 18th. —“Granada” in the morn'g—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—letters from Mr. and Mrs. Storrow and Van Wart.

Tuesday, 19th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g at home.

Wednesday, 20th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g theatre—“El Socorro de los Mantos”—good.

Thursday, 21st. —“Granada”—five o'clock morn'g—at twelve walk out up the fair—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

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Friday, 22d. —Write but little—walk with Smith and Montg[omer]y—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Saturday, 23d. —“Granada”—at twelve go with the ladies to Academy—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Sunday, 24th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g Theatre de la Cruz—play—“El Cuesto por lo bueno.”

Monday, 25th. —“Granada”—bulls morn'g and afternoon—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Tuesday, 26th. —“Granada”—walk in Retiro—ev[enin]g at home—Colt.

Wednesday, 27th. —A little at “Granada”—walk in morn'g in Retiro—ev[enin]g at home—the Ryans.

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September 28th. —Thursday. “Granada”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with the y[oun]g ladies—rec[eive]d \$100 from Mr. Wiseman.

Friday, 29th. —“Granada”—ev[enin]g at Theatre del Principe—“Huerfana de Bonville” and Labrador.¹

1 “The Orphan Girl of Bonville” may be the title of the first of these plays; the second may have overtaxed our powers of deciphering.

Saturday, 30th. —“Granada,” a little—ev[enin]g Opera—“Barb[er] of Seville.”

October 1st. —Sunday. “Granada”—dined at Mr. Everett's with Montgomery and Mr. Ryan.

Monday, 2d. —“Granada”—toros—ev[enin]g Mr. d'Oubril's.

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Tuesday, 3d. —"Columbus" and "Granada."

Wednesday, 4th. —"Columbus"—"Granada"—ev[enin]g Opera—"Il Porto Abandonato."

Thursday, 5th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at home.

Friday 6th. —"Granada"—museum—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Saturday, 7th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g looked in at theatre—called at Mr. Ryan's—rest of ev[enin]g at home—Ryans there.

Sunday, 8th. —"Granada"—dine at Mr. Everett's—French gent[leman] there from N. Orleans.

Monday, 9th. —"Granada"— *toros* —ev[enin]g at Theatre—"Barb[er] of Seville."

Tuesday, 10th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—French Ambassador, etc., there.

Wednesday, 11th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at home.

Thursday, 12th. —At 9 o'clock set off with the Everetts, Smith and Peter for Escorial² — take

² Escorial (or Escorial), a famous monastery of New Castile, in the province of Madrid. The Escorial, which was intended to serve as a palace, mausoleum, and monastery, is an immense building of solid granite, and owes its origin to Philip II, who erected it in gratitude to his patron saint through whose aid he won the famous battle of St. Quentin.

⁴² lunch at a village ravaged by the French—eat our lunch on stones among ruins—approaching the Escorial see Princess of Basque and courtiers on donkeys—in ev[enin]g go with Mr. Everett to visit the nuncio—dark passages of the Escorial—find him in small room—recess for bed with crimson curtain—large books on table—crimson velvet bindings—he is in Schlafrock.¹

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1 Dressing gown.

October 13th. —Friday. Visit the Escorial—the Sacristan Frere Solono—shews us about—a jolly friar. In the Sacristy is the Pearl by Raphael² and the presentation—beautiful. In the old chapel is a piece by Raphael—visit the Pantheon.

2 One of the most celebrated of Raphael's paintings representing the Holy Family.

Library—old monk with white hair.

After Escorial visit the Principe, a pretty little house and garden—after dinner revisit Escorial with Prince Dolgorucki and Mr. Sandt—ev[en]ing at theatre.

Saturday, 14th. —Besa Manos—at the Escorial—attend court—King, Queen, Don Carlos and Don Francisco and their wives and Duchess of Beyna—after court walk with Mrs. Everett and Miss E., Peter, and Smith to King Philip's seat—beautiful view.

Sunday, 15th. —Return to Madrid—leave the Escorial at quarter-past seven and arrive about two o'clock—ev[en]ing at Mrs. Ryan's with the Riches Mad. Zannoturi there, etc.

Monday, 16th. —"Granada"—ev[en]ing *tertulia* 43 at home—Everetts, Ryans, O'Shays—receive letter from Van W. and three from Sally.¹

1 Irving's sister, Sarah Van Wart.

Tuesday, 17th. —"Granada"—ev[en]ing at Mr. d'Oubril's—Mr. Waddington, etc., there.

Wednesday, 18th. —"Granada"—ev[en]ing at home—Mrs. O'Shea and nephew here—write till eleven.

October 19th. —Thursday. "Granada"—dine at Mr. Everett's—gent[leman] from New Orleans there and Mr. Ryan.

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Friday, 20th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mrs. O'Shea's—write to Van W. by Mr. Orviette.

Saturday, 21st. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—met the Riches.

Sunday, 22d. —"Granada"—after dinner sleep—walk in Retiro—full of people—ev[enin]g at Theat[re] del Principe—"La Presumida" y "la Hermosa"—very good.

Monday, 23d. —Cannot write—go out at nine to Retiro to see the reserves pass accompan[ie]d by Mr. Weeks, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Shaw of Cadiz—Peter, Smith and myself unprovided with tickets—do not go in—afternoon *toros* —ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Tuesday, 24th. —No work—get \$100 from Mr. Wiseman—says there are about seventy-five yet in his hands—called on Mr. Shaw, Weeks and Ryan—dined at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Vaughan and nephew there—ev[enin]g went to theatre and saw "Didon"—bad—after piece good.

Wednesday, 25th. —Mr. Rich arrived last night—wrote letters to E. I., Storrow, Mr. Macready—rec[eive]d letters from Newton, Pierre M. Irving, Susan Storrow and Minny—ev[enin]g at home.

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Thursday, 26th. —Idle day—ev[ening] at home.

Friday, 27th. —A little at "Granada"—even[in]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Saturday, 28th. —Wrote a little at "Granada"—ev[enin]g call at Mr. Everett's—no at home—pass ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 29th. —"Granada" a little—dine at Mr. Wiseman's—ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 30th. —"Granada"— *toros* —ev[enin]g at home.

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Tuesday, 31st. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

November 1st. —Wednesday. "Granada"—ev[enin]g at home—late in ev[enin]g wrote on "Columb[us]."

Thursday, 2d. —Went in Galera¹ with the Riches—Ryans—Smith—Montg[omer]y to the Prado—went thro' the palace—beautiful tapestry made at Madrid—represent[in]g costumes of Spain, etc.

¹ A sort of coach.

November 3d. —Friday. "Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

Saturday, 4th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Russian Minister's—the Pope's nuncio and the Bishop—there—afterwards the Minister of Prussia, Mr. Stanhope, etc.

Sunday, 5th. —"Granada," a little—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—send letters to Mr. Storrow—E. Irving, etc., by English courier to Paris.

Monday, 6th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—Signora Corri, etc.

Tuesday, 7th. —"Granada"—Mr. Slidell arrives—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

Wednesday, 8th. —"Granada"—indisposed to do work—ev[enin]g at home—Smith and Montg[omer]y here.

Thursday, 9th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at theatre—"Valerio"—poorly played.

Friday, 10th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at home—Mr. Slidell, etc.

Saturday, 11th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Marquis of—, the Riches, Ryans, Mr. Slidell, Smith, etc., etc., Mr. Navarette and family there.

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Sunday, 12th. —Wrote a little at "Granada"—dined at Mr. Ryan's—Signor—and Mr.—there—ev[enin]g looked in at theatre—"Melindrosa"—bizarre.

Monday, 13th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at theatre—"Oscar"—miserable—this day the Misses Montgomeries, etc., depart.

Tuesday, 14th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g called at Mrs. Everett's—not at home—Mr. d'Oubril's *idem* —visited Mr. Ryan's.

Wednesday, 15th. —"Granada"—visit new house with Mrs. R. and Mrs. Everett—ev[enin]g the Ryans here—afterwards go to Mr. d'Oubril's.

Thursday, 16th. —Left the house in Calle St. Fernando and moved to—near the gate of Santa Barbara—wrote all day at "Granada"—ev[enin]g called at Mr. Ryan's.

Friday, 17th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—not at home—ret[urne]d and wrote until late at "Columb[us]."

Saturday, 18th. —Mr. Rich's family moved into the house—write all day at "Columb[us]"—Mr. Everett calls—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—"Marido de la Duchesa"—excellent.

November 19th. —Sunday. Indisposed to work—awake with slight headache—write a little at 46 "Columb[us]"—go with Peter to see the Novellos—dine at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Slidell, Rich, Smith, Peter, etc.

Monday, 20th. —"Columb[us]" all day and till one at night—Mr. Smith and Montg[omer]y at Mr. Rich's in the ev[enin]g.

Tuesday, 21st. —Write all day at "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at Theatre del Principe for a little while—came away soon—called at Ryan's—Montg[omer]y there.

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Wednesday, 22d. —Write all day at "Columb[us]" ev[enin]g call at d'Oubril's—look in at Theatre del Principe—see "Sainete of Don Chico"—look in at Theatre de la Cruz—French Ambass[ador's] box—Mr. d'Oubril there—Cenerentola—write to Van Wart by courier.

Thursday, 23d. —"Columb[us]"—letter from Mr. Storrow—the same which had been delay'd.

Friday, 24th. —"Columb[us]" all day—ev[enin]g at theatre—"Zalmira."

Saturday, 25th. —All day "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home—write till near eleven.

Sunday, 26th. —Before breakfast sketch off character of "Columb[us]."

This day leave cards for Marquis—call on Count Donoff—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—writing.

Monday, 27th. —"Columb[us]" all day—write by mail to Van Wart—Mr. Rich wrote for books—viz.: "Translat[ion] of Navarette," "Chifferton"¹ "Tales of Traveller,"—theatre—part of Washington.

¹ This seems to be the title Irving used.

Tuesday, 28th. —"Columbus"—dine at Mr. Ryan's with Peter—ev[enin]g opera—"Barber of Seville."

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Wednesday, 29th. —"Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's.

Thursday, 30th. —"Granada"—headache—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's.

Dccember 1st. —Friday. "Granada"—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

Saturday, 2d. —"Granada."

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Sunday, 3d. —"Columb[us]"—dine at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Vaughan and nephew.

December 4th. —Monday. "Columb[us]"—read "Kenilworth" in ev[enin]g—call at Everett's—
—not at home—letter from Mr. Guestier to Peter.

December 5th. —Tuesday. "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home—"Kenilworth" draw bill on
Spencer to account of Van Wart, fifty pounds—receive seventy dollars from Wiseman.

Wednesday, 6th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g Theatre de la Cruz—"Desden con el
desden."¹

¹ The full title is "El desden con el desden," *i. e.*, "Meet disdain with disdain," by Augustin
Moreto y Cabaña.

Thursday, 7th. —"Columb[us]."

Friday, 8th. —"Columbus."

Saturday, 9th. —"Columb[us]"—dine at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Slidell, Rich, Smith.

Sunday, 10th. —"Columb[us]" all day and ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 11th. —"Columb[us]"—Cruz.

Tuesday, 12th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g Theatre del Principe—Lo que son las mujeres
—"Convidando de Piedro"—ballet.

Wednesday, 13th. —"Columb[us]"—opera—"Barb[er] of Seville."

Thursday, 14th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g call at Mrs. d'Oubril's—the Ryan's.

Friday, 15th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

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Saturday, 16th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

Sunday, 17th. —"Columb[us]"—illustrations—ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 18th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g Mr. Everett's.

Tuesday, 19th. —Called with Rich on Don Antonio and left card at Mr. Wiseman
—"Navarette"—not at home—work at "Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

Wednesday, 20th. —"Columb[us]" ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—present the Cardinal
(nuncio), Gen[era]l—, Prince Dolgorouki—French Sec[retar]y's.

Thursday, 21st. —"Columb[us]"—had stove put up—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz
—"Amar por Señas."

Friday, 22d. —Went to library (shut) left card for Slidell—called at Wiseman's—wrote
at "Columb[us]"—Illustrat.—rec[eive]d letter from E. Irving—ev[enin]g at home reading
"Bracebridge Hall"—wrote to Murray informing him of "Columb[us]" being nearly ready for
the press.

Saturday, 23d. —"Columb[us]"—but little—get \$100 of Mr. Wiseman—call at Ryan's—
Smith's—ev[enin]g at Theatre of Cruz—"Barber of Seville."

December 24th. —Sunday. Wrote a very little at "Columb[us]"—dined at Smith's with Peter
—ev[enin]g at Theatre del Principe—extravagant and amusing pieces.

Monday, 25th. —Christmas—made extracts concerning "Prester John"¹ —dined at Ryan's
—present

¹ A mythical character who was supposed in the Middle Ages to rule over a vast region in
Asia.

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49 Mr. Vaughan and Sig[no]r—of Valencia—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—the Riches, Smith, Montg[omer]y there.

Tuesday, 26th. —Indisposed all day—ev[enin]g at Theatre of the Cruz—various Christmas pieces—house of—.

Wednesday, 27th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home.

Thursday, 28th. —Wrote to Susan S[torrow] incapacitated to write all day—ev[enin]g at home.

Friday, 29th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[enin]g at home—read'g.

December 30th. —Saturday. All day "Columb[us]"—eve[nin]g at home read'g.

Sunday, 31st. —"Columb[us]"—"Nevilles"—ev[enin]g look in at Smith's—Ryan's—return home and write a little—but sleepy and go to bed and so ends the year 1826 which has been a year of the hardest application and toil of the pen I have ever passed. I feel more satisfied however with the manner in which I have passed it than I have been with that of many gayer years, and close this year of my life in better humour with myself than I have often done.

January 1st. 1827. —Monday. Rose at six o'clock—"Columb[us]"—called at the Marchioness d'Yrugo—saw her and Narcissa—dined with Mr. Wiseman—present Mr. —, Mr.—, and Mr.—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Rich, Montg[omer]y, Smith, Peter, Mr. Sandt there.

January 2d. —Tuesday. "Columb[us]"—[ev[enin]g at home—two Eng[lish] messengers here.

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Wednesday, 3d. —Wrote to Mr. Storrow and Lady Granard—gave letters to Eng[lish] courier—Dr. Clark of Philadelphia and Mr. Wilson of Baltimore 50 arrived here—ev[enin]g at home read'g "Carol of Licht."¹

¹ This is the best transcription we can make, but the entry is unintelligible to us.

Thursday, 4th. —Wrote to Mrs. Van Wart—Pierre M. Irving and Mills by Eng[lish] courier—ev[enin]g at home.

January 5th. —Friday. Called on Dr. Clark, etc.—receive letters by Eng[lish] courier who left this ev[enin]g—Dr. Clark, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Slidell took tea with us at Mr. Rich's.

Saturday, 6th. —Incapable of writing—called at Wiseman's—ev[enin]g at home reading Lope de Vega.

Sunday, 7th. —Write "Island of St. Borinson"² —ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's.

² This seems to be the correct reading of the text. The legend is doubtless that of the Island of St. Brandan or St. Borondon, a subject treated by Irving in "The Phantom Island," and the piece that follows it in the volume entitled, "Wolfert's Roost." These papers had appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* over the signature of "Geoffrey Crayon."

Monday, 8th. —Write a little at "Island of St. Borinson"—call with the young ladies at Mrs. Ryan's—get \$100 of Mr. Wiseman—ev[enin]g at opera—"Eliza and Claudio"—saw a Mr. Frazer in the box of Mr. d'Oubril—parents in Lisbon. He is a Russian prince—Consul to Lisbon.

Tuesday, 9th. —Could not work—touched a little at the " "³ —ev[enin]g opera of "Rosa Rosa and Rosa Blanca"—afterwards went to the d'Oubrils'—Prince Dolgorouki lent me books—called at Everett's this morn'g.

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3 The text is difficult to decipher. Doubtless the reference is to the "Island of St. Borinson" mentioned twice before.

January 10th. —Wednesday. Out of mood to work—walked out—Smith's—read papers—ev[enin]g at home—Mrs. O'Shea—the—.

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Thursday, 11th. —Ev[enin]g with Peter and Smith—"Convidado de Piedra."

Friday, 12th. —At library—tak'g notes—ev[enin]g at home.

Saturday, 13th. —Library—notes from "Ramusio"—ev[enin]g call Mr. Ryan's—go to theatre—"Marcia de la Puchera."

Sunday 14th. —Read "Humboldt Americ. Transac."—dined at Mr. Ryan's—Peter, Smith, Mr. Vaughan, Annie Rich—Théâtre de la Cruz—"En los negocios."

Monday, 15th. —Library—"Ramusio"—walk with Slidell—dine at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Navarette, Mr. Rich, Smith, Montgo[mery].

January 16th. —Tuesday. Library—make notes from "Ramusio"—ev[enin]g at opera—"Cenerentola"—get letter from Murray's agreeing to publish "Columbus."

January 17th. —Wednesday.—Morn'g at library making notes from "Gosselin"—St. Antonio's Day—people with horses, etc., at convent of St. Antonio to get blessed barley—blessed cakes of St. Antonio—boys running about with horns—faces smeared, etc.—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz—"Eliza and Claudio"—see Embozado in gallery—call at Mr. Wiseman's.

Thursday, 18th. —Could not work—rec[eive]d letter from Pierre, dated Paris, Jan[uar]y 6—replied by this ev[enin]g mail—went to theatre—"La Gallega"—afterwards went to Mr.

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d'Oubril's—returned home late—imperfect moonlight—obscure streets—this morn'g call on Señ[or] Navarette—go through the hydrographical establishment.

Friday, 19th. —Incapable of work—call at Smith's—on Count Beauressaire—not at home — 52 on Mr. Everett—Mr. Sandt there—pay Mr. E. twenty dollars—ev[enin]g opera —“Rosa Rosa and Rosa Blanca”—Peter and Smith accompan[ie]d me.

Saturday, 20th. —Library—notes from “Gosselin”—subscribed to French library—make notes from “Malte Brun”—ev[enin]g opera—“Barber of Seville.”

January 21st. —Sunday. Called on the Count Cortoni—saw his coadjutor there—called at Navarette's—not at home—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Peter—terribly nervous and low-spirited to-day.

Monday, 22d. —This day wrote at “Columb[us]” all day—ev[enin]g at theatre—“Nona Repentida” by Solis from Donna Baba of Lope.

Tuesday, 23d. —“Columb[us]”—called with Mr. Rich on Mr. Dedel—on Slidell—ev[enin]g at home—write late at night.

Wednesday, 24th. —“Columb[us]”—early in morn'g—all day and late at night—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's.

Thursday, 25th. —Write from two o'clock in morn'g at “Columb[us]” all day—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—receive letter from Mr. Kenney and Mrs. Storey—write a little before going to bed—rise a little after two, write till daylight.

Friday, 26th. —Write all morn'g from two—call at Navarette's—not at home—at Wiseman's —Ryan's—got letter from the Sec[retar]y of Atheneum—ev[enin]g at home.

Saturday, 27th. —Rise at three—“Columb[us]”—call at Mr. Navarette's—get Mss.—write at home—ev[enin]g at Rich's—write from nine to one.

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Sunday, 28th. —All day “Columbus”—Mr. Slidell 53 calls—ev[enin]g Mr. Everett's—Peter, Smith,—from half-past ten till one “Columb[us].”

Monday, 29th. —All day “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—“Colum[bus]” till near twelve.

Tuesday, 30th. —“Columb[us]” early—call at Navarette's—write—after dinner sleep two hours—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—write from ten to one—awake at three—write till breakfast.

Wednesday, 31st. —Write from early three o'clock to dinner time—sleep two hours—write from six till eight—pass hour and half at Rich's—write a little but go to bed at half-past ten—wake at two—write till breakfast time.

February 1st. —Thursday. Write from two in morn'g till past eleven—call at Smith's—Ryan's—letter from V[an] W[art] and Mrs. V.—ev[enin]g at the opera—“Tibaldo,” etc.

February 2d. —Friday. Write from four o'clock at “Supp[lemen]t”—at home all day—ev[enin]g at Rich's—Everett there and Montg[omer]y—letter from Mills—write in ev[enin]g till twelve o'clock.

Saturday, 3d. —Rise at four—all day writing—ev[enin]g look in at opera—“Eliza and Claudio”—call at Mr. Ryan's.

Sunday, 4th. —“Columb[us]”—“Story of—”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's with Mr. and Mrs. and Julia Rich and Peter.

Monday, 5th. —“Story of—”—Mr. Slidell calls—dine at Mr. Everett's—letter from Sally.

Tuesday, 6th. —Write a little—“Ponce de Leon's discovery of Florida”—call at Wiseman's—Smith's—ev[enin]g at Rich's—then to the Russian Minister's to a ball—introduced to Count Böse, the Saxon Minister.

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Wednesday, 7th. —A blank—ev[enin]g at home.

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Thursday, 8th. —With great exertion rewrite a chapter—call at Mr. Wiseman—get thirty dollars—call with him on the Abbé who promises to speak to Duke of Veraguas¹ to get me the examination of Archives—call at Mrs. Ryan's—ev[enin]g Rich's—Slidell there.

¹ In the preface to “Columbus” Irving acknowledged the liberality shown him by this descendant and representative of the great discoverer.

February 9th. —Friday. An idle day—read newspapers at Mr. Wiseman's—in evening read “Quentin Durward” at Rich's.

Saturday, 10th. —Write a little at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—read “Quentin Durward.”

Sunday, 11th. —Could not write without great difficulty—walk out with Peter—meet Mrs. Rich, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan—walk in Retiro—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—Rich, Slidell, Smith, Mont[gomer]y.

Monday, 12th. —Read in Ms. of “Las Casas”—make alterations in “Columb[us]”—letters from Beasley, Brevoort, E. Irving, Mr. Cary of Phil.—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. Slidell there.

Tuesday, 13th. —All day rewriting chapt[er] on “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g opera—“Tibaldo,” etc.—bro[ugh]t home the girls.

February 14th. —Wednesday. Write all day at “Columbus”—ev[enin]g at home—read “Quentin Durward”—letter from Lady Granard.

Library of Congress

Thursday, 15th. —“Columb[us]”—Mr. Slidell calls—go with him to copier and leave Ms. to be copied—ev[enin]g at home—Montg[omer]y there—cards.

Friday, 16th. “Columb[us]”—Mr. Slidell 55 called and Prince Dolgorouki—gave Slidell more Ms.—ev[enin]g at Ryan's—chess—all night broken dreams—fearful the work was not well enough written.

Saturday, 17th. —All day making notes from “Las Casas”—ev[enin]g Mr. Slidell called—cards at Rich's.

Sunday, 18th. —“Columb[us]” all day—Slidell calls—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Montg[omery] there—write from ten to half-past twelve.

Monday, 19th. —“Columb[us]”—get thirty dollars from Mr. Wiseman—ev[enin]g at home.

February 20th. —Tuesday. “Columbus”—letter from V. Wart—ev[enin]g at home—rainy weather.

Wednesday, 21st. —“Colum[bus]”—ev[ening] call at Slidell—opera—“Tibaldo and Isolina.”

Thursday, 22d. —“Columb[us]”—called with Slidell at the hydrographical establish[ment]—saw Don Antonio and Navarette there—called on Mr. Anthony Brydgc—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—Slidell, Smith, Peter. Wrote this day to Van Wart and to Pierre Irving.

Friday, 23d. —Work but very little—Slidell calls—walk out with him in Prado—ev[enin]g at opera—“Tibaldo and Isolina”—Mrs. Ryan's—Russian Minister—ball—return home at one o'clock.

Saturday, 24th. —Write a letter to E. I.—sent under cover to Beadsley—wrote a little at “Columb[us]”—headache—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—afterwards at Mr. Ryan's.

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February 25th. —Sunday. A little at “Columb[us]”—but slowly—Mr. Slidell calls—call with him on Mr. d'Oubril—ev[enin]g at Everett's.

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Monday, 26th. —All day “Columb[us]”—write a letter to Storow by post—ev[enin]g at O'Shea's—opera—“Tibaldo and”—and Ryan's bring the girls home—fine weather.

Tuesday, 27th. —“Columb[us]”—at four o'clock go with Peter to Theatre del Principe—take the two boys—afterwards at Mrs. Ryan's—then home.

Wednesday, 28th. —“Columb[us]”—Slidell and Mr. Brydges call—walk out with Slidell—ev[enin]g at home—Montg[omer]y—whist—fine sunny weather—warm.

March 1, 1827. —Thursday. “Columb[us]”—call at Slidell's at five o'clock—ev[enin]g at Rich's—Slidell, Smith, Montg[omer]y—give vol[ume] Mss. to Ireland.

Friday, 2d. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g Mrs. Ryan's—with the Riches, Smith, Slidell, etc.

Saturday, 3d. —Rose at five “Columbus” all day—ev[enin]g at home—Ryans, Smith, Slidell, Montg[omer]y, etc.

Sunday, 4th. —All day “Columbus”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's with Peter and Mr. Slidell.

Monday, 5th. —“Columbus”—letter from Pierre to which I reply—call at Slidell's—ev[enin]g at Mrs. Ryan's—chess.

Tuesday, 6th. —Excessively wearied—could not write—called on Slidell—on Mr. Ruiz—slept all the afternoon—ev[enin]g at Marchioness Casa Yrugo's.

Wednesday, 7th. —Library notes—Mr. Longfellow arrives¹ —letters from Storow—ev[enin]g

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1 In a letter-journal, written to his father in March, 1827, Longfellow, then a boy of nineteen, writes of his reception in Madrid as follows: "The society of the Americans here is very limited; Mr. Everett and family, Mr. Smith, his secretary, Mr. Rich, the consul, Washington Irving and his brother Peter, Lieutenant Slidell of the navy, and myself compose the whole. Washington Irving, who resides in the same house, always makes one there in the evening. This is altogether delightful, for he is one of those men who put you at ease with them in a moment. He makes no ceremony whatever with one, and, of course, is a very fine man in society, all mirth and good humor."

57 at home—Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Slidell—get forty dollars from Mr. Wiseman.

March 8th. —Thursday. "Columb[us]" a little—call on Mr. Longfellow—ev[en]ing at home.

March 9th. —Friday. "Columb[us]"—ev[en]ing at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Longfellow—write to Pierre by Mr. Brydges.

Saturday, 10th. —Incapable of working—extremely depressed—ev[en]ing at home.

Sunday, 11th. —Work with great difficulty at "Columb[us]"—ev[en]ing at Mr. Ryan's—girls there.

Monday, 12th. —A little at "Columb[us]"—call at Mr. Wiseman's—ev[en]ing at home—Mr. and Mrs. Ryan—Mr. Longfellow—Smith, Slidell.

Monday, 13. —A little at "Columbus"—walk in Retiro—weather warm—almond trees in blossom—get forty dollars of Mr. Wiseman, owe him about twenty dollars—paid tailor for pantaloons and waistcoat—ev[en]ing at Marchioness Casa Yrugo's—d'Oubril's there, etc.—came home half-past eleven.

Wednesday, 14th. —"Columb[us]"—ev[en]ing at Mr. d'Oubril's—present Prussian Minister—Count Donoff—Mr. Vielcartel, etc.

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March 15th. —Thursday. “Columbus” (not in form)—letter from Pierre—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's with the Riches.

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Friday, 16th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—Ryan's—Smith, etc.

Wednesday, 17th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g Ryan's.

Sunday, 18th. —“Columb[us]”—Mr. Slidell arrives—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—Slidell, Longfellow, etc.

Monday, 19th. —Went with Mr. Everett to Bezamanos at Prado—Peter accompan[ie]d us and Smith—ev[enin]g at home—Ryan's, Longfellow, etc.

Rec[eive]d letter this day from Mr. Storrow apprising of pay[men]t of bill by E. I.

Tuesday, 20th. —A little at “Columb[us]”—draw bill on Storrow—thirty days' sight 1,500 francs, favor of Wiseman—receive fifty dollars from Wiseman—which makes about seventy dollars against the 1,500 fr[ancs]—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. Vaughan there—afterwards at Mad. d'Oubril's—Baron Strick there—return home half-past eleven.

March 21st. —Wednesday. Cannot write—ev[enin]g at home—whist—write to Mr. Storrow and to Pierre by French courier.

Thursday, 22d. —Cannot write—doze a great part of day—dine at Mr. Everett's—Mr. Slidell, Longfellow, Smith, Peter there.

Friday, 23d. —Visit Museum of Nat[ural] Hist[ory] copy a letter of 'Columb[us]—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's.

Saturday, 24th. —Besamanos on anniversary of King's return from France—go to Court—write a little at “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at home—Smith, Slidell, Longfellow.

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Sunday, 25th. —Incapable of literary occupation 59 —leave Ms. with Ireland—walk in ev[enin]g in Prado with Longfellow and Slidell—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—the Riches there —ventriloquist.

Monday, 26th. —“Columb[us]”—write considerable—ev[enin]g call at Mr. Everett's—not at home—Smith's—pass ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—return home quarter before twelve.

March 27th. —Tuesday. “Columb[us]”—buy hat seven dollars—ev[enin]g at Marchioness de Casa Yrugo's—take Mr. Slidell and Mr. Longfellow there—return home at twelve.

March 28th. —Wednesday. “Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Slidell, Longfellow, Mr. and Mrs. Cansage, Mrs. O'Shea and nephew.

March 29th. —Thursday. “Columb[us]”—call at Smith's—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—lend vol[ume] of “Bleda.”

Friday, 30th. —“Columbus”—get forty dollars of Mr. Wiseman—ev[enin]g at Rich's.

Saturday, 31st. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g call at Slidell's then to Mr. Ryan's—chess.

April 1st. —Sunday. Walk out early to Smith's—“Columb[us]” all day—dine at Mr. Everett's —Mr. Rich, Smith and Longfellow—return home before ten and write till one.

Monday, 2d. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g walk in Retiro with Smith, Longfellow, Montg[omery]—ev[enin]g at Rich's—pay Ireland for copy[in]g six dollars.

Tuesday, 3d. —April—birthday—“Columb[us]” ev[enin]g call at Smith's—Father Goff and Pilgrims there—pass ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—the Prussian Consul there and Mr. Waddington—stay till twelve.

Wednesday, 4th. —“Columb[us]”—work slowly 60 —ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—the Ryans there and Smith.

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Thursday, 5th. —“Columb[us]”—write to Murray—ev[enin]g at Ryan's—the Riches, Smith, Peter.

Friday, 6th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Saturday, 7th. —“Columb[us]”—walk in Retiro—meet Mr. Longfellow and the officer—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's—Longfellow and Smith there.

Sunday, 8th. —“Columb[us]”—Slidell returns—walk in ev[enin]g to Prado with Slidell—afterward at Everett—Slidell, Longfellow, Smith, Peter—Count Bösse calls.

Monday, 9th. —“Columb[us]”—all day—Art—Indian customs—receive letter from Pierre—H. V. W.—Peter receives letter from Beasley—ev[enin]g at home—Slidell and Longfellow.

April 10th. —Tuesday. “Columb[us]” a little—nervous—ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's—Mr. d'Oubril's.

Wednesday, 11th. —“Columb[us]”—see Slidell off—call at Wiseman's—Everett's—ev[enin]g at home—Mrs. O'Shea, Peter, Montg[omer]y, etc.

Thursday, 12th. —Morn'g went to palace to see the ceremony of King giving food to thirteen poor persons—no one in but Baron Strick—Mr. Slidell and myself—afternoon procession of King and Queen, etc.—ev[enin]g visited various churches.

Friday, 13th. —Good Friday—write at “Columb[us]”—called at Mr. Wiseman's—Mr. d'Oubril's, Smith's—after dinner called at Mrs. O'Shea's to see procession—weather rainy—no procession—went to Royal chapel with John O'Shea—heard “Miserere”—met Mr. Dedel, Baron Lieberman, 61 Mr. Strick, Count Donoff, Gen'l—. Called afterwards at Ryan's.

\$40 to—day from Mr. Wiseman 40 70 150

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April 14th. —Saturday. Read at “Columb[us]”—called at Mr. Wiseman's and read papers—called at Mr. d'Oubril's—visited Mr. Waddington—left card for Bosanquet—called and paid Mr. Joaquin Mendezabl twenty dollars for copying—after dinner walked in Prado with Mr. Longfellow—beautiful fresh ev[enin]g after rain—met Smith and Peter—took ice afterwards—ev[enin]g at Mr. Rich's the Ryans and Longfellow, Smith, etc.

This day at half-past ten great ringing of bell firing of muskets—squibs, etc., in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour.

Sunday, 15th. —“Columb[us]” a little—called Mr. d'Oubril's;—Smith's—ev[enin]g called at Mr. Everett's—not at home—ret[urne]d home and wrote.

Monday, 16th. —“Columb[us]”—Mr. Waddington called—ev[ening] at Théâtre del Principe—Play “Del Rey Abajo”—good—and *los genios encontrados*.

Tuesday, 17th. —“Columb[us]”—called at Mr. d'Oubril's—see him—call afterwards at Mr. Everett's ev[enin]g at home Mrs. O'Shea, John O'Shea, Mr. Smith.

Wednesday, 18th. “Columb[us]”—call at Mr. Wiseman's at Mrs. Ryan's ev[enin]g at opera “Tibaldo and Isolina.”

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Thursday, 19th. —“Columb[us]”—rec[eive]d letters from E. I., dated March 15—sombre—Peter rec[eive]d letter from Beasley—ev[enin]g at Théâtre de la Cruz with Longfellow—play “Celestina”—first appearance of Viny.

Friday, 20th. —“Columbus”—ev[enin]g walk in Prado—afterwards at home at Rich's.

Saturday, 21st. —“Columbus”—get fifty dollars of Mr. Wiseman—making in all \$200—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz with Smith—play—“El Pastelera de Madrigal” in which Marcella played very well.

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Sunday, 22d. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Mr. Everett's—rainy cold weather.

Monday, 23d. —“Columb[us]”—rainy and cold weather—letter from Pierre—reply to it—ev[enin]g call at Mr. Longfellow's—find him unwell—stay there till nine—letters had been rec[eive]d from Slidell—robbed—passed rest of ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's.

Tuesday, 24th. —' Columb[us] '—letter from Slidell—call at Mr. Everett—eve[nin]g at Longfellow's—indisposed—afterwards at Mr. d'Oubril's—give book to Antoinette—Count Denoff there—Baron Lieberman—converse on German literature and superstitions.

Wednesday, 25th. —“Columb[us]”—call at O'Shea's—get papers—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—“La Casualidad contra el Cuidado.”¹ Mr. Everett there—re[turne]d home with him.

¹ “Chance against Precaution.”

April 26th. —Thursday. “Columb[us]”—went with Prince Dolgorucki to see Saloon of the ruined palace of Buon—Retiro—painted in fresco by Jordan—another room with battles of the Moors—Triumphal 63 car in which Ferdinand entered on his return from Cadiz—pretty view from the old garden—call at Mrs. Ryan's—ev[enin]g at home—write letter to Slidell and Kenney.

Friday, 27th. —“Columb[us]”—send letter to Slidell—ev[enin]g at Mr. d'Oubril's—till twelve.

Saturday, 28th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—the original—of “The Liar” took Spanish lesson this day.

Sunday, 29th. —“Columb[us]”—ev[enin]g go to see the *toros* come in from country—afterwards at Mr. d'Oubril's—tell story to children.

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Monday, 30th. —Morn'g— *toros* —letter from Slidell and from Spaniard in America occupied on grammar—ev[enin]g at Theatre de la Cruz—send letter by post to Kenney.

[*This concludes the day—by—day entries in this volume; but it is worth while transcribing two other entries, one on the last sheet of the book, and the other written on the inside of the back cover. The first of these notes is this well—expressed thought:*]

A monument is generally a saint's paymen[t] of a debt withheld during the life of the creditor.

[*The second note is a bit of description:*]

Man crawls out of stable of rubbish which he calls a house. He is cov[ere]d with a quantity of rags which he calls clothes and a pyramid of rags which he calls cap.

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SPAIN JULY AND AUGUST, 1829

July 28th. 1 —Tuesday. Breakfast with Muriel the painter where I met the Duke of Gor2 —take leave of them—dine at the Fonda y Cruz of Malta. Ev[enin]g, at five o'clock leave Granada in company with Mr. Raphael Sneyd in *tartana* 3 for Murcia escorted by Antonio, a long—legged, tall, swarthy Portuguese, armed with *escopeta* 4 —wind up among wild mountain scenery—get a last look at the Al—hambra—mountains arid and stern. No one could have an idea that the *vega* 5 of Granada lay below—here and there little patches of vegetation—houses with vines—girl seated at the door of one, her hair tastily dressed with flowers—neat stockings and shoes—meet solitary muleteer with musket hang—ing at saddle. To our right is the Sierra Nevada—at three leagues distance come to Huelva, a pretty village among trees—put up at *posada* kept by a Frenchman—close by a mill with great rush of

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1 On this day Irving left the Alhambra for England, having accepted President Jackson's appointment to the Secretaryship of Legation at the Court of St. James.

2 The Duke and Duchess of Gor, with their family of children, became Irving's most agreeable friends during his two months' sojourn at the Alhambra.

3 A "kind of rumble tumble," as Irving described it, "on two wheels, resembling a covered English market—cart."

4 A light musket carried by guides and soldiers.

5 A soft valley of great richness and fertility, forming a pleasing contrast to the general melancholy grandeur of the mountains and wild country.

65 water amid noble trees—fountain falls into a trough in face of the inn—the sound of water particularly agreeable in the hot season. Make tea—comfortable meal—the expedients of a Spanish *posada*—break sugar with knife on the back of a chair—heat water in a chocolate pot—make tea in a jug—spread our mattress on the floor.

July 29th. —Wednesday. Start at three o'clock—pass up a wild, lonely mountain defile called Puente¹ de Ceregi—bad place for robbers—Antonio runs ahead—herbage aromatic. Nothing can be more stern and solitary than the mountains jagged with rugged stones that at a distance show rough, scarred garrisons with giants.

1 With Irving's handwriting one easily mistakes *Fuén*te (foun—tain) for *Puén*te (bridge).

Fresh morning air—sun gilding summits—shepherd driving his flock up the rough side of mountain—string of muleteers passing by a cross pass between mountains—flocks of goats—pass called Prada del Rey—very simple bold scenery—bold grey mountains in front as we go up the pass—pass by a high cliff piled up with rocks. Antonio pointed out

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a hole on the summit overhung by a crag which was the entrance to a cave in which the robbers took shelter when they turned out here on a raid.

Muleteer tells us up here is a *barraquilla* 2 —very bad for robbers.

2 A little hut.

Antonio points out a nest in rocks where one had slept that night—said he had taken two there about a year before while travelling with the young Marquis of Villa Franco.

Beautiful little wild pass winding among rugged 66 limestones covered with lichen and ivy —great place for robbers—called Los Dientes de la Vieja¹ —a *barranca* 2 on one side of the road.

1 *i.e.* the teeth of the old woman.

2 A deep ravine caused by heavy rains or a watercourse.

Pass by La Venta del Molinar pleasantly situated by a little brook with willows and silver poplars—climbed a *sierra* and pass along a deep valley, with the Sierra Nevada to the right—fine, stern mountain scenery—open in some places. Arrive quarter before ten at a miserable little village where we stopped to pass the heat of the day—get a cool room, shave, wash and dress ourselves and lie on mattresses.

About a league before arriving at Guadix, we are met by the administrator of the Duke of Gor with several canons, etc., who have come with a carriage to convey us to the Duke's house in Guadix—arrive there towards dusk—fine *Alameda* —remains of old Moorish castle. At the administrator's we have a *tertulia* of canons,³ etc., one of whom has been many years in Persia—ices and biscuits—a good supper and good bed.

3 A “conversazione” mainly composed of priests.

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July 30th. —Thursday. Set off at four o'clock in the morning—walk almost the whole way to Gor—the *vega* of Guadix very rich—town picturesque, with Sierra Nevada behind it—pass over great, solitary, silent heights and plains—sit for some time under a tree commanding wide view over dry, heated country—nothing but the note of a cricket—all the heaths and mounts covered with aromatic herbs. About half—past eight come in sight of Gor, situated in a little green valley with silver run of water, a mere sloping hollow among 67 arid heights, with high mountains behind covered with dark shrubs. Castle of Gor dominating village—eagles soaring—pass thro' valley—flocks of white goats. Gor a poor little village—castle called Palacio—very old, with wainscotted ceilings—great court with columns support'g gallery—room with deep chimney—walls adorned with copper and brass vessels—walls very thick—grated windows—a few small prints of saints. The administrator a man who has suffered for liberal sentiments—tall, stout man—nephew a light, active man—good face good manners—shews us his guns with patent locks—niece, a pretty—looking girl, waits on us—little girls of the family peep in shyly—floors of brick—walls white—arms of Gor, lion and castle divided by blue diagonal band in two dragons' mouths—people very civil and frank.

Monastery of Gor with the old *monteras*. 1

1 Skylights—glass covering over gallery or court.

In the Castle—the room in which I lie down in a tower—thick walls—one window—large wooden chest—vase hanging ag[ain]st the wall for holy water.

In Gor the women have white woollen *mantillas* , something like the Moorish women.

Four prisoners brought to Gor heavily ironed and with strong escort on their way to Malaga —part of a band or fraternity of twenty—seven who were in various places and exchanged their booty. The captain had once robbed Antonio.

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Leave Gor about half—past two—walk for some distance—open plains on mountains—high mountain scenery cover'd with shrubs—battle between an immense spider and large fly in which the former 68 is killed. We are overtaken by a *gallara* 1 from Granada to Baza, and by the escort of the robbers—two soldiers and many peasants on horses, mules and donkeys—arrive at Baza after dark—long, winding descent—pass by *alameda* 2 —immense iron cannon with hoops or ribs and great stone ball, reliques since the time of the Conquest—put up at inn kept by Frenchman—indifferent supper—sleep on a mattress on the floor—Posada del Sol³ —good rooms—new house.

1 *Galera*,—a rude coach or heavy covered waggon.

2 A public walk with rows of trees.

3 *I. e.*, Tavern or Inn of the Sun. The Spanish taverns of the day seem to have offered scant accommodations for travellers, as we note that Irving had frequently to send his “long—legged Portugese” down into the wretched villages to forage for food.

July 31st. —Friday. At daybreak muleteers arrive with a long train of mules laden with merchandise, and the first one carrying our trunks—they travel all night and lie by the day.

Leave Baza at a little after four o'clock—fine *alameda* —on leaving the town—pass by a small chapel erected on the spot where according to the vulgar tradition Isabella⁴ fired the last cannon— *vega* of Baza a wide plain with mountains at a distance—pass thro' hilly, and country—about—arrive at Cullar, a large village with a green valley and orchard contrasting with the aridity of the surround'g country—suburbs of Cullar—people living in caves—children naked and sunburnt—put up at large *posada* in *plaza*. On the road to this place Antonio overtakes an old comrade—fellow soldier, a native of Arragon, bound to Valencia—lets him hang his pack behind the *tartana*.

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4 Baza was captured in 1489 by Queen Isabella, with the help of the cannon which Irving saw in the Alameda.

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Inn—several women about it who have a gypsy look—one who appears to be the mistress is young and handsome—olive complexion—slender ankles and feet—string of pearls around her neck—long silver chain with relique—earrings with imitation of diamonds—embroidered bodice—she is big with child. Antonio tells me that it is a gypsy family. The mother and other daughters have likewise silver chains—one has a sky—blue silk bodice—a beautiful child about ten years old that is silly.

Plaza Real at half—past six—French merchants. Retired to take siesta—greyhounds sleeping in sun—doors of shops with neat awnings—a group of peasants— *monteras* 1 — mantles of striped cloth—swarm of *borricos* 2 cross place with water—jugs slung across. Window of prison opposite (*cabilas*)3 closed—prisoners sleeping—shoes of *espartena* 4 hanging in grate of the window—arrival of student begging—student in old cocked hat, a student's cloak wrapped round him leaving one shoulder out—striped cotton trousers, *espartena* shoes—a little Valencian with petticoat trousers, and leading a neat pony.

1 Caps worn by peasants.

2 Asses.

3 This word is perplexing.

4 Sandals made of feather grass.

Scene in the interior of the *posada* —great compartments divided by arches—in one part four Valencians dining—in another at the foot of the staircase a man and boy making sieves—several mules and asses loading—in another part, the family—some seated on the floor—the one with child lolling and fanning herself—her sister a very pretty dark

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girl working. On a bench near them is their brother, a middle—sized young man about 70 twenty—two, handsome, with coloured h'k'f [hand—kerchief] round his head—a shirt with worked ruffles—green plaid plush jacket thrown over shoulder—red silk bands of a vest beneath—green plush breeches with rows of large silver buttons— *botinas* 1 of a handsome form and shoes. The girls have frills and bibs to their shift sleeves—chains of filagree silver with silver medals—pearl necklaces. Their *basquiñas* open on one side and laced and fringed—their combs ornamented with silver lines—their bodices worked. The crazy girl sings and dances a Castilian dance—looks languishing with her large dark eyes—has on a shift and *basquiña* —the shift sleeves fringed—the *basquiña* open on one side—long gold pendants in her ears. She is barefooted—twists her arms together and sits on the floor—once a day towards night she becomes wild and would tear her hair and clothes and bite were they not to bind her. They have tried baths with her with some effect—the young gypsy fellow tells me that her sister who was with child cared for nothing but to romp with the men. She said he was a little mad.

Leave Cullar about three—pass thro' hilly country—hills covered with coarse shrub, etc., so as to be green—some shallow valleys cultivated—excellent road. Arrive at Chiribel about nine o'clock—a small village— *posada* destitute of everything—send out and get brown bread and eggs in the village. *Posada* has great arches—looks like cavern—muleteers wrapped in *mantas* lying on floor.

August 1st. —Saturday. Leave Chiribel about four o'clock. The road for great part of the morn'g

1 Gaiters.

71 lies along a *rambla* 1 bordered by fine trees—the mountains around high, grey, and arid but picturesque. After travelling three leagues we arrive at Vélez-Rubio—neat town situated in pleasant valley surrounded by high, grey, rocky mountains—after breakfast called on the curate, Don Pablo, Brother of Frasquita of the Alhambra. Not at home, but

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found the sister and niece of Frasquita—the latter much resembling Dolores² —sat with them for about an hour.

1 A sandy bed of a stream gone dry.

2 The bright-eyed little Spanish maid who waited upon Irving during his stay at the Alhambra.

Vélez-Rubio is very picturesque—when viewed at a distance from the East a belt of orchards below, the church rising above—and lofty grey mountains around—after leaving it we have a steep ascent among dizzy mountains. We see Vélez Blanco at a distance with its old Moorish castle—fine, wild mountain scenery—travel all the afternoon in the bed of a *rambla* —wild, forlorn, solitary country with only here and there at great distance a *cortijo* 3 —arrive about seven o'clock at Puerta Lombreras—a poor village situated each side of the bed of the river—poor *posada* —nothing in the house—have to send to opposite side of the *rambla* to procure eggs and tomatoes for supper. N. B. Between Vélez and Puerta Lombreras pass the boundary line and enter the ancient kingdom of Murcia—supper, night's lodging, chocolate one-half dollar.

3 Farmhouse.

August 2d. —Sunday. Leave Puerta Lombreras at daybreak and walk for about two leagues—road along a descending plain bordered by arid mountains 72 —the plain at first sandy, but improves as we proceed, until we come to the rich *vega* of Lorca (three leagues distant). Lorca large town, picturesque—at a distance a Moorish castle above it, at present a prison—fine *alameda* with noble trees—fine fountain, called Fuente del Oro, with many spouts casting water into a long trough—town divided from suburb by a wide, sandy bed of a mountain torrent, in centre of which stands a large convent surrounded by gardens. About twenty-two years since a lake situated among the hills broke its banks and swept down this bed carrying everything before it. Houses were demolished, the convent reduced to ruins, and many lives lost. The peasantry about this part of the country

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wear high, conical *monteras* of black velvet—wide petticoat trousers of linen, bare legs or stocking leggings, and sandals of *espartena* —a sash round the waist and have the look of Moors—women with white woollen *mantillas*. Scattered palm trees give the country an African look and suit the wide, sandy, sunburnt plain and arid mountains. Stop about eight o'clock at a *posada* in the suburb—an old, gorbellied¹ landlord with *montera* and row of large filigree silver buttons to his waistcoat—grey hairs plaited behind. A little tempest of a chamber-maid in a great fury because she had to prepare rooms for us. Antonio is very authoritative at the inns, with a voice as if from a barrel.

¹ This synonym for big-bellied is now obsolete.

In the *posada* under the archway two travellers seated, taking *chianti* —a muleteer sleeping on his *manta* on the pavement—another in the passage to our room. Antonio sallies forth to buy provisions for breakfast—room in *posada* —an earthen 73 floor—one wooden chair with *espartena* bottoms—one without a back—a table of rough wood—low, black and dirty.

In the lower floor of the *posada* begging friar with broad white hat, cowl thrown back, a sack slung over his shoulders well filled.

Fountain near the *posada* —an obelisk with several bronz lions' heads spouting crystal water—fountain surrounded by women with earthen jars—donkeys with water jars, etc., etc.

Posada infested with begging children, ragged boys, etc.—no glass windows in these parts of Spain.

Leave Lorca about two o'clock—journey along a plain partially cultivated, but for the most part poor and sandy, bordered by mountains. About sunset arrive at Totana, a large village that has a Moorish look, most of the houses being flat-roofed—meet with a Swiss at the *posada* —a traveller for a commercial house. Seated before the door of the inn in a kind

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of courtyard, muleteers, buxom landlady, etc., etc.—blind fiddler and guitar player arrive—play in the kitchen and set all hands dancing—one boy who attends the—and who had trudged on foot all day, joins in the dance, until in a profuse perspiration. Peasants, muleteers, etc., lying asleep on their *mantas* on the pavements of the stable yard in the open air—pure starlight above them.

August 3d. —Monday. Leave Totana at half-past one o'clock in the night—travel by starlight. Sleep in the *tartana* —miss our road and travel for half an hour on a by-road—cross ploughed fields to the main road—day dawns—wide plains, with now and then a flock of goats—dry but picturesque mountains. Walk for above a 74 league—stop at ruins of small Moorish tower in midst of the plain—a refuge for shepherds—peasants pass us with drove of donkeys—peasants in short linen trousers— *mantas* thrown over their shoulders. About half-past six arrive at Lebrilla, a large, but poor-looking village nearly cut in two by a deep *barranca* —houses clay-coloured and low—stop at *posada* built by Government—vast and solid, but as usual destitute of provisions—send Antonio out on the forage to get eggs and tomatoes. Leave Lebrilla at half-past eight—road lies over dry plain—Murcia seen at a distance—tower of Cathedral—mountains beyond—plain becomes richly cultivated as we approach.

[*Here Irving has made a pencil drawing of his courier, Antonio, with gun over shoulder.*]

75

Passed between orchards and gardens with immense fig trees, mulberries, oranges, citrons, pomegranates, grapes, Indian corn and here and there palm trees—houses of reeds plastered neatly. Enter Murcia by fine *alameda* —put up at large *posada* —our rooms command view of bridge, river (Segura), Cathedral, distant gardens and mountains—fine row of houses facing the river—noble quay.

In the evening walk to the Cathedral—rich Gothic chapel of the Marquis of Velez—cracks in the vaults of the Cathedral caused by earthquake—street of the Plateria,¹ very good

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silversmiths' shops—neat streets and good edifices in the town—beautiful walk called the—2 winding on elevated terraces through gardens and orchards—fine vegetation—beautiful view over the trees at the waving lines, of rocky mountains which bound the view—bridge over the Segura—monuments to the virgin cracked and broken.

1 The name of the street is derived as Irving indicates, from the number of silversmiths' shops. It is narrow, and no wheeled traffic is permitted.

2 Irving undoubtedly refers to the Paseo del Malecón, Murcia's noted promenade.

August 4th. —Tuesday. Police refuse to sign passport without our calling on them—make some difficulties—call on banker who sends young man with us—cause of difficulty was they could not read our passports, being in French and English—mounted to the top of the Cathedral tower—noble view over the *vega* which equals that of Granada—orchard—gardens—country houses—palms—cypresses—picturesque mountains and one part level, stretching eastward towards the sea.

Leave Murcia about quarter-past two. The road 76 to Orihuela (four leagues distant) lies along the valley of the Segura, a continued garden—fruits, vegetables, grain, etc., of the finest kinds—groups of palm trees, date trees—cottage built of reeds and plaister to stand the shock of earthquakes. The approach to Orihuela is uncommonly picturesque—lofty mountai[ns] of naked stone, bold and sterile—at their feet a delicious *vega*. We pass cottages with flat roofs with palm trees above them and aloes and Indian fig—grove of oranges, citrons, pomegranates, etc.—great firs with grape vines clambering about them and clusters of grapes hanging among their branches—fine convent of Franciscans—Orihuela—with flat roofs—Moorish-looking town—houses cracked by earthquake—in a public place hovels of reeds to pass the night. Put up at very good *posada*—ascend the hill to College of St. Miguel from whence there is a noble view over the glorious *vega* enriched by the windings of the Segura. At a distance may be seen River, Viega and the sea.

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On the other side of the tower of the Cathedral of Murcia—the mountains uncommonly fine and picturesque in their outline and of naked rocks. At the time of the earthquake these mountains trembled and great stones came tumbling down. We were shewn to the height by a little, sturdy Valencian who smelt strongly of wine and his rosy face shewed him to be a bibber. He was uncommonly eloquent in praise of this delicious valley. Orihuela is in the ancient kingdom of Valencia.

Had again to go before the police about the passports—found the police office outside of the town in a cabin of reeds through fear of the earthquake.

August 5th. —Wednesday. Leave Orihuela at 77 about four o'clock in the morning—continue along a fertile and delicious *vega* —skirt rosy *sierra* and rocky mountains. At the foot of one of these is a hole from whence during the late earthquakes water issued forth of a noisome odour which withered whatever it overflowed. Pass through—where several houses have been damaged by the earthquake. The rich valley or *vega* of the Segura has all the character of African or Oriental scenery—flat-roofed houses—groves of date and palms. The people might at a distance be mistaken for Moors, wearing wide, short trousers and being barelegged. The plain is cultivated with maize, flax, hemp—fruits of southern character—dates, pomegranates, oranges, citrons, grapes, olives, etc. The locust or cricket makes its sultry sound—people in the skirts of the town in huts of reeds tied together, to withstand earthquakes. The rich *vega* is encased as it were in mountains of naked rock that have a burning look in the heat of the day. We see to our left the Sierra of Orihuela—then the Sierra Crevillente, infamous for robbers. A peasant, however, assured us that within the month past the *Realistas* have killed about twenty robbers, and the roads are now more secure. In the course of the morning, we hear the rumbling of an earthquake which endured about three seconds. The people of the villages were afterwards talking of it. Many shocks have been felt within the last three weeks, but none serious.

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Approach Elche—great grove of date trees like a small forest—Elche has an Oriental look—flat roofs and towers—palm trees rising above its houses—the domes of some of the houses covered with metal or with tiles in imitation of metal glittering 78 in the sun—arrive there between ten and eleven.

In *posada* , as in Spanish houses generally, water in cool, porous jars standing about to cool in the drafts of air.

Leave Elche about two o'clock—pass thro' great groves of date trees giving the place a completely Oriental look. After leaving these we drive thro' a dry country growing more and more arid and sterile as we approach the sea, of which we at length come in sight. About six o'clock we arrive at Alicante—fortresses on the summits of the lofty and craggy hills—put up at the *posada* of—call and leave card at Mr. Adams', the American Consul—call on the Chancellor of the French Consulate, M. May, and who accompanies me to make arrangements for *tartana* for Valencia—meet Mr. Adams, who passes the evening with us.

Call at Gen[era]l Iriberry's, the Governor, about our passport. He is a tall, thin, dark man with scrubby, bushy moustache.

August 6th. —Thursday. Breakfasted at Mr. Adams'—present, Mr. McCulloch, Mr. ———story of El Gato, famous robber of the mountains near Alicante—entered a village disguised with his men as—who pursue robbers—secured the passes of the grand square—ordered the *alcalde* 1 executed and curate be brought forth and shot.

1 Mayor, or justice of the peace.

Of another called—, who infested the Sierra of Crevillente.

Dined at one o'clock with Mr. Adams—set off at three—in *tartana* with *mozo* ,2 named Bonotisto, and two soldiers as escort—road lies west gradually

2 A youth, a fellow, or servant.

79 ascending among arid hills—here and there patches of olives and locusts—cultivated for the fruit—road stony and laborious—pass thro' village of Monóvar—stopped for the night at a *venta* 1 four and one half leagues from Alicante— *venta* one story high—with stables round a large, walled yard. We have a small room on ground floor—a table as high as a stool—a tin lamp; everything poor and miserable. While shaving and washing the landlord advises us to close the window as any robber might shoot in with his *escopeta*—said there had been many robbers about those parts but they have killed or taken up many of late. One was brought by this evening and lodged in prison in the neighbouring village. He had been robbing for two years past. The *alcalde* of a neighbouring village (about twenty-seven years of age) had shewed himself very brave in pursuing robbers—put himself at the head of the soldiers—had killed the first robber with his own hands, shooting him thro' the head. *Venta* extremely solitary—only three or four people inhabiting it—in a silent and lonely country.

1 A poor inn on roads far from villages.

This evening sultry—the moon begins to give light in the early part of the nights—sup on a musk melon. The soldiers and muleteers, host and hostess sup at a table in the kitchen part of the *venta* , by the light of a tin lamp hung in an arch—make a long and merry repast.

We desire the muleteer to be ready to set off at three in the morning, but the landlord advises us not to start before daylight. “After to-morrow,” said he, “you may start when you please, but you have now to pass thro' some narrow and dangerous defiles. You have but two soldiers as guard. If 80 any robbers were on the lookout, they could post themselves so as to shoot down the soldiers, and then— *buena[s]noche[s]*. ” We agreed, therefore, not to depart before daybreak. Our mattresses were spread on the floor and, as usual,

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we lay down in our clothes—much incommoded by fleas and by hungry cats that came prowling after ham that we had brought with us.

August 7th. —Friday. Leave the *venta* at daybreak—road passes through broken, arid country—after daybreak see to our left the Castle of Luna—great, square, Moorish towers, built on the side of a rocky mountain, with a wild, rocky, mountainous country.

(Story of Count Luna and his son.) Stop at a hovel to take brandy—we are joined by a peasant who tells of the robber taken the day before. He had been twenty years infesting the mountains—one of the oldest robbers in the country—refused to give himself up to any but the *alcalde mayor*. The latter is a young man of twenty-six. He mounted his horse and put himself at the head of the troops. When they came to the place he advanced alone. “Where is this man that wishes to see me? Let him advance!” The robber advanced and he levelled his *escopeta* and shot him through the head.

We passed thro' a narrow, steep defile between perpendicular rocks, famous for attacks of robbers. The soldiers mounted the heights and flanked the defile.

After passing for two leagues thro' broken, wild, arid country, we came in sight of the little *vega* or fertile basin of Elda—the town with castle.

Another castle at a distance on a high, rocky hill rising like a cone out of the valley—stop at Elda and get fruit and bread—curate invites us to his house to take chocolate,—which we decline, having taken it before our departure from the *venta*.

Women of Elda with profusion of fine black hair divided from the crown in several small plaits and passed under the arm. After leaving Elda we pass thro' the little town of Vielar with an old Moorish castle; in this live many rich people. We then traverse arid, broken country and the *vega* of Villena; very arid and sultry—surrounded by hills that look like cast iron—arrive at the town about eleven, being five leagues from the *venta* where we passed

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the night. Villena has a picturesque old castle on an eminence commanding the town—put up at the Posada de la Plaza.

Scene in the *posada* —some of the family and guests seated in an archway to enjoy cool air—two muleteers seated on the earth in a corner counting their copper coin—a gang of peasants arrive with donkeys—short, thickset men, swarthy as Moors—dirty shirts—wide petticoat trousers reaching to the knees—sash around the waist and staff thrust through it behind with which they beat their donkeys.

Inscription on the sergeant's sword:

No *me saqueis sin rason* ,

No *me embargues sin honor*.

Do not draw me without reason,

Do not sheath me without honour.

Villena. The castle apparently built on the remains of a Moorish fortress. There is the square keep of the Moorish castle but round towers of Spanish construction are added. It is a picturesque ruin and in good preservation.

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We left Villena about three, and had a long afternoon thro' an arid, naked, sultry country, hilly, but not picturesque; the grain is cut and the fields which in springtime would be green are bare and dry. We are joined by two men with muskets conveying a prisoner to the *presidio* at Valencia to which he is condemned for one year for having been concerned in smuggling tobacco. He was a short, stout man, black and hairy, but almost lame from travelling on foot in this hot weather.

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At half-past seven we arrive at Fuente Higuera, a small village, where we put up for the night, comforted by the sight of a kitchen cleaner, and better appointed than any we had seen on the road.

Fat Sancho Panza of a landlord with long body and big paunch swathed underneath with a sash-petticoat trousers—who details at full length and with dramatic effect the story of the robber killed by the *alcalde*.

August 8th. —Saturday. Discharge our soldiers—pay them.

Set off at half-past four—overtake the guards conducting the prisoner who we find is punished for having carried a letter from robbers to a farmer demanding money.

After travelling about half a league we come into the highroad from Madrid to Valencia and see a diligence passing, bound to the former place—road lies through picturesque country; a kind of valley between chains of bold mountains—overtake Antonio the Sergeant, the old comrade of our late *escapetora*,¹ Antonio, and who had left us at Orihuela. He was trudging along alone and was overjoyed to

¹ *Escopetero*; *i. e.*, the armed guard who accompanied all travellers through this robber-infested region.

83 see us—we took his heavy wallet in our *tartana*. The muleteer stopped to breakfast at a large *posada* by the roadside and we took some fruit under a tree.

Country improves as we advance—valley to our right more fertile—mount[ain]s clothed with shrubs, etc.—pass to our right the ruins of a Moorish castle on an eminence called the Castle of Montesa.

Weather hot, road dusty—about twelve o'clock arrive at an excellent *posada*—new and with good rooms, beds, etc.—called Venta del Condé, near Canales—built for the

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diligence—great delay and difficulty in getting wash-basins, water, towels, etc., cleanliness of person not being considered among the wants of the traveller.

Leave the *posada* at three o'clock—road turns more northwardly—to our right we see St. Philip, a picturesque town with old Moorish castle above and a rich *vega* below it—road winds up a mountain called the Sierra of St. Filippe—pass thro' the Puente y el Carcel.¹ Zigzag, steep, mountainous road, and have a grand view over the *vega* of Valencia—descend into the *vega*—pass by rice plantations, fields of Indian corn—fruits of various kinds—villages—an air of industry, activity—good cultivation—pass crosses on road, and in one village there is a kind of rude obelisk with the scull² of a robber and murderer hanging in an iron cage—some of the hair remains on the scull.

1 *Puente de la Carcel*; *i. e.*, bridge of the prison.

2 An obsolete spelling of “skull.”

At nine o'clock arrive at Alcira—streets full of people seated at their doors in moonlight, talking, laughing, strumming guitars—put up at a very good *posada*.

Group on the ground floor of the *posada*—a 84 young, blind man who plays on the guitar, with his wife who has a child lying asleep in her lap. They sing several Spanish airs—peasants standing around them in Valencian dress—three *meguelictas* ¹—fine young men—with muskets—jackets slung over their shoulders—group of peasants supping and drinking black wine out of Valenian bottles.

1 *Megueletes*; belonging to the militia of Catalonia and the Pyrenees.

One peasant with little cap on top of his head and long, full, black locks—another, an old man, with cap on the back of his head—nearly bald—scattered grey locks.

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In the inn great display of earthenware—brass and copper utensils well scoured, etc., and arranged against the wall in front of the main entrance.

August 9th. —Sunday. Left Alcira about quarter-past four o'clock—a short distance from the town passed two obelisks side by side, ag[ain]st which were suspended two iron cages with the headsculls of murderers.—We had a long, hot and dusty drive thro' the rich plain of Valencia. It is highly cultivated and very populous, but a dead level and rather monotonous—saw many pretty women among the young peasant girls—fairer complexions and rounder faces than in most parts of Spain. From an eminence on which stands a tall and ruined watch tower we caught a distant view of Valencia—arrived there about eleven and put up at the filthy Fonda de la Paz, in front of the Cathedral.

After dressing, etc., went to the Posada de la los Puentos² to inquire whether the muleteers had arrived with our trunks. They had not. *Posada*

² *Posada de las puentes; i, e.,* the tavern of the bridges.

85 thronged with muleteers and *corsarios* ¹ —groups seated round the great doorway—landlord and family with stable-boys, etc., seated dining at a low table in the centre of the great entrance.

¹ Privateers.

In the evening strolled out with Mr. Sneyd to the *alameda* —found throng of people in *tartanas* , etc., going into the country—followed the current over bridge which crosses the Guadalquivir along a great avenue of trees for half a league. We were full of conjecture what could be the meaning of this concourse and whither the current was taking us—whether to a fair, a religious fête, etc., etc. At length we arrived at a little village which forms the seaport of Valencia and found that this throng was formed by the good people of Valencia going to the port to bathe in the surf. Places were assigned for the men and for the women. There were booths of mats, etc., on the banks, where they were provided with

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bathing dresses. Great array of galley slaves at the port ranged in platoons prior to being turned into their prisons for the night.

On our return we saw a man beating another terribly. The latter appeared to be a dullard. He had crouched beneath the blow and had squatted himself to the earth like a toad—the former was pummelling him with his fists, stamping on him, etc. His rage seemed to increase with action and at last he seized a stone to beat the head of his victim. Three *mequeletes* interfered and separated them, but inflicted no punishment on the brute.

The favourite vehicle in Valencia is the *tartana* , a mere covered cart drawn by one horse. Some are finished with some attempt at elegance, but they are clumsy, gloomy carriages.

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On our return we found all the gay world assembled in the *glorieta* , which is a very charming public walk with trees and fountains.

We stopped at a café and took ices and then returned to our Inn.

August 10th. —Monday. Rise at five—walk out at six—visit the market-place—popular scenes—soldiers and housemaids—friar talking and laughing with buxom wife of farmer—a young woman observing them from behind the curtain of an opposite shop. After breakfast walk out with Mr. Sneyd—ascend the tower of the Cathedral from whence we have a fine view of the city and vega —walk about the city. In the evening call at the house of our champion (who is absent)—take segar¹ and refreshments with his clerk—procure newspapers. Evening at café taking ice—afternoon at home.

¹ This seems to be the only reference to his own use of tobacco to be found in Irving's diaries.

August 11th. —Tuesday. Call on Mr. Campos, a grocer on whom Mr. Sneyd has letter of credit and to whom our trunks are addressed. He engages to forward them to Barcelona

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when they arrive at Valencia—give our mattresses to the poor sergeant. At seven o'clock in the evening we set off in the diligence for Barcelona—one seat in the coupé fifteen dollars and one in the interior thirteen dollars—we agree to change places every stage. We take chocolate about half-past three in the night at Castellón de la Plana. We pass thro' Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum.²

2 Famous for making a heroic, though ineffectual, resistance to Hannibal in 219 B. C.

Wednesday, 12th. —After daybreak our road lies within sight of the sea and at times close to the 87 shore. It then winds up a promontory where there is a glorious view of various headlands and bays, watch-towers on the rocks, towns, villages in the valleys. We are escorted by cavalry until we reach the summit of the promontory after which we have infantry.

After descending we keep along a narrow, rich plain—a range of high, grey, rocky mountains to our left—the sea to our right, with watch-towers along its heights. At half-past six we stop at a *venta* on the coast with a ruined castle above it.

At Alcalá de Chisbert, so called from the old Moorish castle of Chisbert, finely situated on a high mountain.

Leaving this we pass thro' finely cultivated and varied country with the dark blue Mediterranean to our right, from which we have a pleasant breeze. The country abounds with vineyards, figs and other fine fruits, Indian corn, etc. Palm trees are scattered about it.

Pass through Benicarlo and its extensive vineyards and stop to dine at Vinaroz at half-past one—a good dinner—fish, flesh, fowl, and game, fine melons, tomatoes, sweet peppers, etc.,—black wine. A Catalan at table (merchant of Barcelona) who is gay and good humoured—vaunts of his country. The Catalans often reply to the question, “Are you a Spaniard?” “I am a Catalan.” The Catalan and his companion amuse themselves with

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bantering a young Frenchman who had been boasting of his good fortunes among the Spanish women.

After dinner resume our route which lies through a beautiful country, well cultivated and adorned with trees—cross a dry *barranca*, the barrier between Valencia and Catalonia—pass stone crosses where murders had been committed—an arm of 88 a robber elevated on a pole and blackening in the sun. Just before sunset arrive at the banks of the Ebro, a turbid, yellow stream about the width of the Seine—await the arrival of the other diligence on opposite side. Beautiful sunset—the sun goes down behind the Sierra of Tortosa—long, picturesque mountain outlines. Fine rich country on the opposite side of the river, with here and there a watch-tower. (This afternoon our road lay frequently along the seashore.) Cross the Ebro—moon beginning to shine on one side of us as the daylight declined on the other.

Pleasant walk by twilight on the plain to the *venta*, nearly a mile off, by a tall watch-tower—three snakes glide across our path. The plain is covered with aromatic shrubs which perfume the air, and is bordered by fine chains of mountains. The *venta* solitary with high, round tower—the rooms hot as the roof is low and of reeds. Pass part of the evening by moonlight under the trees of the Noya, a pleasant, cool resort in hot climates—Catalan bantering the young Frenchman. Ev[enin]g group round supper table in the *venta*, each taking his individual repast. Muleteers supping in the open air at a door at the foot of the tower.

August 13th. —Thursday. At half-past two we are summoned to depart. I had lain down on mattress in my clothes—take chocolate. Road lies over a high mountainous pass called the Col de—afterwards we pass another noble defile where the road climbs zigzag up the mountain with extensive view over the stern grey mountains. It is called the Col de Balaguer and has been the scene of many bloody battles. Pass thro' Cambrils on the banks of the dry bed of a torrent.

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In the course of the morning one of the mules stops and detains the whole train in a piece of deep, sandy road. We have to get out and wait under a noble locust tree in a vineyard until another mule can be procured, all coaxing and cudgelling proving in vain with the stubborn animal.

Proceed thro' magnificent plain covered with vineyards, orchards, olive plantations, and enlivened by towns and villages. Pass thro' Tarragona situated on an eminence command'g an extensive view over sea and land. It is a tolerably well-built town with a broad street running thro' it and strong fortifications. Dine here and are well served at the inn—a Franciscan friar, fat, rank, and dirty, gets into the interior. Not long after leaving Tarragona we pass under a Roman triumphal arch in good preservation—country beautifully diversified with various cultivation—hamlets and houses with towers—old Moorish castles—peasants smoking the soil.

In the ev[enin]g passed thro' the village of—situated on a hill. This and Villafranca were the places where the Catalonian War commenced in 1808. The inhabitants fired on the French after they had left the place, whereupon the latter turned back and sacked the village—terrible slaughter, as the inhabitants defended themselves with the fury of wild beasts. One house defended by a father and his three sons—the latter loaded while he fired—upwards of twenty French soldiers killed—two (of) the sons slain. The French at length succeeded in getting upstairs, where the father and his remaining son fought until they were cut to pieces. The monk in the diligence said he was in the village the day after the battle, being 90 sent there to comfort some and encourage others. The houses still burning—many of the inhabitants had perished in the flames.

At eight o'clock arrive at Villafranca—good *posada* kept by an Italian—good supper, good room and good bed, but only enjoyed the latter about an hour, being obliged to start about two o'clock. Row in the *posada* , by a thin, ailing man quarrelling with landlord and servant,

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who had refused him chocolate because he had not taken supper. Mine uncle and aunt in the coupé who bilk all the inns and travel cheap—Franciscan monk sleeps in the diligence.

August 14th. —Friday. Travelling half-past twelve—fine ride by moonlight—magnificent pass over a mountain. The road broad and excellent but without parapets and winding and passing zigzag down vast declivities among awful cliffs and ravines—grand sight—seven wild, mettlesome mules scouring down the road along the huge, jingling diligence, two or three wild-looking fellows scampering beside them, banging with sticks and lashes and whooping and hallowing like Indians. Arrive at Barcelona about half-past six—fine entrance—great bustle—peasants trooping to town with country produce. Put up at the Posada de los Cuatres Naciones—took a warm bath—excellent baths, well tiled. Call on Mr. Wm. Sterling, American Consul—find him living at the top of a high house, but in pleasant apartments looking to the sea. He is a thin, reddish man, with carrot hair—plain and straightforward in conversation, helping himself at the conclusion of each sentence with that comprehensive *salve* “and so forth.” Returned home and passed the day in the house 91 until five o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Sterling called, and we walked with him round the ramparts. Fine *esplanade* surrounding the city—small public garden with fountains—good *alameda*—beautiful view over the valley embraced by mountains and entwined by hamlets, country seats—several fine streets in Barcelona—French have introduced great improvements here in the shops. Returned home, took ices and retired early, being fatigued by travelling.

August 15th. —Saturday. Assumption Day—a holiday. At eleven o' clock walk out with Mr. Sterling—visit the old municipality and the buildings of Gothic architecture—low, broad arches—visit the Cathedral. Shrine of Saint Olegarius, formerly a bishop—was admitted behind the altar and saw his body preserved in a glass case—a hideous relique—clothed in bishop's robes—face like a mummy—nose gone—teeth grinning—black, withered hands covered with rings and precious stones. When the French had possession of Barcelona and the Spaniards were approaching to attack it, there was a rumour throughout the city that the saint had raised one of his hands. It was hailed as a sure omen

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of deliverance from their invaders. Gen[era]l—,1 an Italian general who commanded the French army, went to the Cathedral with a detach[men]t of his troops. He stationed some round the building and entered with others. Summoning the canons, etc., he entered the shrine of the saint and found that his hand was actually elevated in

1 Louis Gabriel Suchet, Due d' Albuféra (1770–1826), one of Napoleon's famous marshals. Irving errs in calling him “an Italian General,” a mistake presumably due to the fact that Suchet first won distinction in the campaigns in Italy.

92 a menacing manner. “Come, come,” said the shrewd Italian, “this will never do. I must have that hand down.” So saying he replaced the hand upon the breast. “And now, Saint —,” said he, “let me assure you one thing—if you raise your hand again, I will not only have you hanged, but all these good people of the Cathedral shot!” The saint never lifted his hand afterwards.

In the Cathedral, under the grand altar, is a crypt in which is the shrine and body of the St. Eulalia.1 A queen once desired to look into the urn. It was opened, but she was struck blind. She never recovered her sight until she made a present to the saint of a veil enriched with precious stones of immense value, which is yearly carried forth in procession. There is a tradition that it will finally be stolen from the church by a band of reapers; wherefore, once a year, when it is carried forth, the gates of the town are shut.

1 Santa Eulalia, the patron saint of Barcelona,—the Roman virgin who died a martyr's death during the reign of Diocletian.

In the Cathedral are likewise the coffins of Bishop Berenguer and—, two counts of Barcelona. They are covered with red velvet and adorned with rich, gilded escutcheons and are supported on brackets against the side wall of the Cathedral. In the cloisters a curious statue in relief of a knight in ancient armour with the Virgin and Child appearing to him. Under the grand organ hangs a wooden head of a man with goggle eyes, open mouth, and immense beard. Once a year, upon the performance of certain music, the

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mouth opens, the head wags, and a stop of the organ imitates loud, incoherent sounds to the great amusement of the congregation.

Called on Mr. Ryan, who acts for the British 93 Consul. He was not at home, but returning and finding my card, came to the hotel—remained to dinner with us—afterwards walked out with him and the Am[erican] Consul to the village of Gracia. Fine walk or avenue leads to it, between rows of trees. Take ices at the village, which was crowded with people from Barcelona. Returning to town, met Capt. Brown of the—of Boston—a gentlemanlike, intelligent man—had much conversation with him—procession by taper light—fête of Assumption—Cathedral illuminated—took ice in a café.

Sunday, 16th. —Surprised by a visit from Rich[ar]d Fred[eric]k La Saussaye, a young Irish officer in the Royal Guards whom I had known at Madrid—accompany him to his quarters to look at his landscapes. Dined at the village of Gracia in the country house of Mr. Ryan—present, Mr.—a captain of a Scotch ship—a worthy, dry Scotchman—has two young wild boars on board of his ship which, at my suggestion, he promises to make a present to Sir Walter Scott.

Return to town in a *tartana* with Mr. Sneyd and go on board the *Cadmus* (Capt. Brown) who had a party of Spanish ladies and gentlemen on board—passed the evening there—a captain of a Boston brig present—returned home about nine o'clock.

Monday, 17th. —At nine o'clock Mr. Sterling calls—go with him and Mr. Sneyd to the Library of the University—to the library of a convent containing many curious works—to the archives of Arragon—to the church of St. Miguel where there is a curious mosaic pavement of Tritons, dolphins, etc., it having been a Roman temple to 94 Neptune. Mr. Dedel, the Dutch Minister, calls on me—arrived the day before yesterday on his way to Madrid. We dine at the Count d'Espagne's—Capt. Gen[era]l of the province—present, Mr. Dedel; Mr. Costello, Spanish Minister just from Constantinople, and his lady; Mr. Sneyd; Mr. La Saussaye; Mr. Ryan; the Governor; the M[iniste]r of Tal Majund, etc., etc. Before

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dinner had conversation with the Minister from Constantinople—says it is all a fable that the Sultan is son of a French woman, or has been in France. He is thorough Turk, knows no other language. All that he does proceeds from the force of his own character—says the Turks have no longer belief in fatalism—no enthusiasm—no patriotism.

Capt. Gen[era]l very affable, talkative, merry—in one of his gay moods. Has the arg[umen]t and jokes all his own way. He is a lion joking in his own den. After dinner Neapolitan Consul is introduced by the Governor, who comes to read a letter he has rec[eive]d announcing the certain intention of the princess¹ of Naples to come to Barcelona. The Consul² had been in possession of the news for several days but pretended ignorance and played off the Consul in high style.

¹ This was the beautiful Neapolitan princess, Maria Christina, who at this time was on her way to Madrid to become the bride of Ferdinand VII.

² Irving should have written “governor.”

Story told me by Dedel of interview the preceding day, when deputation from Capuchian Convent waited on the Gen[era]l. He played off the old Capuchian. “Ah, Padre,” said he, “it is many years since I have inflicted penance on myself and flagellated myself.”

“If your Excellency will permit me to administer ⁹⁵ it to you,” said the old monk with great humility, “you should have no reason to complain.”

Count d'Españe¹ discours'd of Picton. He was a good soldier, but a very rough gentleman. We prized him highly, but we did not like him.

¹ Irving misspells the name here—Espanne.

The Count d'Españe is lodged in the Royal Palace. We dined in a very large and handsome salon—dinner a mixture of Spanish, French and English cooking, and among

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the dishes were roast beef and plum-pudding. The Count speaks English and is partial to the English.

Tuesday, 18th. —At seven o'clock accompany Mr. Dedel, Mr. Sneyd, and Mr. Ryan to Fort Monjuich. We are rec[evive]d by the Governor, who takes [us] over the whole of the fortification. Return to town—our trunks have not arrived, nor any letter giving news of them.

Visited by a young man named George C. Rew—dine with Mr. Dedel and Sneyd. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Ryan's read'g papers.

Return home and go to bed early.

August 19th. —Wednesday. At home all day with Mr. Sneyd, who is ill with a fever—read “Don Esteban” and a “Chronique du Temps de Charles IX”—very good.

Thursday, 20th. —Last night passed in Mr. Sneyd' room. This morning he was better. Strolled about the town—left card at the Capt. Gen[era]l['s]—went on board Capt. Dobel's vessel and saw the two wild boars—passed the rest of the day and ev[enin]g at home.

Friday, 21st. —Overjoyed by the sight of our trunks which came in the diligence this morning—made arrang[ement]s for starting to-morrow for 96 Perpignan. Walked about the city with La Saussaye—called in ev[enin]g and left card for Capt. Gen[era]l. Sent letter to G. W. Montgomery.

Saturday, 22d. —Leave Barcelona quarter before three in the morning in the diligence for Perpignan. We have seats in the coupé, in which we find a young Englishman who had crossed from Marseilles to Barcelona and from thence to Valencia and back. Beautiful journey all day thro' populous and well-cultivated country—groves—woods—plains—mountains—drive along sea-coast. Stop at—and dined at eleven—merry doings in the company—fine-looking waiting-maid. In the afternoon pass thro' country resembling

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England—at five o'clock arrive at Gerona. Visit the Cathedral—tomb of Ramón Berengar —Cabiza de Estoba¹ —plain old Gothic monument—lies on a sarcophagus over a Gothic door—contrast with the gilded altars in gaudy, modern taste—fine windows of painted glass—women confessing—whispers in twilight. Fine view over the town to distant mountains—singular cloisters—double row of Gothic columns—fine locust trees in centre of the cloister—tomb of a pilgrim—three cockle shells—1,600—beautiful view from the little gate of the cloisters looking down upon a part of the town—a bend of the river and a valley bounded by mountains.

¹ Probably *Cabeza de Escoba*, but no elucidation has been found.

Supper at the hotel—fine French lad lately from his college—talks of France—all in reference to his college— *péché mortel* eating viands on certain days—etc., etc.

Sunday, 23d. —Leave Gerona at half-past two 97 in the morning—fine drive by moonlight along the Ter. The morning's road lies thro' a beautiful green, wooded country variegated with villages, hamlets, etc., and the Pyrenees in the distance—at eight o'clock stop to breakfast at Figuéras, situated in a superb plain—small river running thro' it—the Fortress of San Fernando built by Fernando VI just to the left of it.

Women with stomachers and old-fashioned velvet caps that come down over their foreheads and over each ear—long pendants in ears. Fine road leading up the Junquera to the Spanish custom-house. A *Peseta* saves the examination of our luggage. At Puente Puerta we come to the frontier line. The Fortress of Bellegarde commands it. Our baggage slightly examined and sealed—proceed—pass down zigzag road leading round precipices—our horses going furiously—find that the drag is broken—pass thro' part of Roussillon—see Massdiéu to our left, formerly a house belonging to the Templars. At five o'clock come to Perpignan—lively appearance—walks in the vicinity—clean houses—effect of seeing so many women with caps after being accustomed to the Spanish heads.

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Impossible to get passports viséed—proceed without it, in another diligence—set off at eight o'clock—travel all night—cold—damp.

[*The note-book is then turned round, and at the other end appear the following notes, giving an interesting account of smugglers.]*

Contrabandistas. 1 Antonio, in walking with him on our approach to Orihuela, gave me many anecdotes of the *contrabandistas*' life. He has been several times engaged in it—particularly for a

1 Smugglers.

98 French dealer in dry goods on the Yucatán. He has his *trabuco* (blunderbuss) his *escopeta* (musket) his sword and dagger buried. The merchant in Granada has his partner in Gibraltar—the latter advises him that he has a vessel ready loaded for a contraband enterprise. The partner in Granada looks out for some of the most valiant and adventurous of the *contrabandistas*, who are generally young men. The vessel is to make a certain part of the coast on a certain night and there to await a concerted signal. The *contrabandistas* sally forth secretly, individually and in different directions, having their appointed place of assemblage. They are paid one pound per day, food and wine and tobacco in abundance. If they are to smuggle tobacco, it is double, as that, if detected, sends a man to the *presidio*. 1 One man of perfect confidence is sent to direct the whole and to carry the purse for all expenses, which are often enormous. On the appointed night they assemble in the mountain, near the specified part of the coast—sometimes to the number of eighty. One who is to make the signal goes with a companion or two to the appointed place—some promontory or remarkable rock. The signal is sometimes by suddenly displaying a lantern and then covering it with his cloak, repeating it three times; sometimes by striking fire with flint and steel; sometimes by waving a torch. When the vessel replies and all is ready to disembark the cargo the signal maker returns to his companions. They descend to the shore, the vessel draws within cannon shot to protect them in case they are attacked by the custom-house troops. The goods are landed in boats strongly manned and

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1 Garrison, fort.

99 armed. They are loaded on mules and horses in the course of an hour and transported to the mountains. The *contrabandistas* travel by day by lonely and rugged ways and at night descend into the main roads. They have spies in all directions who come to them at different points and tell them the custom-house troops are in such a place awaiting you, upon which they fall back and take another route. The custom-house has likewise its spies to tell when the *contrabandistas* are out and in what direction. As the *contrabandistas* traverse the mountains one of the ablest and best-spoken descends into the villages where there are corps of guards and bribes the leaders.

The last time Antonio was out they were many days conveying their loads from Malaga to Granada—sometimes making but a league a day, as the guards had notices that the *contrabandistas* were out, and they therefore were on the look-out for them.

If attacked, they fire from their horses and fight flying; if in danger of being overtaken, they cut loose their cargoes; if there is no escape, they form a square with their horses and fire from within. Antonio has had command of a troop and has had to throw himself in the centre of them to keep up their courage and make them fire briskly.

He was once surprised with his party early in the morning and the guards got possession of their horses, loads, weapons, etc.—thirty-five horses. He and his men escaped to the mountains—he was in Vélez Málaga when he heard that the guards were in the *posada* of a village with all the spoil. The village was in the contraband interest—the very curate dabbled in contraband. Antonio concocted his plan. He applied to six *realistas* and got 100 them to go to the village and apply for night' slodging and then to put their muskets, bayonets, etc., in one corner together, near those of guard. He promised them an ounce each. He then got together some of his men with cloaks and others with *realista* uniforms. They came to the *venta* , applied for accommodations, and while the leader was talking the rest slipped in. They threw themselves upon the arms, seized them all, presented a

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blunderbuss at the head of the commander of the guards threatening his life if he offered to resist. Some led forth the horses and mules and loaded them, others took the locks off of all the guns of the guards, *realistas*, etc., but slyly returned them to the latter with the stipulated money. They then set off merrily on the main road, satisfied that there was no *ronda* 1 to molest them.

1 Round of soldiers.

The *contrabandistas* of tobacco are generally individuals who own a good horse and do it on their own account and risk. The cost and risk are too great for it to be carried on by large speculators.

VIEW OF BUILDINGS IN CINCINNATI From the original pencil drawing made by Washington Irving on September 3, 1832, and now for the first time reproduced. Very rare, as probably Irving's only extant drawing having to do with an American city. It is interesting to note how picturesque a building Irving characteristically discovered.

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THE TOUR THROUGH THE WEST CONSISTING OF FIVE NOTE-BOOKS

[*On the first page of the volume is a pencil sketch of a large house with balconies and the surrounding lower buildings. It is dated September 3d.*]¹

1 This "Cincinnati view" is Irving's only extant drawing relating to an American city, and, as such, is a decided curiosity to collectors in this field. Cincinnati had a population of less than 25,000 at the time of the census of 1830.

September 3d, 1832. —Monday. Left Cincinnati at five o'clock in the steam-boat *Messenger*, for Louisville—thunder-showers, after which a remarkably clear tract in the west—moonlight night—mist on river—passenger on board wounded with slash in the face.

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At Cincinnati saw Mr. Wood, with whom I once travelled in Rhode Isl[an]d.

September 4th. —Tuesday. Grey morning—in the night steam-boat stops here and there where lights gleam on the wooded shore. Stop at Madison in Indiana—neat little place built of brick.

Old negro steward—very black, with bright madras handkerchief on head, large feet, gold earrings, shirt collar up to his ears, white jacket and trousers, chequered apron to his armpits.

Clearings on the banks of river—solitary log hut with corn fields among the forests—canoe by the shore.

Arrive at Louisville half-past twelve—dine at 102 Throgmorton. Quay of city presents a motley scene—huts—steam-boats—carriages—heaps of iron—of lead—leather, etc.

Take places on board the steamer *Illinois* from Louisville—after going on board we run ag[ain]st post—break some of the machinery and have to remain all night. Called in ev[enin]g on the mayor, Mr. Burkland, who once boarded with me at Mrs. Ryckman's¹ — Mr. Smith, etc., etc. Take warm bath.

¹ At 16 Broadway, New York City, where Irving and Henry Brevoort took rooms together in 1811.

September 5th. —All day detained by arrang[ing] of machinery—after dinner drove out in comp[an]y with fellow-travellers and Capt. Chambers to Judge Ormsby's—poplar thirteen feet diameter—ruin of tree forty-five feet round root—entrance, straggling road thro' butternuts—grape vines.

A wild stream running across the land—old negro and dogs—gateway built in stone—Swiss barn.

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Wooden house among trees flanked by negro houses—negroes of all ages.

On our approach a little negro head seen at one of the windows of hut opposite—few chairs—brass andirons—broken hole in ceiling over fire-place and old litter of all kinds. Bugle sound to call Mr. Ormsby—shy figure of negress and white children stealing about house.

Little, well-dressed negro girl brings in salver of peaches—fat negro wenches drying apples and peaches on board under trees—wild gorse, flowers, etc., about house. In neighbouring field negro boys exercising race-horses. Flower garden—iron gate on cotton-wood stanchions—flowers and fruits of various kinds.

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September 6th. —Start at nine o'clock—get to canal—machinery deranged—get there about three.

Ev[enin]g scene on Ohio—steam-boat aground with two flats each side of her—we take part of cargo on board—moonlight—light of fires—chant and chorus of negro boatmen—men strolling about docks with cigars—negroes dancing before furnaces—glassy surface of river—undulations made by boat—wavering light of moon and stars—silent, primeval forest sleeping in sunshine—on each side still forest—forest—forest.

Old negro steward scolding young negro for lying—he aims at a monopoly.

September 7th. —Friday. At five o'clock morn'g stop to take on wood and wait till fog rises—neat log hut—woman and children—the latter half-civilized and ignorant—abundance round the house—cattle, hogs, poultry, corn, forest, etc.—see patch of cotton-plant in blossom.

Nine o'clock—river glassy—golden sunshine on forests—rude ark rowed by one man—roofed—with chimney, etc. Ducks in couples on the river—cloudless sky—mellow weather

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—passengers on board. Black Hawk—a young river dandy—green merino short coat—domestic cloth trousers—low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat—plays cards with a kindred genius. All serenity—a Quakeress—the Princess Hullabulloo.¹

¹ Presumably the ironical nickname of the quiet Quakeress.

September 8th. —Saturday. Detained from ten last night till seven this morn'g by fog—an intelligent man comes on board—gives us ac[count] of his farming.

Nine o'clock—serene, sunny mornin'g—clear 104 reflection of objects—small flock of wild ducks doubled on the stream—bland atmosphere.

Pass Diamond Island—well wooded. Near Wabash—horses ranging along sandy shore—long glassy reach of river—smoke rising on sunny shore. Stop for wood near Wabash on Virginia side—negro woman in log hut—who cooks for the men who get wood—a cheerful, contented being—plenty to eat and drink—good whistling—no one to worry or trouble her—does not think she'll marry again. Mr. Ellsworth¹ asked about her children, but the tears started into her eyes—she got up—crossed the hut—“I am not allowed to live with them—they are up at the plantation.” Pourtales² killed a raccoon in the woods adjacent.

¹ Henry Leavitt Ellsworth (1791–1856), Resident Commissioner among the Indian tribes.

² Pourtales and Charles Joseph Latrobe, the English traveller (1801–1875), accompanied Irving on his Western trip.

Half-past one pass mouth of the Wabash—farm on left bank opposite the mouth a wooded island—Wabash Island.

Wabash enters peacefully into the peaceful river—water clear, greenish-blue—Ohio yellow. Men on sand-bar with a seine sack.

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Aground near natives' house—slow boat on the Illinois shore with flag—groups assembled there—rifle shooting—horse race along shore—negro laugh—sunset—party breaks up—some in boat across glassy river singing ballad—others on horseback through the woods—some on foot—some loiter on the shore—beautiful, clear ev[enin]g sky—moon nearly full—rising over the Virginia shore above tufted forests—night hawks. Gross plenty that prevails throughout the country in hotels, steam-boats, etc.—meats, poultry, 105 vegetables, excellent bread, pies, puddings—food seems to be wasted—as if of no value.

Passengers in steam-boat from every part of Union—merch[an]t from N. York—smug, dapper, calculating Yankee—reckless, boastful Virginian—Black Hawk from Kentucky—a Swiss count.

September 9th. —Sunday. Still aground—go to shore—log house with corn field in wood—man and his wife from Philadelphia County good—looking man and woman—children decently clad—been here fifteen years—if it were to be done over would not come here—no means of educating his children—wants neighbours—people in neighbourhood rough and rude—some live by hunting, poaching, etc.—says he finds a great difference in himself since he has been here—sons prefer hunting to learning—pays one and one half doll[a]rs an acre for land—Indiana corn fifteen feet high.

Stop at log house on the shore—pretty, delicate woman from near Nashville, Tennessee—wishes herself back—no church in neighbourhood—people rude. If there comes a Quaker the rude fellows pelt him, cut his horse loose, and play all kinds of tricks. Her husband a good-looking young man—has lease for four years, after which will return to Tennessee.

The fête yesterday was shooting for merchandise and a pedlar's bout—a quarrel occurred and fighting.

Enormous sycamore—cotton-wood trees, etc.—vines—white cranes.

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Get off at three o'clock—see land at Rock Cave—a limestone cavern—nine o'clock
ev[enin]g arrive at mouth of Cumberland River—land passengers 106 —get aground and
remain aground all night.

September, 10th. —Monday Eight o'clock still aground—shower of rain—procure keel
boat from Smithland to take part of cargo and at half-past twelve geté off—fat old fellow
in flat rowed by negroes—with cargo of flour to sell. After dinner stop at Paducah, a small
village or town quite new—court holding in piazza of post-office—judge in linsey corduroy
coat and trousers deer-skin sandals with hat on—seated in chair lolling back—farmers
discussing their cause with hats on. Meet with an Irishman who has been out six years—
fifty-six years of age—lets me know immediately that he is a rich emigrant—talks of his
neighbour Lord Castlereagh,¹ who was the greatest statesman in Europe.

¹ Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry, born 1769,
committed suicide 1822.

Take on board here a little Frenchman and his wife who are rolling a big box through the
country like a pair of tumblers. He is a blacksmith—she kept a café in Touraine—natives
of Tours—beguiled out here by Frenchman, the same Lucas² who had bought land in
Kentucky and represented it as a paradise—from turnpike could meet diligence every day
—the very place to set up blacksmith shop and café—tells her to bring all the linen she
could. The little French[man] and his wife packed up all their worldly effects in three small
boxes, bundled up their bed and embarked—landed at New Orleans—good opportunity
presented to fix themselves, but rec[eive]d letter from their friend pressing them to come
on—embarked in steam-boat

² Frederick Lucas, one of Napoleon's soldiers, who came to America after Waterloo, finally
settling in the West.

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107 —arrived at the promised land and found it a wilderness covered with trees—the fine roads were tracks thro' forest—the diligence a stage waggon that plied two months in year when there was no steam-boat. They re-embark to return to New Orleans.

A little Canadian who had been passenger on our boat hitherto was making arrangement with captain for them and wanted to know if no one on board spoke French. I offered my services.

Eight at night—arrive at Caledonia—at the point of confluence of Mississippi and Ohio—land part of cargo. Little Frenchman and wife go ashore—I speak to the landlord for them and put them under care of a passenger—rolled their big box up bank—carried bedding up to inn—little Frenchman remained on bank—put all his boxes together—lit fire—mounted guard by moonlight—left him humming tune and watching.

At one o'clock at night get under way—enter Mississippi by moonlight—(Mem: This ev[enin]g a splendid sunset on Ohio—full moon rose from behind forest, attended by a virgin star).

September 11th. —Tuesday. On the Mississippi—broad, turbid stream—sand-bars—low, alluvial shores with forests— *chemin de forge* of snags—streaming files of ducks and geese. Half-past eight land for wood on Missouri side—corn field, where crops of corn have been raised for thirty-eight years successively, without manure—rich covering—sandy soil—level—sound, rich corn twenty rows on a cob—country still lonely—travellers—some adventurers embark without money—are put ashore at wood piles—remain there till next boat comes along—hoist a handkerchief 108 on pole—taken on board—boat under way—too late to set them ashore—carry them to next pile—so they work their way from wood pile to wood pile.

Woman with family of children appeals to capt[ain]—occasionally get passage for nothing—a subscription among passengers. Illinois merch[an]t on board—says he trusts for a

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year—then twenty-five per cent. If man won't pay, he hangs about him like fever and ague, whispering to him until he pays—does not lose above five per cent.

Go to farmhouse—woman spinning—young lad sitting idle—their beds in room—full of negro children—fat little round-shaped one cries—the lad tells another child to amuse it by rolling ball on floor—have lived here thirty-three years—man says he never struck a negro since he was a boy—would not sell one unless the negro wished to go away.

House open to the weather—pigs, fowls, corn, vegetables, fruit—fine well of water—neighbouring cypress swamp—deer, bears, panthers, wild cats—turkeys in abundance—no snakes. Wind now—pure, soft air. Frenchman the same Lucas who came to Touraine in grand way one winter and has not a negress.

Pass limestone cliffs looking like old castle towers—light foliage below—wild ducks—sand-bars—after sunset stop at apple orchard—Mr. Kemmel's new store and house—thriving place—children ill with fever—wife “first-rate woman” educated in convent about eighteen miles off—where there is also a seminary. She is from Kentucky.

Saw at the landing a negro merchant thirty-six 109 years old—going to New Orleans with forty doz. fowles—had canoe or boat with corn to feed them—goes down in steam-boat—gets passage for nothing from some—buys one dollar doz. sells three dollars—has followed the business twelve years—brings back nothing but money—pays his master fifty dollars a year—lays up money to buy himself free—buries it—cannot buy himself till next year—has wife and children but cannot buy them—means to go far where he can make most money, but means to see his wife and children occasionally and take care of them.

The lady of the house says that there are different meetings here—Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, etc.

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Beautiful moonrise on Illinois—fire of woodman at front of island—red-yellow moon—silver star—calm, cobalt-green sky reflected in river—here and there at distances a solitary light twinkles down from some big house among the trees.

Moon regent of lakes and woods.

September 12th. —Wednesday. Fog comes in about half-past four—stop at wood yard a few miles above Kaskaskia River—visit log house—people from Louisiana—discouraged at the coldness of climate here—soil abundant—game plenty—hunt turkeys by moonlight—the settlers—mother anxious to return to Louisiana. Ste. Genevieve fine level with range of hills behind it to the north—one of the oldest French settlements—people live in the village where the houses are private property—20,000 acres in front in common—each one has a right to cultivate a portion for his own use—strangers apt to marry the Ste. Genevieve girls to get the right—college on hill 110 back of the town—above the settlement pretty openings and views as through side scenes of a theatre—low banks of cotton trees—willows, etc.

At Ste. Genevieve tall man comes on board with saddle-bags, steel traps, bundle—conducted by man in blanket coat and moccasins—turns out to be Col. Monard, who accompanied Atwater¹ on the Indian expedition.

1 Caleb Atwater (1778–1867), Indian Commissioner under President Jackson.

Herculaneum—store—shot tower on brink of limestone precipice—beautiful precipice of limestone like towers of ruined castles, with many-tinted Virginia creeper hanging about the cold grey. Land on island—immense cotton-wood trees—Uncle Sam's land, with poachers cutting and selling wood.

Ev[enin]g, nine o'clock—crash! A steam-boat, the *Yellowstone*, coming down the stream at the rate of fifteen miles an hour runs on us and staves in the upper works of our side—the wheel box—general alarm—some think the boat sinking—Kentucky lady threw herself

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in her husband's arms—alarm subsides—make for land to repair damages and mend wheel—speech of black fireman: “They have torn the d—b—all to salad.”

Arrive at St. Louis about eleven—sleep on board.

September 13th. —Thursday. St. Louis—mixture of French and American character—French billiard room—market-place where some are speaking French, some English—put up at Union Hotel—see Mr. Chouteau² *père et fils* —Dr. O'Dwyer—Judge Peck—Mr. Bates.

2 Pierre Chouteau (1749–1849), the pioneer. He and his elder brother, Auguste, were the founders of St. Louis.

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Drive out to Gov. Clark's¹ —cross prairie—flowering and fragrant shrubs—the Gov[ernor's] farm—small cottage—orchard bending and breaking with loads of fruit—negroes with tables under trees preparing meal—fine sitting-room in open air—little negroes whispering and laughing—civil negro major-domo who asks to take horses out—invites me to walk in the orchard and spreads table with additional cover—sitting-room—rifle and game bag, etc., in corners—Indian calumet over fireplace—remains of fire on hearth, showing that morn'g has been cool—lovely day—golden sunshine—transparent atmosphere—pure breeze.

1 William Clark (1770–1838), of a famous Revolutionary family. He is best remembered as the military director of Captain Lewis's expedition across the Rocky Mountains. In 1807 he was appointed by Congress as Brigadier-General for the Territory of Upper Louisiana. Thus Irving sometimes calls him “General” and sometimes “Governor.”

Fine nut trees, peach trees, grape vines, etc., etc., about the house—look out over rich, level plain or prairie—green near at hand—blue line at the horizon—universal chirp and spinning of insects—fertility of country—grove of walnuts in the rear of the house

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—beehives—deer cote—canoe—Gen[era]l arrives on horseback with dogs—guns. His grandson on a calico pony hallowing and laughing—Gen[era]l on horseback—gun on his shoulder—cur—house dog—bullying setter.

Gov. Clark fine, healthy, robust man—tall—about fifty—perhaps more—his hair, originally light, now grey—falling on his shoulders—frank—intelligent—his son a cadet of W. P. now in the army— *aide-de-camp* to Gen[era]l Atkinson.

Dinner plentiful—good—hut rustic—fried chicken, bacon and grouse, roast beef, baked potatoes, 112 tomatoes, excellent cakes, bread, butter, etc., etc.

Gov. C. gives much excellent information concerning Indians.

His slaves—set them free—one he placed at a ferry—another on a farm, giving him land, horses, etc.—a third he gave a large waggon and team of six horses to ply between Nashville and Richmond. They all repented and wanted to come back.

The waggoner was York, the hero of the Missouri expedition and adviser of the Indians. He could not get up early enough in the morn'g—his horses were ill kept—two died—the others grew poor. He sold them and was cheated—entered into service—fared ill. “Damn this freedom,” said York, “I have never had a happy day since I got it.” He determined to go back to his old master—set off for St. Louis, but was taken with the cholera in Tennessee and died. Some of the traders think they have met traces of York's crowd, on the Missouri.

Returned by another route escorted by young Clark—ride thro' prairie—flowers—waggon—huts, etc.—pass by a noble farm—every thing in abundance—pass by a circle of Indian mounds—on one of them Gen[era]l Ashley has built his house so as to have the summit of it as a terrace in the rear.

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St. Louis—old rackety gambling house—noise of the cue and the billiard ball from morning till night—old French women accosting each other in the street.

September 14th. —Friday. Drive out with Judge Peck, Judge's uncle, and our party to Fort Jefferson 113 to see Black Hawk¹ —ride thro' open country—formerly forest—drive to Gen[era]l Atkinson's quarters.

1 This famous chief of the Sac and Fox tribes had surrendered on August 27th, 1832, after many battles with forces of the United States. He was taken through various cities before being confined in 1833, in Fortress Monroe. Irving thus saw the old Indian warrior within a fortnight after his capture.

Black Hawk—old man upwards of seventy with aquiline nose—finely formed head—organs of benevolence—his two sons—oldest a fine-looking young man—his brother-in-law the prophet² —the little Indian stables.

2 This “prophet,” White Cloud, was the chief agent in the Indian disturbances of that period. He is not usually set down as Black Hawk's brother-in-law.

They are all chained arms and ankles with cannon, but are allowed to walk about escorted by soldier.

Old French town nicknamed Vuide Poche³ —old French settlers retain their dress, manners, etc.—cared little for money or lands, but avaricious about their negroes. Met two or three times a week to dance—very sober and temperate tho' gay—kept aloof from Americans but begin to intermarry with them.

3 “Empty Pocket.” “Vuide,” old spelling of “Vide.”

Black Hawk—had a skin of a black hawk in his hand and fanned himself with the tail.

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[*Turning the note-book around and beginning from the other end, we find the following notes, some of which are jottings from Irving's reading in connection with his Western tour.*
]

Cumberland Mount[ains]—sunny, enchanted mount[ain]s.

On some spires of the Cumberland Mount[ain]s, called the Enchanted Mount[ain]s, are marked in the solid limestone footsteps of men, horses, and 114 other animals, as fresh as tho' recently made, and as distinct as tho' impressed upon clay moisture. The tracks often indicate that the feet which made them had slidden, as would be the case in descending declivities in soft clay. They are precisely of the same class with the impress of two human feet found in a block of solid limestone, quarried on the margin of the Mississippi. The manner in which they were produced is utterly inexplicable.

Flint 1 Essay, Vol. 11, "Tennessee."

1 Timothy Flint (1780–1840), missionary and author, whose "Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley" did much to advance the development of that region. Irving's quotations are not meticulously accurate.

Screaming of the jay in the solitudes of the woods and mountains. Pine woods—solemn sound of the wind thro' them—no whispering among leaves. Few evergreens in the west—objected [to] by Mrs. Trollope²—a sign of futility. The cypress grows in deep and sickly swamps—the haunts of fevers, mosquitoes, moccasin snakes, alligators, and all loathsome and poisonous animals, etc.

2 Referring (with a sense of humour) to the English novelist, Mrs. Frances Trollope's famous work that had just been published—the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," a work in which the lady objected to a great deal on this continent and, as a result, was herself objected to by most Americans.

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It loves the deepest, most gloomy and inaccessible and inundated swamps, and south of 33° is generally found covered with the sable festoons of long moss, hanging, as it seems, a shroud of mourning wreaths almost to the ground. It flourishes best where water covers its roots for half the year.

Flint, Vol. 1, p. 62.

Hunter's ac[count] of himself—his father's log hut solitary on margin of river, surrounded by forest—mode of living, careless—plenty—shot deer, 115 wild turkey—children half wild—without education—two or three books which they could not read.

Big rivers—all peaceful and gentle—Ohio—little rivers noisy and unruly—invincible strength of big, giant rivers.

Two Kentuckians quarrelling—one says, “Put down that rock and I'll fight you.” The rock was a stone as big as an apple.

Double-barrel[le]d gun—mighty little giving about the lock.

Moon—handmaid, a virgin star.

Missouri—fifty miles above confluence of Ohio and Mississippi.

Indian corn—thirty-eight years successive crops—ground rich—twenty rows.

Negro driving team of seven oxen in Louisville exclaims—“Get along, you fat, money-making rascals.”

Negroes—some prefer hoeing—others ploughing—others driving waggons—some dislike waggoning because they have to take care of the cattle at night and on Sunday. Merriest people in these parts—if you hear a broad, merry laugh, be sure it is a negro—politest people—fine gentlemen.¹

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1 This is a remarkable phrase. Because of their good humour and their good manners, the courteous Irving speaks of the negroes as “fine gentlemen.”

Evil of negroes—they may be parted from their children—but are not white people so, by schooling, marriage, business, etc?

Observation of French trader in West Indies on shutting up country house: “If I could go home and not think till morning, I should be a happy man, but this thinking will kill me.”

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Ice spring between Niagara and Hamilton—frozen in summer—thawed in winter.

Illinois—famous for children and dogs—in house with nineteen children and thirty-seven dogs.

Cherokees and Kickapoos used to say will fight, fight, fight, until we are all dead and then our bones will fight together—but they are now neighbours and friends thro' necessity.

The various western tribes call the Delaware their grandfather and mediator. If one kills another, a friend, relative of the murderer, hastens to the Delaware who interposes and prescribes a certain quantity of wampum to cover the deceased.

Indians never quarrel and fight when sober—only when in liquor—and then lay it all to whisky. When one kills another he considers himself doomed—sometimes mounts his horse and proclaims it—but says, “Come and take me who can.”

September 26th. —Wednesday. Independence. Arrived at the Globe Hotel—Mr. Dodge, a former missionary, among the Osages, comes in a covered waggon with his son, etc.—disagreed with the Indians—is settled near the White Hairs—among the Osages—keeps school—feathers his nest. The Southern Indians more shrewd and intelligent than the Northern. Mr. McCoy—son of missionary—employed as surveyor.

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September 27th. —Thursday. This morn'g Mr. Ellsworth and Dr. O'Dwyer arrive in old, flimsy carriage with two horses driven by a tall negro—had left the steam-boat aground and come by land.

Preparation—packing of waggons—Gen[era]l Clark—clergymen the only class of people on earth that he hates—thinks we ought not to set our 117 faces against Indians stealing horses—must not shut up only road left them to honour and promotion.

Waggons set off at half-[past] two o'clock.—Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Latrobe¹ set off about three with Gen[era]l Clark for Mr. McCoy's—I set off at three with Mr. Chouteau, Pourtales, and the D[octo]r.

¹ When this English traveller published, in 1835, “The Rambler in North America,” he dedicated the work to Washington Irving.

Lose our way in the prairies² —after a while get to where the waggons are stationed by Mr. Yates—scene at Mr. Yates'—log hut—large fire—tell stories to children.

² Throughout his manuscript, Irving spelled this word “praries” and “prarie.”

Camp—fire—meat roasted on sticks—savory—our salon of trees lighted up by fire—sky and stars in centre—bat flitting across—faces of men and black boy roasting meat—greyhound with spectral face—we sit on bear skins—the meat put on spits before us—cut it off with knife and eat—coffee—Mr. Yates comes and sits with us—tall, strong, pleasant-faced fellow—stretch a tent on cords—spread our mats and sleep—Mr. Chouteau sleeps at foot of tree—Dr. O'Dwyer in waggon—men on blankets with feet to fire.

Friday, 28th. —At peep of day fire made in the camp—preparations for cooking—water bro[ught] from neighbouring brook—dogs prying about for food—showers of rain—mats, etc., spread over waggons—day breaks—find ourselves in a light grove on the edge of a prairie.

Horses led in strings to water—man riding one, leading other—whooping to hounds who follow.

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Breakfast like supper—spits placed before us as we sit on mats and cut off strips.

Leave at quarter to eight—ride along ridge and over grassy prairie—meet people going to camp meeting—encamp at twelve beside a brook to wait for Ellsworth and Latrobe who are to come in by McCoy's trail. A couple of bee hunters arrive at the brook, with waggon driven by four oxen—with barrels, etc., to contain honey—going to Grand River about two days' journey from Independence—all the country down here being hunted out—bee hunter—twenty-three years of age—plaid upper coat—tan cloth trousers with deer skin tied over them—his companion lying in waggon with rifle—prairie hen that they had shot.

Midday camp—men dispersed cutting wood—one making fire—blowing up spark among dry leaves—horses turned loose—some bridled, others free-rolling on grass—saddles put round foot of tree—dogs scattered about nosing and prying—Dr. O'Dwyer dragging dry branches—wind rustling thro' tree tops but passing over the hollow in which we are placed—dogs lying down watching with hungry eye all the cooking operations.

At dinner—stories, jokes, etc.—after dinner another gang of bee hunters—waggon—four oxen—two saddle horses—long fellow with rifle—two younger ones with rifles—says they get thirty-seven cents gallon for honey—collect 100 or 150 gal[lon]s—go for amusement as much as anything else, being a time of year they have little to do—shoot deer, elk, etc., for their food.

In the ev[enin]g Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Latrobe, 119 and young Mr. McCoy arrive with another dearborn waggon¹ —encamp for the night.

¹ *Webster's Dictionary* defines this, "A four-wheeled carriage, with curtained sides."

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Saturday, 29th. —Start after breakfast—Mr. Younger who was to have driven our new dearborn deserts—Mr. Ellsworth drives—road winds along a ridge—with prairie sloping down into beautiful copses.

Stop at log house—pretty young married woman with pretty sister and fine child. Encamp at midday after eighteen miles—in pine grove—repast under tree—preparations of guns—Latrobe arranging plants—dogs lying about—plan for Antoine² to go deer hunting while we journey this afternoon—yelping of young hounds—wind rushing thro' trees—fire at our kitchen at foot of gigantic old tree, threatening to undermine and bring it down—autumnal tint of trees.

² Irving describes this French-Osage half-breed in Chapter III of “A Tour on the Prairies.” “He was to be a kind of Jack-of-allwork; to cook, to hunt, and to take care of the horses; but he had a vehement propensity to do nothing, being one of the worthless brood engendered and brought up among the missions. He was, moreover, a little spoiled by being really a handsome young fellow, an Adonis of the frontier, and still worse by fancying himself highly connected, his sister being concubine to an opulent white trader!”

Ev[enin]g encampt about five o'clock on a beautiful plat of land made by the winding of a sluggish brook—fine oak and walnuts—herbage full of flowers—opposite banks of brook fine woods—Mr. Latrobe saw two stags—Antoine returns without game.

Barking of dogs at wolves prowling round the camp—hooting of owl—pond nuts like fresh almonds—dined buffalo meat—rich.

Sunday, 30th. —Morning, rise before daybreak 120 —breakfast by light of fire—day breaks thro' forest.

After breakfast set off with Pourtales on horseback ahead of the rest to look for prairie hens—Mr. Latrobe precedes us on foot.

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Scale a hill—limestone rock and stones full of shells and miniature basalt like Giant's Causeway—boundless view of silent prairies—distant hill like Paté de Strasbourg.¹ Overtake Latrobe twelve miles off by a brook—waggons do not arrive—wait for them—scene on knoll—lying among prairie grass with guns—dogs—game—horses grazing by us—one and the other go alternately as scouts to edge of distant hill to look out for waggons—give up hopes of being rejoined and resume our route—Mr. Latrobe on foot—Pourtales and myself on horseback—fatiguing ride—wide, bare prairies—small strips of woodland—twelve miles further on come on a clearing in wood—log house—Mr. Fuller of East Hadham—his wife daughter of Dr.—, of Philadelphia—hospitable reception—good wife busy baking cakes—gets dinner for us—countryman arrives who brings tidings from the camp—horses had strayed. While at dinner Mr. Ellsworth arrives—then Col. Chouteau and d[octo]r. Take leave of Mr. Fuller, who refuses compensation—ride with Mr. Latrobe by moonlight to Harmony Mission—arrive at Mr. Bright's—kind reception—blazing fire—half-breed Indian girl who waits on us—Mr. Requa a missionary.

¹ This has reference to the shape of the famous goose liver pâtés made in Strassburg.

Quartered at night with Mr. Jones, missionary who teaches girls—several Indian girls in the 121 house—one about eleven—very pretty—ev[enin]g prayer—examination of children in chapter of Bible—neat log house well furnished—forty children at Harmony—school kept by Mr. Jones—Indian children good at writing, ciphering, and geography.

October 1st. —Monday. Dinner at Mr. Austin's—boys at table on one side—girls the other—comp[an]y in centre—rich beef—beautiful honey—cakes—vegetables.

Osage River—clear stream—willow banks—navigable in part of year for steam-boats—Harmony about 500 miles from mouth.

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Leave Harmony at three o'clock—cavalcade—four waggons—horsemen led horses—we hire a half-breed called Broken Hoof—Mr. Chouteau hires another—crossing of the Osage River—group of Indians on a knoll looking on.

Camp after sunset in a beautiful grove at the foot of immense trees—by a brook opposite a prairie—moonlight—owl hoots—prairie wolf howls—barking of dogs—bells of our horses among the trees—supper—beef, roast ducks, and prairie hens—others boiled. Fine effect of half moon among lofty trees—fire of camp with guides, Indians and others round it—dogs lying on grass—waggon—tents by fire light—groups of attendants lying at foot of trees and round fires.

Farm in neighbourhood—Mr. Summer—river—Little Osage— *Ugatagakuge monsohn* 1 meaning “where there is much dogwood.”

1 These and other Indian words have been transcribed as well as Irving's handwriting and the transcriber's ignorance of the Indian tongues quoted would permit. In view of the fact that Irving himself may have blundered at the start, and of the slight importance of the details themselves, it has not seemed necessary to submit the passages in question to the judgment of experts. We may add that some little investigation of this first Indian phrase cited by Irving leaves us as dubious of his competence in such matters, as we are certain of our own incompetence.

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October 2d. —Tuesday. Cold but beautiful morn'g—revive the fires—dogs creeping round fire and into tent—whipped off with many a yelp—sun breaks among pine trees—winding stream near by. Yesterday passed place of old Osage camp near branch of Osage River—wild plum trees—beautiful prairie—river where they fought the—into the stream, and killed them with knives—the plain deserted—over-grown with sumach, hazel-nut, wild plum—prairie silent and lifeless.

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In the course of the morning we see a prairie wolf in the distance—half-breed Indians instantly on the *qui vive*—mount my pony (I being in the waggon)—general gallop across the prairie—Henry Clay the greyhound in full chase—Mr. Chouteau sends half-breed boy mounted to turn the wolf, but Pourtales dashes straight forw[ar]d and makes the wolf keep ahead so as to escape—returning we start a deer, which after a run couches in a hollow and we lose him.

A few miles further we see another prairie wolf beside a ravine near the road—all set off in chase—Mr. Chouteau and the doctor head him—come to a bare, burnt patch of prairie—the greyhound gets sight of him—fine race—hound turns him—manoeuvres and fight between wolf and hound—horsemen come up with [them] and try to trample on him—fighting retreat of wolf—Pourtales fires one barrel of his gun—breaks wolf's leg—we surround and kill him.

Beautiful sight of hunt. Horsemen galloping 123 over green prairie—golden sunshine—Antoine towards the conclusion of chase leaves his waggon, mounts his stallion, and comes thundering along bringing up a *corps de secours* of bull-dog, cur, etc.

A few miles further on we pass a run of water—here Broken Hoof visits cabin of his mother and determines to return—pay him off—just then a half-breed (Joseph), whom Mr. Chouteau had left word to follow us, arrives and takes his place. He is accomp[anie]d by an old Indian—*tueur du village*—from having, with a party he commanded, surprised and massacred a whole village—Indian with his bald head and single tuft of hair—strings of beads hanging from the upper part of his ears—his shoulders and bust bare—blanket swathed round his body—leather leggings and moccasins—mounted on strong black horse—carries his rifle athwart.

Encamp and dine in a thicket of trees—then perform journey of seventeen miles across wide, naked prairie—extensive prospect from a hill—ridge beyond ridge in smoky distance—Indian points it out—pass Pawnee Hill where five Pawnees defended themselves

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ag[ain]st large party of Osages—see two prairie wolves which escape—white cloud of smoke from burning prairie—sun enters into smoke—spur on to light fires—limestone country. Wind by moonlight down into wood—pass thro' it to bank of brook where we make fire and, where joined by carriages—encamp.

Story of Antoine and the two kegs of powder behind him on horse with which he dashed thro' prairie on fire.

Encamped at Pawnee Creek—branch of Osage.

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Old Osage Indian—killer of village—great warrior—chief—at present ambassador to procure a bag of nails.

October 3d. —Wednesday. Beautiful morn'g—breakfast scene—men round pans and kettles—groups of little hounds looking on—growling and snapping of large dogs—now and then yelping from a scourged cur.

At daybreak Indian gets up—mounts his horse and away—Osages never eat early in morning when travelling—stop about ten or eleven for that purpose.

In the course of the morning we meet various parties of Osages, men and women, on hunting expeditions—women leading horses—with packages—skins for beds, meat, corn or papooses and puppy dogs in the packages—lads with bows and rifles walking—fine, erect port of Osage warriors—noble attitudes—meet Osage interpreter—with wife and daughters—the former a daughter of Chouteau. Squaws riding with umbrellas—warm day—wide, treeless prairie—trembling with heat—columns of smoke hanging lazily in various directions on horizon—kindled by Indians to drive the game to the prairies. Encamp about eleven at clear brook—party of Indians, squaws and children encamp by us—squaws cutting wood and dragging great branches of trees.

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Our dinner, surrounded by Indians—groups of squaws and children who keep somewhat aloof.

Ride twelve miles after dinner to Rev. N. Dodge's house—near Osage village—put up at the house—comfortable—tea furnished by Mrs. Dodge—young Osage couple in the neighbourhood, the girl well educated at Harmony Mission 125 —the young man but slightly educated—recently married—undertaking farming—their relatives come to see them, camp before the door and eat them out of house and home—young man cannot help giving away provisions, etc., to his tribe. When we visited them we found two Indians (man and wife) lying at a fire kindled before the house.

Indian we met to-day in mourning—dirt on his face—does not eat till sunset. The dead are painted white and other colours when buried.

A chief lately deceased was buried sitting up under a mound.

We spread our skin beds on the floor of room in house—Antoine, etc.—light a fire—cook their supper and sleep under trees. “Every one has his caprice,” said Antoine, “for my part I think it much better to camp here.”

Intense curiosity with which an Indian watches Dr. O'Dwyer while he shaves—beautiful, clear river by Mr. Dodge's.

October 4th. —Thursday. Leave Mr. Dodge's at three quarters past seven provided with large family loaf of bread—we have a journey of thirty miles to make over open prairie before we can find a camping place, there being water in the interim but no wood—pass thro' the village of the White Hair (Osages)—monument of chief who died lately—mound on a hill surrounded by railing—three poles with flags—trophies—a scalp, scalping knife, etc. He had killed four Pawnees. While looking at it an Indian approached and stood by the tomb—a relation of the deceased. After we had rode on we saw him standing like a statue

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by the tomb. Passed over vast prairie— 126 here not a tree or shrub was to be seen—a view like that of the ocean.

Mr. Chouteau and Pourtales (who had left us yesterday at the dining place to go to the Agency) rejoined us, with three spare horses. About three o'clock arrived at a grove on the banks of stream and encamp—place called La Bête—wood entangled with rich underwood—grape vines—pea vines, etc. Fine trees—flights of Perroquets—called La Bête, or The Beast, because the Indians saw a great and terrible animal there, the like of which they never saw before or since.

Story told by Col. Chouteau lying at the foot of a tree.

Wagrathka e abbe —creek—next to this creek is Nickanansor. A tribe of Indians hunting in that creek struck their tents to come on this—a young man who had been to St. Louis returned to the creek and came to the encampment—found it deserted—a young girl alone there—to whom he was engaged to be married—"Where is the camp?" "It is struck. They are gone to such a place." "And what are you doing here?" "Waiting for you." He gave her his bundle and walked ahead according to Indian custom—approaching the camp the girl sat down at foot of a tree and said, "I will wait here. It is not proper for us to return together." He entered the town—told his sister to go after the girl—she is dead—died a few days since. His relatives surrounded him weeping and confirmed the story. He returned with them to the tree. The girl was gone—the bundle lay there—the young man fell *dead*.

A little girl at White Hair had died—they buried with her her playthings—she had a 127 favourite little horse—they killed and buried her with it.

An old squaw left alone when her party had gone hunting prayed the Great Spirit to make something to amuse her—he made the mosquito.¹

1 A rare instance of Indian sense of humour, and a satisfying solution of the problem as to the justification for the existence of the mosquito.

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Pawnee Boy. At Mr. Chouteau's agency there is a Pawnee boy twelve years of age who is anxious to run away and return to his own people. They fear if he did he would reveal where the horses were kept, etc., and all the secrets of this land. He has a sister with whom he is always plotting in Pawnee language. Once, when seven years old, he ran away with horses, but was retaken. He was told, "If you run away again we will send twelve Osage boys with bows and arrows to shoot you." "Give me," said he, "twelve arrows and let your boys come and we'll see who has the worst of it."

Chattering and laughing of the Frenchmen—half-breeds at their meat—Mr. Chouteau lying at foot of tree and joining in—screaming of flights of parrots—snapping and quarrelling of dogs—moonlight vista thro' the forest—distant dewy tint of trees—hooting of screech-owl—Col. Chouteau remarks superstition of Indians when an owl is heard several nights. They think it follows the encampment and forebodes the death of one of the party.

These creeks empty into the Neosho.

Friday, 5th. —Towards morning rain and thunder—holds up about daybreak. An Indian visits us—encamped about a mile distant—attracted by the tinkling of our horse bells—had 128 been hunting yesterday and killed two small deer.

After a while he departed to his camp—from whence three Indians came and brought pieces of fresh venison. Col. Chouteau made them presents of tobacco.

Leave enc[a]mp[men]t at ten—ride all day over wide, monotonous prairies—cry given of a wolf at a distance—saw something seated on a hill—all hands on the alert; flankers sent out—turned out to be a solitary Indian who begged for food—gave him biscuit—gave us the disagreeable intelligence that all the Osages had departed some time since from Fort Gibson, on their buffalo hunt. Showers in the distance—lowering sky—ride after dark across gloomy plain—descend into thick grove and encamp for the night.

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Saturday, 6th. —Soft morning—misty—beautiful forest—large trees intertwined with grape vines and clambering vines—rich verdure—yesterday saw prickly pears—sent Joseph the half-breed on foraging party among the groves—brought rich store of pawpaws. This night horses had excellent range—pea vines and cane.

[*The following notes were made by Irving at the other end of his diary:*]

Race of dogs in the Rocky Mount[ain]s supposed to be a cross-breed of the buffalo and wolf.

Old Father Vail addressed the Indians on the necessity of industry, etc., to happiness. An Indian replied, “Father, I don't understand this kind of happiness you talk of. You tell me to cut down tree—to lop it—to make fence—to plough—this you call being happy—I no like such happiness. When I go to St. Louis I go to see 129 Chouteau or Clark—he says ‘hello’—and negro comes in with great plate with cake, wine, etc.—he say ‘eat, drink.’ If he want anything else he say ‘hello’—three—four—five, six negro come in and do what he want—that I call happy—he no plough—he no work—he no cut wood.”

“Ah, but he has negroes to do all that.”

“Well, father, you go to our Great Father¹ —tell him to find me one, two, three negroes to cut wood and plough for me and I'll be willing to be happy like white man—but for a man fifty years old to have to plough, etc.—him too old.”

¹ The name given by the Indians to the President of the United States.

An agent newly arrived—was preaching up as usual about their being civilised and happy—one old Indian affected to sleep, then waking up—“What, father, still about that old happiness?—don't talk of that any more. I'll tell you what I call happy—to have my gun—a wide range—to hunt—to kill buffalo—to have plenty to eat—to eat and drink till full—to smoke—to lie down on our backs—beat our bosoms and sing.”

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Juror declines to be empanelled in a trial of an Indian for murder—he pointed to a scar on his head—“This scar I rec[eive]d when two brothers were murdered by Indians—I cannot be an unprejudiced arbiter of them.”

Place of old Osage camp on branch of Osage River—overgrown with bushes, wild plums, etc.

Backwoodsmen go ahead to tread down the nettles.

Mr. McCoy—missionary, appointed to treat with Cherokee Indians. A Cherokee was at Washington when he was there. Mr. McCoy applied 130 for his son to be appointed doctor—another, surveyor—another, agent. The Cherokee returned and told his friends this man is not for God, not for us, but for himself—he wants to grasp everything. They would not make a treaty with him.

Farmers beyond Independence, the frontier town, seldom come to the village—they are content to raise food enough for themselves—get wild honey to sell for clothes, etc.—lead a lazy life in this easily cultivated and prolific country.

Prairie dogs live in villages—owls and rattlesnakes live with them—some say the latter inhabit only such holes as the dogs have deserted in consequence of the death of some relation.

Story of prairie dog, owl, and rattlesnake who kept house together.

Indians at Mr. Dodge's Mission—had eighty acres and ploughed and sown with corn for them—each sent his horse, hobbled, into his part of the patch—but as there were no divisions the whole was nearly eaten up.

Indians had near 200 head of cattle—oxen, cows, calves, etc. When the warriors went to the buffalo hunt they left old men to guard them—after several days the old men called a

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council. "Our brothers," said he, "are by this time in the midst of the buffaloes and have meat a plenty. It is great pity that while they revel we should want. Suppose we have a chase of our own." So said, so done—they killed four oxen and all ate till they could scarcely crawl. A few days after another council. "Our friends must be still among the buffaloes—suppose we have another chase." So said, so done, and the 200 head of cattle melted away before these domestic hunters.

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October 6th. —Left encamp[men]t this morning and rode thro' mist, which gradually cleared up and showed wide prairie—with distant line of green wood and hills that looked like cultivated country. It seemed as if we could distinguish fields of grain, leaves, partridges, glades, etc.

Our sportsmen shot two turkeys near our last night's encamp[men]t—about half-past eleven arrived at Mr. Requa's establish[men]t on the bank of the Neosho, which is here a broad, fine stream, clear and with a gentle current.

Mrs. Requa from Connecticut (Fairfield)—fine-looking woman—says when she first came here they had no house—slept under trees—was in fine health, never better—Indian farms—old Indian guard left at home to take care of house.

Our dinner, four steaks of venison cut from venison ham.

Leave Requa's at two—ride over prairies twelve miles until we come in sight of the river—pleasant country—looks like park land—well where Pawnees used to hide their effects when going hunting or to war—holes still to be seen—old Osages told Colonel of it—covey of prairie hens—pigeons—come in sight of Col[one]l's house—white log house with piazza, surrounded by trees. Come to beautiful, clear river—group of Indian nymphs half-naked on banks—with horses near—arrival at house—old negro runs to open gate—mouth from ear to ear—group of Indians round tree in court-yard—roasting venison—horses tethered near—negroes run to shake hand and take horses—some have

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handkerchief across head—half-breeds—squaws—negro girls running and giggling—
dogs of all kinds—hens flying and cackling—wild turkeys, tamed geese— 132 piazza with
buffalo skin thrown over railing—room with guns—rifles.

Supper, venison steaks, roast beef, bread, cakes, coffee—waited on by half-breed—sister
of Mr. Chouteau's concubine—adjourn to another room—pass thro' open hall in which
Indians are seated on floor. They come into the room—two bring in chairs—the other seats
himself on the floor with his knees to his chin—another Indian glares in at the window.
House formed of logs—a room at each end—an open hall with staircase in the centre—
other rooms above—in the two rooms on ground floor two beds in each room with curtains
—white-washed log walls—tables of various kinds—Indian ornaments, etc.

Half-breeds loitering about the house—dogs and cats of all kinds strolling about the hall or
sleeping among harness at one end of the piazza.

In these establishments the world is turned upside down—the slave the master, the master
the slave. The slave has the idea of property—the latter of reality; the former owns—the
latter enjoys it; the former has to plan, scheme, guard, and economize—the latter thinks
only of living, enjoying—cares nothing how it comes or how it goes.

October 7th. —Sunday. Breakfast, coffee and cream, roast beef, venison steaks, wild
turkey fricasseed—Indians send in roast venison and beef—milk that looks like cocoanut
milk.

After breakfast Mr. Smith, who keeps school for Col. Chouteau, calls at house—wears
calico surcoat after the Indian cut—has lived many years with the Cherokees. Ride to the
Saline¹ —Major Rogers'

¹ Salina, now the county seat of Saline County, Kansas, is so called because of its salt
springs.

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133 house—he and his wife Cherokee half-breeds—he absent at Cherokee council—which has been in session four weeks, being discordant—Mrs. Rogers fine-looking woman—her son a tall, fine-looking young man, married to a handsome, tall half-breed. Log house with piazza—locust trees—Saline in valley—bubbling springs.

Ride to hill above, where Pawnee village formerly stood—holes in the hill where the Pawnees used to hide their effects when they went hunting. In crossing the river we see the same nymphs whom we saw yesterday—they were wading across—one returned and played about in the water. A quarter mile from the Col[onel]'s house is his race-course on a beautiful little level prairie. He has a great number of horses which the blacks drive by the house in a drove.

Leave the Saline at two o'clock with Mr. Ellsworth in dearborn for Fort Gibson. Antoine drives the dearborn—William, the black boy, follows in smaller dearborn—cross prairie—prairie hens—heavy thunder-storm on prairie—put down the oil-skin sides of waggon—cross swollen brooks—drive thro' woods—pass river where a negro servant and horse belonging to Mr. Chouteau were drowned by swelling of the river.

Sun sets in clear streak—but clouds overhead—arrive about seven at mission—Mr. Vail—his wife a Connecticut woman—comfortable house—at ring of bell repair to refectory in another building—fifty scholars—Cherokees, Delawares, etc. These tribes shew great anxiety for the education of their children.

Monday, 8th. —Leave the mission after breakfast—nine o'clock—towards noon see an Indian on a 134 mound who mounts his horse and comes to inquire news of the Cherokees.

Arrive at Gen[era]l Campbell's—banks of the Verdigris—leave luggage there for Pourtales and Latrobe—ride thro' woods and cane brakes to the Arkansas—Indian on horseback with Indian girl behind him and strapping squaw before. Arrive on banks of Arkansas—tolerably clear stream—neat look of white fortifications—blockhouses, etc., of Fort Gibson

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opposite. Cross in scow and arrive at gate of garrison—guard cleanly dressed round the gate—sergeant with Irish brogue—culprits in pillory and riding the wooden horse—arrive at Col. Arbuckle's quarters—log house.

Tuesday, 9th. —Leave Fort Gibson escorted by fourteen rangers—Lt. Penticort.

October 10th. —Wednesday. Ride with Col. Arbuckle, Gen[era]l Houston,¹ to Col. Chouteau's—picturesque scene crossing river—Creek with turban, one end hanging down—blue hunting shirt—horn—rifle—looked like Arab. Scene at Col. Chouteau's on the banks of the Neosho—group of Osages—blankets, leather leggings, and moccasins—hair cropped except bunch at top—bust bare or wrapped in blanket.

¹ Samuel Houston (1793–1863). Irving's meeting with this famous American is especially interesting in view of the date. In 1827 Houston was elected Governor of Tennessee. In 1829 he married a Tennessee woman (Miss Allen), but left her in a most mysterious manner a few weeks later, and went to live among the Indians. In 1832, dressed as an Indian, he visited President Jackson in behalf of the Western tribes. In the same year came his first trip to Texas. This trip led to activities which resulted in his election as first President of the Republic of Texas, and, finally, to the annexation of Texas to the United States.

Creeks—calico hunting shirts—scarlet and blue handkerchief round head—leather and scarlet leggings—groups of riflemen with horses—green 135 blanket coats—half-breeds—horses and dogs—hunters in leather shirts—log cabins—stately trees about river, with Virginia creeper.

Bustle at blacksmith's shoeing horses—breaking spoons to melt lead for bullets—old trapper is there—half-breed boy in moccasins—light straw-col[oure]d hunting shirt—rifleman in calico shirt, leggins, etc.—negro shoeing horse—tall half-breed in rifle shirt,

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blue trousers, moccasins—with pack-saddles—little dog looking on at shoeing horse as if studying the art or waiting for his turn. Rifle in corner—old rifle against work bench.

Leave Col. Chouteau's at two o'clock—ride thro' rich, entangled bottom by hamlets of Indians, negroes, etc., to—.

Encamp[men]t of rangers in circular grove—rich bottom—high trees—horses tied round, feeding on corn—brook near—trees tinted with autumn—tinkling of bells—men making messes at fires—some shooting at mark with rifles—parrots flying chattering through trees. We pitch our tent in the farmyard of Mr. Burghill—family suffering with bloody flux—log houses of various sizes—skin of bullock stretched and drying—dogs—full moon—pale—damp air—distant fires of rangers in grove below.

Robin Hood life and characters.

Mr. E.1 —in half Osage, half *chasseur* dress—embroidered leather Indian pouch—powder horn with red worsted band.

1 Ellsworth.

Thursday, 11th. —Up before day—half-breed pointing out the north star and positions of seven stars as indicating daylight.

Our landlord large man with squeaking, broken 136 voice—Mr. Pourtales' boots lost on the road—one was found—a Creek Indian was seen with the lost boot on, looking for the other. "That's really a funny tale," said our huge host, with a small voice.

Set off at half-past seven—ride thro' deep, rich bottom, by a village of Creeks extending along a rising ground—pass several Creeks—one with scarlet turban and plume of black feathers like a cock's tail—one with white turban and red feathers—Oriental look—like Sultans on the stage—some have racquet with which they have been playing ball—some with jacket and shirts but legs and thighs bare—middle-sized, well-made and vigorous.

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Yesterday one had brilliant bunch of sumach. They look like fine birds on the prairie. Pass house of a tall, red-haired, lank, leather-faced settler with one eye habitually closed when he winks—says some of the Osages are near. They had stolen one of his horses—says they will steal horses and then bring them home, pretending to have found them and claiming a reward.

Pass on to house of the last settler—the last trace of civilisation—informs Pourtales and Latrobe of a camp of Osages in a swamp. They determine to go there and seek guides to conduct them to the Osage hunting party. We find ourselves off the track of Capt. Dean's¹ party of rangers, which set off several days since, and set off to find it—said to be two miles off—part with Latrobe and Pourtales—lose our way in a swamp—tramp for some time through brake and briars and mud—after extricating ourselves we are overtaken by Latrobe and Pourtales

¹ This was Captain Bean, but Irving has repeatedly written it “Dean.”

137 with the old frontiersman who is guiding them to the Osage camp.

Just then we meet old lantern-jawed man who had lost his horse—had just met with Osage leading him back, who said he had wandered to their camp.

Lantern-jawed man was for tying him up and giving him a swing of rushes, but we interfered.

Find that frontiersman advised Latrobe and Pourtales not to go on to Osages—they were too far to be overtaken—Pawnees were out—Osages were prepared for war, etc. Pourtales was not to be dissuaded. He and Latrobe procured an Indian guide and set off on their quest—but a young man clerk of Mr. Chouteau, who had set off with them from his house, abandoned their enterprise and joined us. Stopped about noon in rich bottom, tall trees, fine range of pea vines, for the horses to repose and feed for an hour—flock

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of paroquets—beautiful transparency of the varied autumnal leaves with the sun shining through them—horses cropping the pea vine—men lying about on the deep bed of foliage.

Resume our route—come in sight of the Arkansas River and pass frequently thro' rich bottom in sight of it—view beyond of beautiful country—looks as if cultivated—groves—glades—woody upland—willowed shores—sandy beaches—sunny look of the groves.

Pass thro' Osage war camp recently deserted—cabins formed of twigs bent and rushes—fire in centre—council wigwam—dancing place—arrive about three at fine grove in rich pea-vine bottom, with clear stream of water—traces of recent encamp[men]t of Capt. Dean—one fire still smoking—encamp here for the night—hobble the horses and turn them loose to graze. Latrobe and Pourtales 138 arrive, finding it impossible to get on with their slender attendance—determine to continue with us. Their Indian agrees to accompany them for a blanket and cloak.

Firing at mark with rifles.

This day in the woods we encounter a wandering dog. “He is mad,” cried one—“He is blind,” cried another. He came rambling along with inflamed eye, taking notice of no one, but bewildered by the noises—the poor animal was following the traces of his master. “I’ll shoot him,” said a ranger. “By no means,” cried I, “let the poor animal go on.” He rambled among the horses and pursued his course.

Two Creeks arrive at the camp to accompany us.

Friday, 12th. —This morning the two Creeks return who had carried message to Capt. Dean's camp—had letter to Col. Arb[uc]kle which Mr. E. opens—said they are encamped in fine place on the Arkansas—about fifty [miles] distant, where there is plenty of game and are waiting for us. Breakfast, delicious ribs of pork—after breakfast go and wash ourselves in beautiful stream.

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Gaiety in camp—shots of riflemen—songs of Antoine, etc.

Osage Indian and his wild horse—attempts to put blanket of ours on him—fine scene—figure of Indian—naked breast—blanket—with piebald horse—wild eyes—collar with red tuft of horsehair.

Set off at half an hour after sunrise—ride thro' fine forest—cross a narrow, deep stream upon an old beaver dam—see streaming line of wild geese squalling as they fly high overhead—pass an old Osage war camp—at half-past ten stop in forest where there is plenty of the pea vine—let the horses feed—fires 139 made—one man runs to spring for water—coffee prepared—groups—some lying down with head on saddle—others seated at foot of tree by fire—smoke rising among the trees—some pulling up pea vines—some rolling in the vine—rangers practising at mark with their rifles.

Old Osage Indian arrives at our camp—had been out to hunt but lost his horse and was looking for it—says the rangers' camp is but ten miles off.

Half-breed says we shall see no buffalo until past the Osage hunters—they frighten everything off like a prairie on fire. Leave the encamp[men]t about twelve, pass thro' bottoms, across prairies—by a lonely pool covered with water lilies—see distant smokes of Indians come down to banks of Arkansas tracks of horses down to the river side (afterward understood to be made by hunters who had crossed to go buffalo hunting). Let our horses drink and continue along bank and across prairie—see smokes—fancy one to be the rangers' camp—follow track—find horses grazing (Osage horses)—arrive at Osage village on banks of the river. Old man comes and shakes hands—women and children stare and laugh—Mr. Ellsworth makes speech—retrace our steps—find rangers' trail—meet Indian and squaw—misunderstood them that the rangers' camp is three miles off. Push on until dark and then encamp on the borders of ravine—drops of rain—pitch tent. Three Osages visit us and sit by our fire—give them coffee—scene of rangers' fire—Indians—rangers—men cooking, eating, drinking.

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This day we made about thirty-five miles.

After we retire to our tents the Indians lie by the fire before it and sing a nasal, low song in chorus, drumming on their breasts—rain towards morning 140 —young Osage leaves us clandestinely in the night.

Saturday, 13th. —Breakfast in tent—weather promises to hold up—give breakfast to Indians.

Mr. Brailey tells of his having nearly been overtaken last year by fire on the prairies—saw it approaching and was so confused that he was hardly able to make free and set the prairie on fire before him.

After breakfast prepare for march—Pourtales sets off, guided by the half-breed, to go back to the Indian village.

Set off about seven—after riding some distance pass a bee tree in the forest, recently cut down—empty flakes of honeycomb, remaining. Travelling a mile or two further on, we come to a bottom of woodland—see horse among the trees, recognised by the men as horses belonging to their troop. Coming to the edge of a ridge the camp lies below us in beautiful open wood by a stream of water—undergrowth of low shrubs—blanket tents—venison hanging on stick to smoke over fire—buckskins spread—cooking at fires—horses—stacks of saddles and rifles—congratulation of men with their companions. Capt. Dean, about forty years of age, in leather hunting dress and leather stock[in]gs—Dr. Holt—grey jacket, linsy woollen jacket and trousers, cloth hunting cap—old huntsman in rifle shirt of leather asks permission to go hunting—granted—men of all kinds of dress—some lying under trees—rifles leaning ag[ain]st trees—powder horns, etc. Bee hunt—led by a young fellow in a straw hat not unlike a beehive—one without a hat following him with rifle on shoulder—Capt. Dean, Dr. Holt, Mr. Latrobe, Mr. Brailey with rifles and guns—come to 141 see first a honeycomb on bush—watch which way the bees who are at it

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fly—pursue the track—come to high, dry oak tree—see the bees about a hole high up—men go to work at foot with axes—by and by down comes the tree with great crash and breaks to shivers—one man runs up with whisp of lighted hay to smoke off the bees. The poor victims are pacific and suffer us to assemble round the ruin of their habitation—trunk spread open discovers stores of honey—cut open the other part above—combs much broken—some white, clean and new, others old—take out flakes in a pail—every one with spoon and knife helps himself to the rich honey. Bees returning to their hive from abroad find the tree levelled and collect on the point of a withered branch of a neighbouring tree, contemplating the ruin and buzzing about the downfall of their republic.

Some strange bees arrive and begin to banquet on the honey of their ruined neighbours—men know them by their greediness and their clean jackets. Since being at this encamp[men]t they have taken six or seven bee trees and killed nine deer—camp abounds with honey and venison—fifteen turkeys.

Bees have spread into this country within a few years.

Leave much honey in the ruin of the tree. “It will be all eaten by varmint,” said one of the men. “What varmint?” “Raccoons, opossums, skunks, bears, etc.” The latter will remain for days at a bee kill. They make a hole and get in their paws and haul out honey, bees and all. When queen bee is killed the hive goes to ruin.

Shooting—trapping in the camp—dinner, venison 142 —roasted, fried, etc.,—bread baked before fire—prairie tea. Capt. Dean and Latrobe go off to look after a beaver tree—to hunt, etc.

Seated with Dr. Holt—man brings kettle of honey and sets before us—from a tree just taken—the fifteenth tree—swarm round it like bees—getting out the rich, white flakes.

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Pourtales arrives at the camp and Beatte—each with a turkey strung each side of the saddle—the Indian camp had moved across the river—found another camp—bright old wooden bowls and a buffalo skin, etc.

A hunter returns to the camp on horseback with a wild turkey. He had put his leggings on the horse to protect him from the briars. Lay on the grass talking with Capt[ain], Lieut[enant], Doctor, and others about route—looking at map—to-morrow will get to the Red Fork—will cross there and then in two days will crack buffalo bones.

Hunter comes in with flakes of honey—another tree found—eighteen trees.

Shot heard—there's a buck killed—more honey brought in—twenty trees—100 men in camp feasting on honey—towards ev[enin]g sentinels posted—fires lit up in advanced posts—horses dashing thro' the camp—over fires—Capt[ain] and Doctor dine with us—roast leg of venison—roast turkey—prairie tea, coffee. Owl hoots over the camp—has visited the camp several nights—men mock him and bring him down—is called Charlie's owl because sentinel coming in this morning fired gun contrary to orders and said he fired at owl because he was told it made good soup.

Pourtales fires at owl—kills it, and it falls on our tent.

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Charlie is called in to eat it but declines as he did not kill it.

Mess at one of the tents singing psalms—others whistling—sit by Captain's fire and hear old hunters' tales—various groups round camp fires—bells of horses—neighing of others—stories of Pawnee fights—ruddy light in the west above the trees. That's a prairie on fire by the Osage hunters.

“That's at the Red Fork,” said Beatte.

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"It seems but three miles distant—it is perhaps twenty."

About half-past eight a beautiful, pale light begins to spring up in the east—forerunner to the moon.

Sleep at foot of a tree by fire—towards morning lie looking at moon and stars—horses straying about the camp.

Sunday, 14th. —Bugle sounds at daybreak—bustle in camp—catching horses—driving them in—"Have you seen my horse?" cries one. "What horse is that broke loose over the brook?" Night guard comes in—dismissed—fires made—breakfast preparing—some packing—blankets that have formed tents dismantled—singing—laughing—joking, whooping—saddling horses. In a little while the forest so suddenly and temporarily alive and animated soon relapses into its primeval silence and solitude.

1st Ranger: "Whose wallet is this?"

2d " "Why, I guess it's mine."

1st Ranger: "What kind of a wallet is it?"

2d " "Why, it's a borrowed wallet. I borrowed it before I started, but you easily know it by a bit of lead in it."

Bugle sounded to saddle and prepare to march.

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Captain: "Which way lies the Red Fork? Have none of you hunters hunted out here?"

Beatte: "You go three miles. I have only went along yonder by the edge of the prairie. You will find a bald hill, with stones on it."

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Captain: "Yes, I have seen cliffs."

Beatte: "Stones which the Osages put up—from that hill you will see the Red Fork."

Leave encamp[men]t at eight o'clock, ride thro' tangled bottoms and up and down rough, broken, rocky hills—picturesque look of troop winding thro' thickets and up heights. In climbing a rocky hill the girths of my horse gave way and I have a fall, but am not hurt. Road winds by deep brook—a link of clear pools—fine views from height of distant prairies, and of hills beyond the Arkansas—golden day—pure, delightful air. After much tortuous march and climbing hills, threading narrow but romantic valleys, we come upon the Arkansas—broad sandy shore—forests—elk—deer—buffalo—opossum—turkeys—banks of cotton tree and willow. Picturesque look of troops straggling along the shore—some in groups among the willows—turn in thro' thick bushes tangled with grape and pea vines—come to open woodland—herds of deer in all directions. The leaders of the troop start a deer—shots of rifles—we come to a small oak tree with marks of a bear's having tapped it—about quarter before three the troop encamp in a beautiful basin under oak trees—we take our station on a rising ground overlooking the camp—hunters start in different directions to kill game—horses hobbled and turned loose—fires made—men silent—no whooping as 145 in the morning—all busy or reposing—this day we made about fourteen miles.

Huntsman brings in buck hanging across his horse—shots heard from time to time—concert of bells of all tones among the horses—mode of roasting bread by twisting dough round a stick and standing it endways before a fire.

Beverage of corn just ripe but not quite fit for grinding—parched before slow fire—pounded—sifted a couple of spoonfuls to half pint of water—sweetened with sugar.

Captain Dean returns from hunt—unsuccessful—had seen track of buffalo on the bottom since the last rain and of an elk that had walked out on the bar and then re-entered the

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woods above. If we had shot him we should have all feasted this evening. Had seen traces of a bear—lad comes in with doe round his shoulders—companion follows him—a laugh raised at him for shooting in partnership.

Clamor in camp—a young fellow, McLellan, has shot an elk for the first time and brought home some ribs as a specimen. He is hoisted on the shoulders of his companions—groups round fire examining the sport. Bee hunters on the track of a tree—this day after leaving the Arkansas we came thro' a bottom where there was a great quantity of persimmons.

Monday, 15th.—Before daybreak howling of wolves—at daybreak imitations of cocks crowing, hens cackling, among the youngsters of the camp—horses driven in—breakfast—whistling—singing—dancing—hallooing after horses—joking, laughing, scampering after horses—troop detained for party which went out at daybreak in quest of the elk which was killed—to bring in the meat. They are said to have got on the trail of the other elk.

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Story of Uncle Sam's gun.

Bugle sounds to march—Capt[ain] leaves guard to await return of hunters—after mile or two come upon Indian or buffalo trail—view of Red Fork from high hill—rolling of bear by stream—grove and intervals of various trees—rocky ridges—lines of heights—then down through rich bottom of land—affair of Beatte with a skunk—traces of deer—of a bear—marks of bears on the oak trees—come to a halt—Capt[ain] and Beatte looking out for a ford of the Arkansas. We are about one quarter of mile above the fork—river narrower than below and deeper—current strong—banks crumbling and abrupt—no crossing—Beatte is sent to look above at a sand bar.

Resume our route—about a mile distant come to ford pointed out by Beatte who strips and wades nearly across—council—Capt[ain] determines to make rafts and cross—troops return to bottom of pea vines. Our Frenchmen lead our horses to bank and prepare

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to make a raft of buffalo hide—pile luggage in centre of hide drawn up the sides by the loopholes and tie the strings across.

Launch it on river and the Frenchmen and halfbreeds conduct it across, yelping like Indians. Some of the troop headed by Lieut. Penticort cross one and one half miles up the river, fording a long, oblique distance—others seeing this, abandon the construction of their rafts and set off to follow their trail. I cross in the buffalo skin—seated on a quantity of luggage, with a double-barrel'd gun and rifle—saluted by Col.¹ Penticort and two rangers who had crossed—return their salute by discharge of carabine—land safely and dryly at two o'clock.

1 Apparently a slip for "Lieut."

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Arkansas at this place beautifully diversified by high bluffs of wood and rock—long, willowed reaches—rich bottoms and embowered promontories on the west bank where I landed, tracks of elk, deer, bears, raccoons, waterfowls—woods tinted with autumn—this morning in rich bottom passed a stately pecan tree.

Beatte, who went before, had a towing line and when he came to where he had to swim he held the cord between his teeth—Antoine followed the boat—Capt[ain] and Dr. Holt form raft of logs and cross—long line of troops crossing at distance from point to point.

Break our way thro' thick underwood to the camp which is in a small, wild, rocky dell in the narrow and which is like a *cul de sac*—encamp[men]t in green, grassy bottom of the dell—ridges of limestone rocks above—lofty tree.

My horse and pony missing—fearful that they have not crossed—Mr. Ellsworth and Beatte set off in quest of them.

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Fires lit in dell—looks like a robbers' retreat—groups of men round fires—rifles—powder horns, etc., leaning ag[ain]st trees beside them—horses grazing around with bells tinkling—baggage, blankets, etc., hanging on horizontal poles to dry—no account of my horse.

Walk with the Doctor to the head of the hill—splendid view of the Arkansas, with picturesque bluffs of tinted woodlands—bottom of fresh green—long reaches of distant hills—blue lines of untrodden country—gleam of the Red Fork among hills—beautiful sunset.

See smoke from the low dell of our encampment—see two laggards of the troop rafting over—shots 148 among the forests on the other side—distant smoke of prairies on the horizon.

Return to camp—a deer and five turkeys brought in—sup on excellent venison steak and coffee—repair to Captain's fire—after dark see glow of fires in western heavens. Capt[ain]: “If they are on this side the Arkansas, they must be Pawnee fires. No Osages dare hunt here.” Antoine thinks them Osage fires on the other side of the Arkansas.

Capt[ain]: “We must now look out. I must issue written orders—no man hunts without leave or fires off a gun on pain of riding a wooden horse with a sharp back.”

It will be difficult to teach our young fellows caution—they are in the land of a silent, watchful, crafty people.

One man says, “Where I go my gun goes—I never like to leave it behind—there's no one will take such care of it as me—and there is nothing that will take such care of me.”¹

Capt[ain] and others determine our position.

“Do you see that blazing star? That's the evening star.” Another, “That's the planet Venus that looks down into our camp.”

A band of hunters are still out on the other side of the river.

Capt[ain]: "I should send to look after them but old Ryan's with them, and he knows how to take care of himself and them. If it were not for him I would not give much for the rest. He's quite at home—never lost in the woods. It will be four to keep watch and one to tend the fire."

1 In Chapter XIII of "A Tour in the Prairies," Irving includes this remark which he amplifies at some length.

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Story of the Sergeant:

"I was once belated in passing thro' a [forest] near the Tombigbee—heard wolves howl—my horse came crowding near me—drove him off but he returned and stood looking at me and the fire and dozing and nodding and loitering on his fore feet for he was powerful tired. By and by I heard a panther cry—thought at first it might be an owl—felt awkward—had no weapon but double-blade penknife—prepared to defend myself. I prepared for defence—pile up small branch of fire to pepper him with. The company of my horse seemed a comfort. He laid down then beside me and fell asleep, being so tired. In the morning I found the tracks of a panther within sixty paces—they were large as my two fists. He had evidently been walking backward and forward trying to make up his mind to attack me."

Wild look of dell with fires glaring here and there among the rocks and trees—fine spring of water at the head of it. This day we made about four miles besides crossing the river.

October 16th. —Tuesday. Awake before day—fine night—moon shining feebly down into the camp—fires nearly extinguished—men lying about their fires—light clouds drifting across the moon—at daybreak Beatte sets off to cross the river in search of my horses—returns about eight o'clock with all three.

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Bustle of preparation—some men sent back over the river in quest of guns left behind—demand for tall horses to stem the current—intend to make a raft and return.

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Yellow leaves showering around us—signs of autumn.

At meal times great borrowing of frying pans, kettles, etc.—when about to set off, loud demands—“Who has a frying pan?” from the mess—“Who has seen my horse?” etc., etc. Capt[ain] resolves to start and leave a rear guard to bring up stragglers—bugle sounds—troop files off—we remain, as our packing is not complete. Antoine who accomp[anie]d Beatte to look after the horses, the other side of the river, got on false trail and has not yet returned.

Rear guard in groups—some seated round their fires—others lying on ground lazily talking—their horses unsaddled stand dozing by—one takes the occasion to shave—some distant mounted—among the trees—with guns over shoulders—quiet of the grove except low talk of lazy groups, or a pensive whistle of some solitary laggard. We leave the encamp[men]t at half-past nine—our route lies over a rolling country of oak openings—grand, distant prospects like cultivated country—our route at first is by mistake about N. W., but we alter it to W.—crossing a beautiful range of open hills—four deer are descried grazing on side of a hill. One of the rangers gets permission of Capt[ain] and started off for an intervening wood. The troop halted and watched—bang went the gun—one deer fell—the rangers are starting forth, but Capt[ain] withheld them—let the man have another shot (the surviving deer having stopped)—the deer started and ran—the whole line broke—horsemen galloping in every direction—Antoine, who had been skirting the forest, on white horse, came in sight but had no chance—the deer got off.

Found an old Indian camp—some thought 151 Pawnee, but D[octo]r said it is some bold Delawares who have hunted here—old skull of a stag by the encamp[men]t—fine stream

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close by—immediately after we come on an old well-beaten trail of either Indians or buffalo.

After leaving the place where we had the first affair with deer, we came in sight of others on a hill—hunters sent forward—shoot but miss. A fine buck starts up from side of stream and escapes—several other deer seen.

We proceed—passing side of a hill we see two horsemen on the bald ridge of a distant hill who appear to be reconnoitering us—“Pawnees,” cry some—Capt[ain] and others regard them—Pourtales brings his opera glass. They prove to be two of our men who had remained behind and had lost their way.

Antoine starts up a fine buck—shoots but misses him—cross the dividing ridge of Red Fork and Arkansas—the former making a great bend—push on and encamp about half-past three on a beautiful peninsula made by a deep, clear, but almost motionless brook. The huntsmen start off immediately—our man Beattie among the first. This day we made about fifteen miles—we are about 102 miles from Fort Gibson—delightful mode of life—exercise on horseback all the fore part of the day—diversified by hunting incidents—then about three o'clock encamping in some beautiful place with full appetite for repose, lying on the grass under green trees—in genial weather with a blue, cloudless sky—then so sweet sleeping at night in the open air, and when awake seeing the moon and stars thro' the tree tops—such zest for the hardy, simple, but savoury meats, the product of the chase—venison roasted on spits or broiled on the coals—turkeys just from the thicket—honey from the tree—coffee—or delightful prairie tea. The weather is in its perfection—golden sunshine—not oppressive but animating—skies without a cloud—or if there be clouds, of feathery texture and lovely tints—air pure, bland, exhilarating—an atmosphere of perfect transparency—and the whole country having the mellow tint of autumn. How exciting to think that we are breaking thro' a country hitherto untrodden by white man, except perchance the solitary trapper—a glorious world spread around us without an inhabitant.

Young man comes into camp who has killed a deer—has made a sack of the hide—filled it with meat and slung it on his shoulder. Capt[ain] returns—has seen a gang of sixty elk—followed and refrained from shooting in hopes of getting shot at a large buck—at length wounded one but lost it. Beatte returns with a fat doe on his horse—skinned. In a little while some ribs are roasted and furnish a delicious treat—such is hunter's life—feasting and fasting—we had just before made a meal of remnants of turkey and salt pork. Wind changes—driving clouds—threatens rain, but moon breaks out about midnight.

October 17th. —Wednesday. Cloudy morn'g—threat[enin]g rain—halted for the day—preparations for hunting—hunters summoned—charged to go to river and below but not to go up the brook—to bring all their spoil into the camp and lay it down by the Capt[ain]'s fire that it may be portioned out.

Hearty breakfast of ribs of venison and coffee with cakes baked in pan before the fire.

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Set off with Capt. Dean, his brother, Sergeant Dean, and Lieut. Penticort and accomp[anie]d by two men on foot who are to bring home a doe killed by the Sergeant last ev[enin]g. Soon come to the doe lying on hillside disembowelled and leave the footmen to cut it up and carry it to camp. Come upon elk trail—deep prints like a cow—elk beds where they laid the night before last—go quietly, Indian file—come to where Capt[ain] shot the elk last night—see blood on shrubs and grass—on the trail for some time when it ceases—see a deer or two scampering in the forest. Capt[ain] looks for separate trail of wounded elk—thinks it must be somewhere about the neighbourhood as some buzzards [are] hovering in the air—regain the trail of the elks—carries us thro' open oak-forested hills until we come to a bend of the Red River where the elk had forded. It is probable they did not stop for ten miles last night—give up the pursuit and turn our course to creek on which is the encamp[men]t. Sergeant and Lieut[enant] take one side of the creek—Capt[ain] and myself the other—pass old buffalo trail on road—come up with two hunters on foot who had wounded an elk but lost him, and had found the elk killed by Capt[ain]

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last night. They conduct us to it, about one and one half miles from where it was shot. It had abandoned the trail of its sound, unhurt companions and had turned off to die alone to-day in open oak wood on side of a slope—already begun to spoil. Capt[ain] and men go to work to cut it up—flesh tainted inside—Capt[ain] and men skin it and cut collops off the ribs and the outside generally—buzzard soaring in the air waiting to banquet on the spoil—Capt[ain] forms sack of the hides gathered up through holes in the edges by thongs cut from the 154 same—puts it on his horse and sets off for camp—footmen pursue their sport.

Return to camp. Antoine the half-breed returned with a bear which he killed near our old camp. Old Ryan and his party had met with Antoine and hearing of the ford had crossed the river with him.

The elk when mortally wounded always leaves the trail and turns aside to die.

Picturesque scene of the camp—some roasting bear's meat and venison—others stretching and dressing skins—some lying on skins in the shade—horses feeding—hunters coming in with game—turkeys, etc.—groups relating the morning's exploits—clothes hanging to dry—tent pitched—fine luncheon.

Latrobe has caught a mess of small fish in the brook.

One hunter brings in an otter—the rest return without success—game frightened from the neighbourhood. Dinner, bear's meat roasted—excellent—the rest of bear's meat and venison is roasted to take with us—venison and bears meat cooked at Capt[ain]'s fire.

Camp nearly surrounded by deep glens with quiet, clear pools at the bottom, in which the autumnal glory and mellow ev[enin]g skies are beautifully reflected.

[*Irving has then turned the book around and used the pages there for the following notations:*]

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Carandolet or Vuide Poche few miles below St. Louis.

A traveller from New Orleans nearly out of provisions, stopped his canoe there and asked for food—no beef—no mutton—no bread—old—all sick 155 with fever and ague—turned upon him and asked what he had—nothing but a few fragments of biscuit in pouch—begged them—shook them out and gave him the empty bag to travel on with—thence the place took the name of Vide Poche, or empty pouch.

Capt. Courtois—old, round, dried fellow—looked like Don Quixote—could not read or write, but study French, afternoons—was made Duke under the Spanish gov[ernmen]t—and had title of commandant with small pay—when asked when was Carandolet founded, replied, “ *De tout des temps.* ” When the province was transferred he was recommended to Gen[era]l and was made Capt[ain] of Militia, with which he was well pleased. Having no silk sash, he made one of red silk handkerchief—invited Gov. Lewis, Gen[era]l Clark, and others to dine with him at Vuide Poche—militia drawn out—ordered to fire at each toast—then asked permission for them to come and drink to health of the party. Shouldered their arms, entered, drank and returned to their stations like statues. After transfer of gov[ernmen]t he remained here living in the village—old people looked up to him—settled all disputes—his word was law. He was a good farmer—kept a small shop and was well to do in the world.

Capt. Courtois wore old-fashioned cocked hat when on militia duty.

He was once put on a jury which was a new institution in the country and quite strange to him—when asked he observed—“My mind is made up on the subject.”—“And what is it, Capt. Courtois?”—“Why, if the man is guilty he should be punished, and if he is innocent he should be set at liberty and no harm done him.”—“Aye, but, Capt. Courtois, 156 that is not the thing—you must say guilty or not guilty.”

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"I tell you my mind is made up—if he is guilty," etc. There was no getting any other answer from old Capt. Courtois and the jury had to be dismissed.

Chief cook of Osage villages—a great dignitary—combining grand chamberlain, minister of state, master of ceremonies and town crier—has undercooks. He tastes broth, etc. When strangers arrive he goes about the village and makes proclamation—great white man, great chief arrived—warriors turn out and prepare to receive him properly. Chief lodge prepared for reception—mats placed, etc.

In the course of our journey from Independence we met with camp of Osage hunters—the cook a tall man painted—head decorated with feathers—had an old greatcoat, with a wolf's tail dangling below.

In the Chilhowee Mountains of N. Carolina is a rock called the garden rock—Indian superstition so strong concerning it that no one dared to approach it—supernatural being inhabited it—gigantic—one eye—not seen by men but the wandering hunters now and then had a gleam of his eye.

Near the mountain lived an old woman and daughter. He fell in love with and gained her—mother and no one ever saw him—mother watched—surprised her in the lodge with him. He disappeared and has never been seen since then. Hunters say he still inhabits the mountain, which is in the reservation in N. Carolina.

Col. Chouteau's comparison of two half-breeds—this one has been twice as long at the Mission as the other and therefore is twice as good for nothing.

The Choctaws, Col. Arbuckle says, are very good, honest fellows.

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The Choctaws are sly, bargaining, avaricious. They have become civilized enough to know the value of property. They are factious, electioneering—chiefs try to get adherents and make parties.

Old trapper at Blacksmith's.

Capt[ain].—"What are you doing up here?—Trapping bear?"

"There's none to trap only now and then."

"What's become of your party?"

"Scattered—some gone to California—some down Columbia River."

This flour is bad enough to kill a snake—there's lumps in it as big as terrapins.

The Osages are brave Indians—hunters full of ceremonies and superstitions. We are poor people, say they—we cannot farm and our hunting is falling off. The pride of the Osages is broken. They steal horses—give you a grand ceremony and then perhaps follow you and steal your horse.

Wild horses—tell you by the smell if the wind sets from you, and run off—otherwise come near and gaze at you. Stallions prance round and snuff at mares. Horses, if they smell mares, make off—wild horses in droves of one colour—some black—some brown—one gang will be good—another bad. Best horses cannot be taken. Buffaloes—when the cows have calves the bulls keep scattered round the prairie, keeping guard ag[ain]st wolves—charge furiously at anything that approaches.

Saline near the Wachile which used to be and still is a fighting ground of the Osages and Pawnees— 158 their skulls and bones may be seen bleaching there.

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A grey horse has been noted for six or seven years on the prairies and the hunters have in vain tried to catch him—he perceives our tracks and outstrips the fastest horse.

Six men, a detach[men]t from a large force, came upon what they thought were wild horses—they approached them and found they were tame—thought to take them—but perceived Indians near in lodge—supposed them Osages—and came near them when they discovered they were Pawnees—they turned and fled. Pawnees sprang on their horses and pursued them—one badly wounded—fell behind—a Pawnee gained on him—one launched arrow—missed him—launched another arrow—the man dodged it—his stirrups gave way—he fell—turned and shot Pawnee between the shoulders with his rifle—the other Pawnees turned to cry over their friend—the man escaped. Pawnee's horse followed the white men to their camp—and was taken.

Story of young lady carried off by Indians:

Young man by name of Philips followed her with a band—came upon track of Indians on a prairie—saw they must come near a point of wood—made a circuit and got into wood—young lady saw them and fell behind Indians—Philips, seeing they would not come within a certain distance of wood, sallied forth—young lady ran toward him—Indian pursued her—gained on her—began to strike at her with his tomahawk. Philips says his horse seemed to stand still, tho' at utmost speed—within—yards young lady stumbled over log and fell partly thro' loss of blood—Indian was just going to tomahawk her when Philips shot him thro' head—narrator had the story from Philips' brother.

Indians when they have killed game and cannot bring it home, leave a blanket or some other garment by it, the smell of which keeps off wolves.

A rag with powder rubbed on it is said to do the same.

Beatte: "I want to know what way to go anyhow."

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Charlie the hero of the owl camp a kind of butt in the camp.

Beatte—half Frenchman—half Indian—talkative and forward at times—taciturn and sulky at others—brings in game—throws it down and says nothing about it.

Antoine thorough Frenchman—vaunts, exults, sings, boasts.

Ring fires—made by Indians on prairies to drive game to a point—a few men will run from point to point and make a range of fires for miles.

October 31, 1832. —Wednesday. Encampt on the little river—Canadian. For a day or two past, discontent in the camp as among the children of Israel in the wilderness—want of bread. For a week past the troops have been out of flour. A corporal last night was put under arrest for mutinous talk on the subject. Determined that we start from here direct for the garrison. Capt[ain's] and D[octo]r's horses and the horse of a ranger had strayed yesterday and men had been sent back to the last camp in search of them—Capt[ain] and one man set off this morning 160 on their trail. We made every preparation for starting—horses of troops all saddled—ten o'clock and Capt[ain] not returned. Mr. Ellsworth determined to start on ahead and let Capt[ain] of troops overtake us. We set off under escort of fourteen men under Lieut. Penticort at ten o'clock—skirt the prairie—see white wolves, deer, etc.—see buffaloes and wild horses—Beatte and Antoine set off in pursuit of horses, but in vain—Pourtales shoots at buffalo. Keep a S[outhern] course and then turn southeast in old Osage war track—terrible brushwood—thickets—deep ravine—see deer—fine bucks, etc.—buffalo—encamp five minutes before three in a small valley—near pools of water. Made this day fourteen miles or thereabout. Form our little camp—set guard—make fires—sup on stewed buffalo, roast venison, pig nuts—tea without sugar—spread our skins under trees. Old Mr. Sawyer sits at foot of my bed and gossips until I fall asleep. Large bear seen in neighbourhood of our camp—but escaped the huntsmen—fine starlight night—shooting stars.

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November 1st. —Thursday. Beautiful daybreak—camp cheerful—in good spirits with prospect of soon being at home and getting bread—notes of quails—Beatte singing Indian nasal song—prepare for marching but detained by the wandering of one of Latrobe—s horses—at length (it being found) we set off at eight. Fatiguing march over hills and thro' deep ravines of parched dwarf oaks with fleshtearing twigs, thro' tangled thickets, etc. Beatte kills a fat doe—Latrobe a fine turkey—arrive at the valley of the Grand Bayou in little river—wander about in a labyrinth of swamps, thickets, etc.—inundated lands—tangled with grape vines, thorny vines, etc., which almost pull us off our horses 161 —nearly mired in a deep creek—one of the pack horses falls on his side and wets his lading—tracks of bears, wolves, buffalo, wild horses, turkeys, ducks, etc. Try several times to find fording place of bayou, which is deep and miry with steep banks—at length succeed—all get over girth deep and stop to rest the horses in a meadow about half-past eleven, having made about ten miles—spread wet baggage to dry—hang up the two shirts which I washed yesterday.

Resume our march quarter before one—excessively fatiguing to men and horses—a broken, hilly country covered with scrub oaks, with interlacing limbs as hard as iron, and intersected by deep ravines of red clay down which the horses fairly slide, and then scramble up the other side like cats. The oaks are all brown and dried as if a simoom had passed across—a miserable, sterile, dreary country at this season of the year.

Here and there is a bottom where there are cotton and elm trees which give a transient variety, and absolute thickets of persimmons laden with rich fruit. In a meadow of one of these bottoms we see a fine wild black horse. Beatte approaches him, riding on a mare and whinnies to attract him. Horse prances round her at a distance—Beatte dismounts, aims with his rifle over the back of his mare, and fires, hoping to criss the horse—but he escapes. About half-past three we resume our march, keeping easterly approaching the North Fork obliquely—difficulty in finding a place to encamp where there is water—pass

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over a burnt prairie—at length about half after four encamp in a small bottom near the burnt prairie and not far from the North Fork—good range for the horses.

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Make my bed under a tree on a hillock among long, dry, prairie grass—a superb couch—sleep soundly and sweetly and warmly tho' a heavy dew fell—starlight—watch the stars on the prairie as at sea. Lightning in the East a sign of apparently bad weather—clouds about the horizon—flocks of wild ducks show cold weather at hand.

Camp short of provisions—improvidence of men who left piles of buffalo meat at their camp the day before yesterday.

November 3d. —Saturday. Breakfasted early on coffee and the last of our buffalo meat—march quarter after seven—weather clouds up, low mumblings of thunder—wind veers to N. E. and it begins to rain—cross prairie and pass thro' open oak forests—see deer, but not within shot—several flocks of wild turkeys—men on the alert, eager for a dinner. A few days since, they despised such small game and I have seen dead turkeys left behind on marching. Cross the North Fork about half-past nine—quite fordable—ride thro' rich, well-timbered bottom—cross small branches, and seven minutes before one encamp in an oak forest beside a creek—rain holds up until we make fires—pitch tent—dry our clothes. Hunters are gone out and Beatte among the number on quest of food, for a great scarcity reigns in the camp—some of the men have not had anything since yesterday morn'g—Tonish¹ is cooking flour fritters in buffalo fat for us, to take with coffee, without milk or sugar.

¹ This is Antoine, the little French Creole, “familiarily dubbed ‘Tonish’” as Irving writes in Chapter I of the “Tour on the Prairies.”

Beatte returns with two turkeys—ten turkeys killed in this camp.

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This part of country has good bottoms along the rivers—some good pasture land in the prairies, and good marsh in the forests—might make good land to raise stock on. Beatte had said the wind would be to the north—this morning a flight of brant flew from the north over our heads—“There comes the wind,” said Beatte—and in fact the wind soon veered—night cold, gusty with freaks of rain—large log fire before our tent.

In the night wild geese fly over, making cackling in the air.

November 4th. —Sunday. Raw, cloudy, gloomy morning—three men went out from each mess to hunt for the horses—very apprehensive that many of them have made for the fort, for horses have an instinctive knowledge of their approach to home and can make a straight course for it—as they graze, every step they take is towards home. Set out on the march quarter before eight—after marching an hour or so we strike a Creek trail, leading directly on our course, which enables us to go on briskly tho' very irregularly, many of the horses being almost knocked up. Land improves—fine prairies like park scenery, now mellowed by the sober tints of autumn. A young buck springs up on our right and dashes ahead, but Childers, a young ranger who had accidentally alighted from his horse, fires and breaks his neck and the buck tumbled head over heels.

Tonish flanked us on the left and killed a fat doe. Another ranger killed a buck. Mr. Latrobe kills a polecat which is treasured up by the men. Several turkeys killed—noble prospect from a hill over richly tinted woodlands, prairies, etc., and long lines of distant hills. About three we encamp in grove in a hollow, on the bank of a branch—after a march of 164 about twenty-five miles. The horses come straggling up, but many remain behind and some it is feared will give out—our course this day a little to the northward of east.

Beatte arrives late (we had to send a horse back for him). Poor Gumbo gave out nine miles off—and Beatte's black pony mare not long after, and had to be abandoned—supper, stewed venison ribs and turkey made into a rich soup.

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Comes on to rain about nine—heavy rain in the night.

This afternoon we saw a round hill or mound fifteen or twenty miles off—said to be within eight miles of the garrison—still I fear some of the horses will give out before we reach there. “If we pass any house here and there are fat cattle or fowls, they will have to lock them up,” said one of the hungry rangers.

November 5th. —Monday. Cloudy, dismal morn'g after a rainy night—camp before daylight—sounds with imitation of cock crowing—owls hooting—the poor fellows had supper last night and are cheerful again.

I had prepared my bed in the open air last night—when it began to rain, crept into the tent—sound of the axe in all quarters—men cutting poles to make booths of blankets, etc.

Capt[ain] and troop start before us—Beatte goes back for his mare and brings her to camp together with Pourtales' colt—has to leave his mare which is like to die. The wild mare lost her foal last night and had to be abandoned in the camp. We set off about eight—cold, gloomy morn'g—overtake the Capt[ain]'s troop—Capt[ain] misses the trail and makes a circuit towards the N. W. around a rocky hill. We 165 leave the troop, and guided by Beatte, strike N. E.—send word to Capt[ain] who has to follow us—wretched travelling among rocks—quicksand, etc.—at length come out upon prairie and after riding couple of miles we stop beside a brook to rest the horses—Capt[ain] and most of the troop go on. Two of our horses lie down with fatigue and sickness. Some of the men set the prairies on fire, but it is too damp to burn to any extent.

Resume our march after three quarters of an hour—traverse prairies—a long, scattered line stretching three or four miles over hill and dale—encamp in a wood beside the deep fork about four o'clock, having made about twenty miles—cold, windy night—wind sounding thro' the forest and whirling about the dry leaves—long logs cut for firing—

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making long fires, before which men cook and gossip. Antoine arrives pretty late bringing up the tired horses—our party send all our horses across the stream, as it is rising.

November 6th. —Tuesday. Cold, windy morn'g—all the men have leave to go out hunting till twelve, to supply the camp with food—great firing at turkeys with which the bottom abounds—Beatte brings home six. Preparations for crossing the stream—trees felled to serve for bridges—but fall rather short—our men carry across the baggage on a felled tree, part of which is two feet—under the water.

Capt[ain] and others pass afterward over trees felled from each side to meet each other.

Grove of peccan¹ trees.

¹ Irving, like Jefferson, in his “Notes on Virginia,” uses the old spelling, “peccan.”

Latrobe kills two prairie hens—Mr. Ellsworth 166 and I pass across felled tree, holding by a stretched cord and aided by Beatte.

Several of the horses too weak to cross stream—leave them with a guard of twelve men and leave two of our tired horses with them.

Leave the camp half after one—cross rough, stony, woody hills—have a fine prospect of woodlands and hills and prairies towards the Arkansas—flocks of prairie hens—Capt[ain] and Beatte wound a buck on a small prairie to our left, but it escapes.

Walk the whole way and lead or drive my horse—most of the rangers do the same—after marching about six or seven miles encamp in a good bottom among lofty sycamores on the bank of a small stream—yesterday found out by examining maps that we were about fifty miles from the fort.

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To-day in course of the march Beatte climbed a tree on a hill and saw the forest along the Arkansas. Towards the end of our march we saw smoke along a woody glen about three or four miles off, made, no doubt, by Indian hunters.

Some of the rangers met a Creek Indian who told them the fort was but about fifteen miles off. (He must be mistaken.) Said he lived about three miles off and had meat and corn—rangers elated with the news. This day weather cleared up sunny.

November 7th. —Wednesday. Last night a fine moon—light, but windy and cool—lay at the foot of a tree. This morning cloudy, but likelihood of clearing up—preparation for early start—our flour all out—pepper also—salt nearly gone—we live on soup and stewed game.

Two of the men (Lane, Penticort) lost their horses—have to remain to search [for] them.

Leave camp half-past seven—cross rough, hilly, 167 stony country—meet five Creeks—from brow of hill have a fine look over wide prairies—Beatte sees hill about twenty miles off and within eight miles of fort—set off with fresh spirits—cold march across burnt prairies where Indians had lately hunted—see smoke of Indian hunters at distance—straggling march of twenty men in clusters, or singly—deep, muddy ravine. Stop about midday for an hour to rest horses and warm ourselves—sharp N. W. wind sweeping prairie—weather cloudy—resume our march and just at dusk arrive at creek which empties into the Arkansas. Encamp in grove where several trees have been prostrated by tornado—large fires soon blazing and sparkling—make supper of stew'd venison (Beatte having killed a deer this morning)—fine moonlight night—sleep round camp fire. This day we made from twenty to twenty-five miles N. E. by E.

Clear, moonlight, frosty night—a cup of water standing by the head of my bed froze one half inch.

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November 8th. —Thursday. Cold, bright morning—make breakfast on the reliques of our provisions—remnant of venison—turkey—polecat—some roasted—some stewed without salt—a little coffee with a remaining and long-treasured lump of sugar—rub each morsel of meat on the salt bag.

Set off at half-past seven in high spirits for the ford of the Arkansas which we were told by Beatte was about thirteen miles off (some of the men this morn'g were seen to stew turkey bread,¹ etc., and to rasp the bones for breakfast)—march briskly through thickets across branches over hills and prairies—Pourtales'

¹ Apparently a hash of wild turkey mixed with slices of bacon and lumps of dough.

168 horse—colt mixes in a branch and is extricated with difficulty. From a hill see mount[ain]s beyond the fort—we are told the ford is about nine miles off—on we go—the miles stretch—the horses tire—we dismount, being fatigued ourselves—mount again—the horses stagger—lag behind—colt flings—Pourtales flogs him on—at length he gives out—and the wild colt likewise. Smoke of fires on prairies—get on tracks of Indians—at length to our joy come in sight of habitations of men—Creek Indians—log houses among trees—push on, horses fagged—arrive at log house owned by white man with black, fat wife—delightful sight of hogs—poultry, crowing of cocks, etc.—horse pricks his ears—stop at the door—Capt[ain] and officer eating at a table—huge iron pot with beef and turnips—put in for a share, fat negress gives a plate heaping with beef and turnips, corn bread and butter—apologises for giving it in such poor style!—Capt[ain] determines to encamp there. I push on with Mr. Ellsworth to the ford where our companions were—corn crib on banks of river—give corn to horses—ravenous appetite for it. Scene with canoe crossing—baggage—cotton-tree banks—stream swift—drive horses in—Mr. Latrobe's and mine get entangled in dry trees and return—other horses swim in line—get to footing and land safely—canoe returns—we all get in—lead two horses, who send large wave into boat—land safe—set off thro' woods for Chouteau Agency. Horse seems renovated by the idea

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of getting among corn—pricks ears, raises head, trots, etc. Arrive at Agency—supper at Nanny's—newspapers—moonlight on Verdigris River.

November 9th. —Friday. Leave my horse at the 169 Agency and set off after breakfast¹ for the garrison with Mr. Latrobe and Mr. Ellsworth, and resume our quarters at Col. Arbuckle's.

¹ Here we have the last note which Irving drew upon in writing the “Tour on the Prairies,” which ends as follows: “The next morning after breakfast I again set forward in company with the worthy Commissioner for Fort Gibson, where we arrived much tattered, travel-stained and weather-beaten, but in high health and spirits;—and thus ended my foray into the Pawnee Hunting Grounds.”

At night serenade of the widow by the quartermaster and one or two other old bachelors.

In the fort is the Widow Nix, a plump, buxom dame, whose husband was fifty years of age when he married her—amassed 20,000\$ as butler to the garrison, which functions he discharged from the first establishment of the fort. The widow came to the fort a short time since and is the object of desires of all the men. The ghastly Q[uarte]r Master—Capt. Clark—the old Col[onel] himself—all aspire to her favour. A lawyer with the militia title of Major Lewis has just made his appearance at the fortress as aspirant, and occasions some jealousy among the military men who all unite ag[ain]st the intrusion of the black coat. The serenade of the widow was a horrible drover's voice that broke the sleep of men, women, and dogs throughout the fortress.

November 10th. —Saturday. Breakfasted at Dr. Pitcher's. Engage my passage in the steamboat *Little Rock* , which arrived last night and leave today for the mouth of the river.

Visited the theatre, a building erected for Indian council house. The soldiers get up plays—no negroes admitted.

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Sail at about two o'clock, Col[onel] and officers accompany me to the vessel. We go down Grand 170 River and turn up the Verdigris to take in cargo of stores at the Agency. Take tea with Latrobe and Pourtales at the Agency with Mr.—and Col. Lane—picturesque groups of Creek Indians crossing in canoe with horses—others lying about the banks—led horses, etc.

I am now writing on board the steam-boat which lies about a mile below the Agency, close by one of the sandy banks of the Verdigris—beautiful embowered stream—gleam of sky along the water between the lines of trees which fringe each bank—moon rising among the groves.

[*The following notes are at the other end of the book:*]

Mr. E.—spurs without rowel[ls]—when we met the eight Osages charged them not to make war and then told Beatte to tell them of skunk.

Uncle Sam's gun three inches in breech, one in muzzle.

Corn diminishes as his warlike propensities increase.

Pawnees always on horseback—their dwellings of mats and skins—here to-day, tomorrow ten miles hence—sometimes dash upon you forty or fifty—look like a troop of wild horses—only a leg hanging over to hold on by.

Tonish says when he was about fifteen years of age he was one day hunting in his neighbourhood and he saw a white deer. After a little while another white deer got up and so to the number of seven. He fired but missed—fired again and missed—could not hit the deer—went home and told the circumstance to—, an old hunter or half-breed—“They're hard to hit,” says he, “and can only be shot by a particular bullet.” He cast balls but would not let Tonish see how he cast them—went out—shot—missed— 171 but at length killed one—the rest ran off and were never seen again.

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This vast extent of country without human habitation—visited only by wandering hordes who make an irruption—pull out a few pieces of its rich game and then retreat to their homes.

“My gun is so powerful dirty.” “My horse goes quite peart.”

Kentucky originally one of the finest hunting grounds in the land—the fertile soil, deep bottoms—prairies and other ranges affording sustenance to the richest game. The Indians herd in it—some had their permanent villages in the south on the Tennessee waters—others north in Ohio—nearest town the—. Come into the country to hunt and then fight—called therefore the land of blood—traces of deep buffalo tracks, where the soil is worn away by the travel of ages—near Licking River.

Sewaculty the spirit of the mountain—gigantic—one eye perpendicularly opening in forehead—projected so that he could see in every direction—his mountain guarded by snakes. He stepped from mountain top to mountain top—where his steps had been all was clear and smooth—old Indian shewed a clear place to Rogers—“Sewaculty has been here last night. If you throw firebrands and ashes here to-day you will find all clear to-morrow.”

In the neighbourhood lived an old man and wife with one beautiful daughter sought by all young warriors and hunters. Her father said, “I will appoint a day for hunting—the best hunter on that day shall have my daughter.” Day came—hunters 172 assembled—went off at dawn—a young man made his appearance (describe him) sat down to breakfast tranquilly) on leaving, went forth—hunted—brought in load of game—laid it down—said nothing—smoked his pipe—went out again—brought in more—laid it down—other hunters had not come in—dined—went out again—brought in another load. When the other hunters came in and saw his great pile of game, they gave up to him and he rec[eive]d the bride. Lived with her a year—said he must go to his land to see his people—she might go with him if she pleased. She agreed—they went off—crossed a river at foot of mountain—their footsteps were seen on the sand on other side but no more seen or heard of them.

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Years rolled away—father of bride set out in quest of her—took the direction of footsteps—went to mountain—found snakes in abundance—proceeded—found his daughter in a wigwam—great rattlesnake lying beside her—“How is this, my daughter?—Why do you not kill that snake?”—“It is my husband—gave me my choice—snake by day—man by night.” Such are all the snakes of this mountain who are subjects of Sewaculty. Old man remains at night—finds his son-in-law a young man—remains in the mountain.—Every moon, whenever they want game, conjure and let it out from cave.

November 11th, 1832. —Sunday. On board of the steam-boat *Little Rock* —River Verdigris—get under way about six o'clock from—about a mile below the Osage Agency—Verdigris River—beautiful dawn—while yet twilight pass a fire on the shore—Indians around it—canoe fastened close by. Streaming flights of wild ducks—pigeons in clouds, some rising from the sand bars where they go to drink and to pick gravel; others flying in successive clouds over the trees—banks of river with growth of cotton wood—river of moderate breadth—finely wooded banks. Land Mr. Brown, Creek Indian, and trader at his place opposite the mouth of the Illinois—cross the river and stop to get wood—go ashore and shoot pigeons.

As the day advances the temperature grows warm and genial. The forests very much stripped of leaves—young cotton-wood groves—grey branches—light tinge of green on tops—golden sunshine—loneliness and stillness of the scene—the Sabbath of the woods.

Persons in steam-boat: Mr. Gregory, clerk—Dr. Cunningham, editor *sub rosa* of a paper at Little Rock, originally of Philad[elphi]a then N[ew] York—Lieut.—, educated at W[est] Point.

One bank of the Arkansas settled by Cherokees, the other by Choctaws—log houses along the river—touch at Fort Smith—right bank of river on rocky bluff—ruinous old wooden buildings and block house. A number of the inhabitants come down, among whom I was introduced to Mr. Rogers, formerly of western part of State of N[ew] York, who owns a great part of Fort Smith, and Mr. Cairns, merch[an]t.

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A daughter of Dr. Cunningham comes on board—cross the line and enter upon the Territory—log houses occupied by white men—groups of negroes in Sunday dress along the shore—songs and choruses of our negro firemen—pass Devil's Elbow, a great, sandy bend in the river.

In the course of the day pass by a red boat bearing U. S. troops on an expedition to destroy whisky stills.

Stop at Van Buren to take passengers—two men in fur caps with rifles and bedding—Van Buren 174 embryo town—at present four or five straggling log huts.

About dusk stop to take on wood, having made about ten miles since daybreak. This day (in boatmen's slang) we overtook the rise— *i. e.* , we came to where the river was at the highest of its late temporary swelling—having commenced falling above.

Monday, 12th. —The fog which fell last night continued until late this morning so that we did not get under way until about nine o'clock.

Immense flock of pigeons on sand bar in the river.

Banks delicately wooded with cotton wood and willows—grey tints mingled with light green—now and then, at long intervals, come by settlement—log houses—cattle standing along shore in the sunshine—deep bayous running in among wild forests that shoot their branches, and half prostrate trunks athwart.

In some places as we skirt the shore the cattle gaze for a time in astonish[ment] and then gallop into the woods.

Stop at Crawford Court House—a few log houses on high bank. Justice runs wild in this part of the country—she uses the sword more than the scales.

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Find at Crawford Court House a keel boat with freight belonging to Mr. Mapes, of N[ew] York—one of the proprietors of the steam-boat—stop about two hours to take it on board. Mr. Mapes embarks also and Mr. Nolan and his horse—Gen[era]l Montgomery, his negro servants, and a half-grown bear.

Mrs. Trimble and two other ladies of the place dine on board.

Resume our course about two o'clock and go on till dark, when we stop at Clarke's Agency.

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November 13th. —Monday. Set off about daybreak—pass high, broken ridge of rock coloured with iron, etc., called the Dardanelles—here Pension Brailey—great gambling place formerly. It used to be said if a dollar could get by the Dardanelles there was some chance of your carrying it up the river.

Between eleven and twelve pass along mount[ain]s of Petit Jean.

Half-past twelve stop at Louisburgh to take on wood—seat of justice of the county. Hard work for Justice to get seated as the seat has been changed every session of the Legislature.

Stop after dusk at Little Rock—in the ev[enin]g Capt. Brown, agent for settling the Indians, comes on board—also Mr.—, editor of the *Gazette*.

Wednesday, 14th. —Went on shore to the printing office of the *Gazette* —breakfasted with Dr. Cunningham—called on Dr. Fulton—Gov. Pope. Met with Dr. Ritchie, who begged to be remem[bere]d to Mr. Peale of Missouri—his brother in Philad[elphia].

Dr. Fulton desired to be remem[bere]d to Presid[ent], Gov. Cass, and Mr. McLane.

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Judge—and family came on board—leave Little Rock near one o'clock.

Several ladies dine on board—accompany us a few miles to a farm.

Stop at night on account of snags, etc.

November 15th. —Thursday. Resume our course at daybreak—pass cotton plantations—cotton here of fine, long staple—equal to New Orleans—pass Quipaw settlements (tenant-at-will)—see groups in a fine, lofty grove.

Pass Quipaw hunting camps on woody banks of the river.

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Put Lieut. Dawson on shore at Col. Dallas' cotton plantation.

Ev[enin]g about sunset, stop at the Post of Arkansas—to land Mr. and Mrs. Cumming and to take on freight.

November 16th. —Friday. Get under way at daybreak—at nine o'clock enter the cut leading to White River—in a few miles enter White River—clear water with yellow, turbid stream of the Arkansas boiling up in it. After some miles, with cypress and cotton-wood groves on each side, come to the Mississippi—sweep round a large island and go up to Montgomery's Point.

Pass the day at the Point shifting cargo. Point naked table of land with woods in rear—three or four disconsolate houses—negroes—half-dressed—oxen—dogs—bear tied to stake—drinkers—boatmen.

Leave the Point about four.

Stop at mouth of Arkansas after dark and leave Mr. Mapes—sail all night.

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November 17th. —Saturday. Last night ran repeatedly ag[ain]st driftwood—this morn'g eight o'clock passed thro' Stack Island—reach a beautiful broad and long reach of the river.

Here about twenty years since was a formidable gang of river pirates thirty or forty in number. Kept on an island under the eastern shore called Stack Island and sometimes Robbers' Harbour—ringleader named Mason. The band consisted of outcast Kentuckians, Spaniards, French, etc., etc., etc.—well armed—resolute—had boats on the river—horses on the mainland—boarded arks and defenceless boats—noted the cargo—took what they 177 wanted—no resisting them. Some of the keel boats and barges had crews of forty men well armed—these the robbers dared not attack. The robbers have often been seen by these barges lurking about this island. They could descry boats at a great distance both up and down the river—they had spies in New Orleans. The boatmen and traders had to return by land, by an Indian trail thro' the country of the Choctaw natives—several hundred miles—had to cash their merchandise and carry the money on pack horses. The robbers had trails leading to the great Indian trail. They would waylay the traders and rob them. Seldom killed them unless they fought in defence of their goods. Sometimes when they surprised poor travellers thro' mistake they would give them money.

The terror of these robbers spread far and wide. In those days people looked upon an expedition down the Mississippi and Ohio as a fearful undertaking—country wild and unsettled—little known—Indians—river pirates—alligators, etc., etc., etc. Long voyage—required hardy and enterprising men—and then the long journey back thro' savage tribes and robber hordes.

At length the authorities offered a large reward for Mason's head. He wished to divide his spoil—he had a rival ringleader—they quarrelled about division of spoil. The rival killed him—carried his head to Natchez and claimed reward—a man present who had been robbed on the Indian trail recognized his buttons on the coat of the robber and recognized the

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latter for one of those who had robbed him. The robber was seized, tried, and hung, and the band was broken up.

The very island has since been washed away by the 178 floods of the river and no trace of the robbers remains, but the pilot who told me this story said he had no doubt that thousands of dollars of the robbers' money lay buried about the shore and on the old Indian trail and could be dug up as the country became settled and cultivated.

Just below this reach we begin to see neat white-painted houses and a look of some advanced civilisation—cotton plantation.¹

¹ Irving continued with the steamer to New Orleans, where he passed a few pleasant days. Then he journeyed by stage to Mobile, whence he passed through Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia to Washington,—“along and rather dreary journey,” as he calls it. At Columbia, South Carolina, he was thrown with some of the leading Nullifiers when they were at the height of their excitement.

[*At the other end of Irving's note-book are the following jottings:*]

Clermont, a late chief of the Osages—shrewd, intelligent, wary—difficult to be brought to a point. He and Col. Arbuckle had a great regard for each other, but often disputed about Indian matters; both were prone to beat around the bush. One evening he and the Col[onel] had a long talk in which Clermont played shy as usual. At length Col. Arb[u]c[k]le got out of patience: “Well,” said he, “you have talked now for two hours and have said nothing.”—“Brother,” replied Clermont, “you have talked about as much and said about as little, so as it is growing late, I think” (wrapping himself in his blanket) “I'll go home.”

Gov. Hunter, tall, large, well-formed, fresh-looking man—low-crowned, large-brimmed white beaver—boots with eagle spurs—given to grandiloquence, a large and military mode of expressing himself. I encamped last night at—, for I slept last night.

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Old Gen[era]l Nix used to say God made him two drinks scant.

Little, thick, short-legged Dutchman at Little Rock—great coward—at time when he was held up as candidate used to go with three pistols and two dirks belted round him—one of the pistols being long, used to get the muzzle filled with dirt. A swaggering man called at his house and abused him all to naught. His wife, who had been widow of a very spirited fellow, exclaimed, “Oh, if my first husband was alive you would not dare to do so in my house. Ah, then I had a husband!”

Tour of two old Dutch burghers to look for names of old sturdies—find sixty—give names and histories of the old sturdies they met with.

Choctaws—much attached to the whites—boast that they have never killed a white man—call the whites the Beloved, supposing them to be peculiar favourites of the deity. The Choctaws are the most honest of Indians.

Chickasaws—amalgamated with the Choctaws—their language nearly the same—their women handsome. They came from the upper parts of the Missouri. Their tradition is that they followed a chief who had a pole of supernatural virtues. He set it up occasionally and as long as it remained perpendicular they remained in that place—when it inclined they travelled in the direction it inclined. In this way they travelled from place to place until they came to their present residence.

The Quipaws a small remnant of a tribe below Little Rock—they once sold out and removed to 180 Texas but were drawn back by their love to their native place.

The bravest and finest race is the Delawares. They are called the *fathers*—all the others give them preference. They used to war with the Osages, who stand in awe of their fearlessness. “Look at these Delawares,” say the Osages, “dey got short legs—no can

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run—must stand and fight a great heap.” The Delawares really are short-legged and the Osages long.

Delawares—all their equipments of the best—their camp kettles of brass. They are clean, neat, civil, generously obliging, light hearted, gay, fearless—go to the Rocky Mountains in bands of twenty men—have frequent skirmishes. Excellent hunters—when they go out to kill a deer you may be sure of their succeeding.

Pawnees—when they attack in the prairies it is necessary to tie your horses head to head in circle. They come round you with feathers, mantles, etc., fluttering—great whoops and yells that strike a panic into the horses.

Pawnees keep in the prairies—will not follow into the thickets.

Old Osage looked at our steam-boat—at the Agency with wonder—came abroad, gazed at machinery, etc.—said, “God must have helped to make it.”

Ralph Izard and another toper fell asleep on a bed in an inn where there was a ball and supper—woke 181 after the company had gone—called lustily for supper—waiter told them it was over. “We paid 3\$ for ball and supper and must have it.”—“Impossible—none in the house.”—“Well, give us a candle and we will go home.” Waiter gave them a sperm-light—they sallied forth—the night was rainy they were too tipsy to keep their legs—sat down in public square—stuck the light on end between them—tho[ugh]t themselves still at table. The day broke and showed them still seated toe to toe with the light burning between them.

Arkansas—continual succession of gentle, fertile, wooded scenery—graceful woods—thickets—embowered shores and islands—long, winding bayous—willowed banks—yellow sands—cattle feeding peacefully along the shore—everything peaceful but man—land of the *bloody hand*.

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Petit Jean Mountain on the Arkansas—a picturesque line of waving highlands—of mingled rock and cliff and wood, with far bottom below—opposite these, rich bottoms with hills beyond—river winds among groves, yellow sand bars, etc.—mount[ain]s with their autumnal tint and dusky haze. Ev[en]ing house among groves with children about it—long vistas of river between woody points—wild geese on sand bars.

When Sarazin [?] chief of the Quipaws return[e]d with his tribe from their abode at Cadeau, called on Gov. Pope—spread a white deer skin under his feet and another on his shoulder as emblem that they had never shed the blood of a white man. The old man made a speech about them, remark[ing] he 182 had lost a son, and when he told of his wrath the tears streamed down his cheeks. “When I went to that country,” said he, “the sun did not seem to shine everything was strange and forlorn, but when I returned to this country of my youth where are the tombs of our fathers, the sun shone bright and everything was again cheerful.”

Arkansas—settlers like to live apart when they can have good range—raise corn for bread—cattle which feed on prairie on pea vine or cane-brake—hogs which find waste in plenty—depend on their rifles occasionally—work one day out of seven.

Quipaws—much intermarried with the French—a great part of them half-breeds—honest—liked and helped by the whites.

In general the frontiersmen seem to think themselves imposed upon by the Indians, because the latter, having lost nearly all their property, seek to hold on to what is left.

They have got the Indians' coat and now begrudge them the fringe.

Old Spanish and French settlers—retain their characteristics.

They were accustomed to be governed by commandants whose will was law. One who was capricious would exact all kind of services from those under him and bother

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them in a thousand ways, and another who was avaricious would squeeze them. Tho' the gov[ernmen]t is now changed and they have equal rights with their meddlesome, quarrelsome, litigious, 183 electioneering fellow-citizens of the U. S., they retain their old, passive acquiescence in the despotism of public affairs—do not intermeddle or distress themselves in elections or worry themselves about public affairs—have not the enterprise of the Yankees—nor their eagerness for growth and conquest. If an American cultivates twenty acres and has forty uncultivated, the next year he cultivates ten more. If he has three negroes, gets six more, and so with his stock. The old Spanish and French cultivate the same number of acres, have the same number of negroes, etc., etc., year in and year out—content to live within their income and not eager to increase it—simple in appearance and habits—remarkably honest and punctual—kind and neighbourly among themselves—more civil and courteous than the Americans—dress in their best on Sundays—dance—sing—polite to the women—never quarrel but with the tongue. When one has been about and returns, great rejoicing, embracing throughout the family.

Qu[ery]—How do they treat their negroes?

A[nswer]—Work them hard—feed and clothe them poorly. It is proverbial in this part of the country that a Frenchman is hard upon his horse and his negroes.

Qu.—Do they wear old dresses—white nightcaps—pipe—songs?

There are but two or three families at present at the fort—most of them are at a settlement below frontier on river where they retain French language—keep apart from Americans.

They have nothing of the public spirit that makes itself uneasy and unhappy about public men and 184 public manners and sinks in sorrow through the newspapers—nothing of that spirit that sets up two newspapers in the little village of Little Rock and sets neighbours by the ears calling each other hard names and reviling each other because they differ on

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abstract points. They have given up competing with the Am[ericans] who have too much enterprise and industry for them.

A few old fellows exert a patriarchal sway over the community. Their word and opinion is law.

Very fond of holidays—they dance and pass their time merrily.

They do not like Americans; [who, they say] trouble themselves with cares beyond their horizon and impart sorrow thro' newspapers from every point of the compass.

Mr. Cummings married daughter of Mons.—, the great man of the place—worth 40 or 50,000\$. She inherits French vivacity of temperament and it is said rules her husband with the slipper. She is pretty, dark, black-eyed woman. Her father when he travels affects the Don—on board steam-boat has his own serv[an]t—his own wine—cannot drink steam-boat wine.

Judge—, very official—over mindful dignity of his office—rather slow, but upright and amicable.

At the Post—old-fashioned French-looking houses.

Abundance of dogs—whenever you hear of poor people in this part of the country you may be sure to find abundance of dogs.

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Old negro with a long, good-humoured horse face and a straw hat smashed back from it like a mandarin cap.

This day pass Quipaw hunting camps on the border of the river.

Put Lieut. Dawson on shore at Col. D.'s cotton plantation.

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After sunset stop at the Post of Arkansas—a century old—originally a Spanish post—then French—a decayed, ruinous place—old Spanish wooden building, with piazza—out houses—French buildings, with casement—piazzas—remains of stockade—at present surrounding garden and house of Mons.—, the principal merch[an]t.

Near the old Spanish house are two large ruins—neglected kitchen garden.

Town stands on the abrupt end of a flat prairie that extends seventy miles—French town and American town—the former on the site of the Spanish post—the latter two or three hundred yards off—melancholy, silent, deserted look of the place—commands a bend and winding of the river—old French merch[an]t large, strong-built man with strong features—tall sons—French jabbered about the place—young mons[ieur] in blanket surtout.

German merch[an]t at Little Rock who came there a pedlar—set up store *for cash* at twenty-five per cent under the others—never trusted except to sure people—in five years has made a little fortune—chuckles at it—Ask him how he invests it.—“Oh—most proke—tinks I must puy a steam-boat.”

Choctaws—believe in witches—one Choctaw set up for a doctor,—his father, mother, and other relatives 186 died. It was suspected he was a wizard and had practised spells on them—several of the old men who were not wizards held a council upon it and determined he was a wizard. He heard of it and cleared out. His own brother set off in pursuit of him, tracked him for two days and killed him with a rifle. In such cases they do not attempt to resist or to defend themselves when overtaken.

A small burg—flourishing village—which published two rival newspapers, had three hotels and the usual number of judges, generals, and colonels, not to speak of lawyers and doctors.

ESOPUS AND DUTCH TOUR¹ 1833

¹ Irving goes down the Hudson from Albany to Nyack, visiting both sides of the river. His tour takes him through parts of Ulster, Sullivan, Orange, and Rockland counties, finally ending in New York State at Tappan. Here he crossed the border into New Jersey, reaching Hackensack about a fortnight after leaving Albany. In jotting down the dates, Irving is amusingly careless. The entries begin with Tuesday September 11. Other dates that he gives are Wednesday, September 11, Sunday, September 15, Monday 16th, Tuesday 17th, Sunday 21st, Monday 22d, Tuesday 23d, and Wednesday, date omitted. Obviously he lost track of dates in this out-of-the-way tour through the old Dutch regions of New York State.

September 11th, 1833. —Tuesday. Leave Albany with Mr. Van Buren² and John Van Buren for Kinderhook.

² Martin Van Buren was born in Kinderhook, in December, 1782, about four months before the birth of his friend, Irving.

Near Albany—Kiddshofen, where it is said Kidd³ buried money. Not far below about one mile is a rough, rocky hill with old brick house. Here fortunes have been spent seeking for copper.

³ William Kidd, the Scotch navigator, who was commissioned to put down piracy, but who was said to have turned pirate himself. Some of Kidd's buried treasure was found on Gardiner's Island, and there are legends of other hidden loot which persist to this day. Kidd was hanged in 1701 for having murdered one of his own men.

Thirteen miles below Albany we pass Barren Island,—a rocky island round backed, commanding a pass of the river. Kinderhook—Brom Van Alstyn, a helter-skelter way. Woodchuck.

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Visit Jesse Marron—trees loaded with fruit about the house.

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September 12th. —Wednesday. Beautiful view along the valley of the Kinderhook hill from Wyncoop's house—breakfast at Dr. Beekman's.

Training day at Kinderhook—legions of cake—carts—men in old cocked hats and parti-coloured calico trousers selling cake.

Old black Symes seventy years old. Has been drunk the last fifty—contracts to work and employs black men under him whom he never pays.

Frank who had lived with Mr. Van Ness¹ and recollects my shooting the crow twenty-five years since—abundance of drovers at the training—worthies of Kinderhook—Brom Van Alstyn.

¹ During the two months that followed the death of Matilda Hoffman, Irving, eager to escape from city life, lived as the guest of his friend, Judge William P. Van Ness, in the same home at Kinderhook where, in 1833, he was again a visitor, this time sharing the hospitality of Martin Van Buren.

Meet at breakfast Dr. Clark, father to Mrs. Beekman.

Leave at half-past eleven—drive by the village—fine view of Kinderhook with Catskill Mount[ain]s behind—valley of the Kleine Kill where the guidmen lived—rich valley—Catskill at distance.

Hudson—South Bay with romantic promontory joining our house—Catskill Mount[ain]s opposite.

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Race of men inhabit side of hill near Hudson—Indian habits—huntsmen—fishermen—used to come to Hudson Indian file—thought their lawyers cheated them—Van Buren pleaded their cause.

September 15th. —Sunday. Serene day—golden sunshine—shimmer of the landscape—universal note of the crickets.

Ev[enin]g. Walk to the hills.

Monday, 16th. —Leave Staatsburg ten o'clock—ride into interior—Crum Elbow—Pleasant Valley 189 —pear trees—nut trees and sycamores—farms—woods—fertile little valleys—arrive at Po[ugh]keepsie about two—put up at Hatch's.

See Gilbert Livingston—Judge Emmett—Mr. Theron Budd.

Tuesday, 17th. —Cross ferry—high banks—drive up road among hills.

Paltz—in rich valley between range of mount[ain]s—headlands—rocks and trees—stream runs thro' valley—Budd's Tavern—neat rooms—old fashioned—smoke on the Shawangunk mountains.

Catskill Mounts in the distance—hazy—Shawangunk Mount[ain]s—woody with rocky headlands. Trees of the country—oak—black walnut, etc. Paltz—stone houses.

Mr. Budd—little stout man with red nose.

Old Fort 1703—large old stone house—small casement windows—Dubois—Elting—Lefevre—Hasbrouck—Deyo.

1731—Oct. 7 A Du Bois Survivor of 12 Patentees

Rude, old, square grave-stone rudely engraved:

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Noah Elting and Jacomenje—his spouse.

Rich valley or plains with woods—groves—orchards—meadows—river winding thro'—
Shongo Mount[ain]s with farms—woods—uplands.

Rocky point or headland where there is a deep lake one mile long with fish in it.

Van Wagener—Mrs. DeWitt, Milliner.

Tuesday—Wednesday, 18th. —At Kingston.¹

¹ Originally called “Esopus” (after the Esopus Indians) by the Dutch who settled here in 1652. Twelve years later the English came into control, and in 1669 the name was changed to Kingston.

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Mr. Su[y]dam's coachman—liberated several years since—goes to N[ew] York—Albany—
comes back—says he was never a slave until now.

Kingston—at the west end of the village was the fort where DeWitt built a mill.

Rich plain—old De Witt farm-house—farms of Wyncoops and Ten Eycks—rich old names
—Dutch consider it a disgrace to let their farms go out of their families—have retained
them from generation to generation.

Corner of orchard where Esopus the old race-horse was buried.

Negroes buried near by.

Spooks rise there and on a blue stone.

Old people in village believe in witches, ghosts, etc.

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Old bl[ac]k woman at Elmendorf's strong believer.

Brink—a doctor who cures by charms—witch doctor—witches of Rondout burnt the cattle, etc.

Miss Wyncoop—old maid—goes from house to house visiting—skilled in pastry, etc., etc.—invited wherever there are preparations for a feast—a great gossip.

Old Dutch house—every room on a different level—steps to go up and down.

Jacob's Valley—brook running thro' it—old Indian spring—considered as haunted.

Mr. Elmendorf's brother went sparking—Dutch lass seated on his lap broke his pipe to pieces—returning home tho[ugh]t he heard something on the spook ground—ran—heard the rattling of his pipe—tho[ugh]t it the rattling of chains—scampered home—forced open door in spite of latches, and pitched head foremost on the floor.

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Hunting in the mount[ain]s—bears—deer—lakes in the mountains where deer are hunted in canoes by torch-light.

Old Dutch house with great sycamore tree under which an old Dutchman used to sit and read a Dutch Bible in a chanting tone.

Friday, 20th. —Call on Mr. Snyder—county clerk—inspect old treaties in Dutch and English with Indians tied by wampum belt—records, etc., kept in great deal chest with curious, cumbrous old Dutch steel lock.

Snyder, a jovial-spoken, good-humoured man.

Among the records an account of trials, etc., in which was concerned Hildegarda Van Steghenhorst. She once kept a store—was summoned to appear in court—asked if ready

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for trial. Yes if judge would swear and kiss the book that he would decide rightly between all parties—said he had sworn so when he had entered upon office—well, she tho[ugh]t he could have no objection to swearing again by way of refreshing his memory.

She sues a boy for breaking her windows with a pebble stone—appears to have been a shrew.

After leaving Kingston half-past ten—drive through Hurley—then to Marlboro town—enter into beautiful valleys between Shongo Mountains and Alleghanys—former cultivated in some places to summits—hamlets gleaming on sides.

Clouds rolled off to Catskill or Blue Mountains.

Vast sloping sides of Shongo Mountain richly covered with opulent farms, etc.

Throughout the country solid stone farm-houses—Dutch or rural aristocracy.

Dutch farm-houses with good barns—pines—sycamore, elm, and willow trees.

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Valleys with immense fruit trees—rich meadows—winding streams.

Roseton—scattered hamlet or village in rich valley—with the broad, wooded slopes of the Shawangunk Mount[ain]s—descend to it—noise of drum from mountainside—training day.

Beautiful variegated side of soft sloping Shawangunk—distant blue summits of the Catskills.

Training—picturesque groups on border of a pastoral stream (the Rondout)—militia training in rich meadow with magnificent mountain scenery in the background—horses galloping about the meadows—one with two men on it.

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Beautiful drive thro' rich valleys with Rondout winding thro'—Alleghany to right—
Shawangunk to left.

Dine at Widow Hournbeck's—ham and eggs.

Waggon loads of the train bands arrive—heavy shower.

Set off about six o'clock—after a time a heavy shower comes on with thunder—dark—only
see our road by flashes of lightning.

Arrive safe at Ellenville where we put up for the night at very indifferent inn kept by—.

Pomposity of Dutch dignitaries—Dutch proud—leave Ellenville at six o'clock—drive along
the hollow which narrows to Wurtsboro—at Mr. Nevins'—good house—see Judge Demick.

Leave Wurtsboro at ten—cross the Shawangunk mountains. Splendid view from the
summit of the mountain looking towards Highlands—surveying the varied valley of the
Wallkill—and a rich, broken country of vast extent watered by various streams winding
their way to bear tributes to the Hudson.

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Distant line of blue mountains across the country with the gap on entrance to the
Highlands thro' which the Hudson enters.

Scenery of all these parts like the Italian scenery bordering on the Apennines.

Sunday, 21st. —At Goshen—Edsel's Hotel—heard good sermon from the Episcopal
preacher, Mr. Clark of Brooklyn. Dine at Gen[era]l Wyckham's—met Mr. Van Duzer there.

People in this neighbourhood well off—rich—live frugally and put out their money on bond
and mortgage.

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Pass the ev[enin]g at Mr. Van Dyck—editor of the Jackson paper—his mother Mrs. Van Dyck of Kinderhook.

Monday, 22d. —Leave Goshen little after six.

Breakfast at Monroe.

This was the headquarters of Claudius Smith, head of a gang of Skinners¹ during the Revolution—he had a cave in this neighbourhood and one back of Goshen—was taken and hanged at Goshen.

¹ During the British occupancy of New York City (1776–1783) that region along the Hudson River known as “neutral ground” (extending some forty miles northward from Spuyten Duyvil) was subject both to American and British marauders. The Americans were nicknamed “Skinners”; the British, “Cowboys.” (See Cooper's “The Spy.”)

Ramapough Mountain and River at Iron Works—Schunemunk Mountains between Goshen and the River Mountains.

Haverstraw—Smith's house on a hill where André and Arnold had an interview—stone house (white) Arnold came down in boat with Smith—landed on shore opposite Victoria—sent Smith on board to see André—they had interview on shore till daylight— 194 afraid to send André back to the ship lest people should see it—pulled up along shore two miles and then went to Smith's house—remained there a day or two—Smith disguised André and crossed the river with him—left him near Tarrytown—Smith was taken—confined in Goshen gaol—his wife came to see him—exchanged dresses with him—he got off—rode behind a friend—got to N[ew] York—went to England—after the peace returned to N[ew] York—came up here but could not stand the scorn of the people—died poor. The Smiths once owned much land hereabouts—a place called Smith Clove—mostly lawyers. The

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property has slipped out of the hands of the family. There is a lawyer, a nephew of Smith's, at Haverstraw.

Leave Haverstraw about half-past eight.

Tuesday, 23d. —Drive along river one mile and up clove—pass thro' ridge of mount[ain]s into open country—snug stone farm-houses. Waggon breaks down close by a farmer's of the name of Herring who assists us. Waggoner named Giraud aids us and takes out trunks in his waggon—go on for two miles to Nyack post-office at Clarkstown, kept by Ablones—got waggon mended—dine there.

Rockland County—hilly—diversified—snug brown stone farm-houses perched on hillocks and commanding fine views.

Autumnal day—maple trees tint the forest—noise of cricket and tree toad.

Drive from Ablones' to Nyack—fine view thro' the opening of the trees and hills, over Tappan Bay to the opposite shore—snug stone cottages of Nyack—bold bluffs to the left advancing into the Hudson—romantic coast to the south—range of rocky heights embracing the intervale—fine drive along 195 the coast to Tappan—road near the river with belt of trees and shrubs and rocks below it.

Drive up Tappan Strat—number of Dutch waggons returning from the landing.

Women with Dutch sun bonnets—people talk Dutch—neatness of houses—grass plots—open upon pleasant rural country with belt of woody hills to the left—the line that terminates in the pallisades.

Stop at Judge—'s, former member of Assembly—seventy years of age. His brother eighty and their two wives taking tea in the little hall of the farmhouse—granddaughter of thirteen

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years of age with uncommonly fine, large black eyes. Farm stands at some distance from the road, with meadows between—old man's son and grandson come in.

See from the house the hill where André was hanged.

Drove thro' Tappan—still, quiet little village—old church where André was confined—quiet churchyard with old Dutch and French names—inn where court marshal [martial] was held—pleasant rural country around.

Leaving Tappan we pass thro' Harrington—very neat Dutch stone cottages. Ask an old lady whom we meet on the road to whom such and such belong—we find one was hers—compliment her on its neatness—quite a picture.

Arrive about eight o'clock at Hackensack.

Wednesday. —We drive out. Resume tour at Hackensack.

Leave Hackensack—drive thro' English neighbourhood to Communipaw. Old Van Horn saw N[jew] York burnt¹ —waited to see Trinity steeple

¹ This was the conflagration which took place in September, 1776. By the British, who were then in possession of New York, the fire was attributed to the American Revolutionists, but Washington and the members of Congress had decided not to burn New York, and the general belief is that the catastrophe had no incendiary origin. Almost five hundred houses were destroyed.

196 fall, but turned away his head and when he looked again it was down.

[*The last note-book, 1842, is devoted to Irving's trip from New York via England, to Spain, where he took up his duties as American Minister.*]

April 10th. —Sunday. Drive down to White Hall in carriage with Ab m Schermerhorn.¹ Embark on board steam ferry-boat, to be taken on board of Liverpool packet ship

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"Independence"—Cap. Holdridge. Accompanied to ship by Ebenr Irving and his son Washington, J. Treat Irving, Irving Paris, Henry Brevoort, Charles Augustus Davis—arrived on board and set sail before twelve o'clock with a fair wind.

1 *Schermerhorn*, Brevoort and Davis were among the merchant princes of their day.

Passengers—Henry Lee, Jr., of Boston, Hector Ames,² Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Boston, Mr. Little of ditto. Had an easy, pleasant voyage, without any incident of moment excepting the losing of a boy overboard—a fine lad who was making his first voyage. Ship was going at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour—hove to and lowered boat, but it was too late to save him.

2 Hector Ames, a young New York friend, invited by Irving to act as one of his two *attachés* of the Legation at Madrid.

28th. —We came in the Channel with a head wind; when, a steamer coming in sight, most of the passengers, myself among the number, got on board and were landed this day in the evening at Bristol. Put up there for the night at the—Hotel.

May 1st. —Sunday. Set off with Hector Ames,

Facsimile of the First Page of Irving's Diary Beginning the day he left New York to assume his office of Minister to Spain. Apart from his brother and three of his nephews the intimate friends who saw Irving off were, as this page records, Henry Brevoort and Charles Augustus Davis, whose homes were the resorts of so many famous writers.

197 Mr. Lee, and Mr. Little in railroad cars for London, where we arrived in about four hours. Mr. Lee, Hector Ames, and myself took lodgings at Thomas Hotel, Berkley Square. Walked about the west end of the town, the parks, etc., with Lee and Ames. Lovely weather—parks crowded with groups of populace, men, women, and children on the grass—great parade of carriages in St. James Park. Felt singularly low spirited. Dreaded to

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throw myself once more into this turbulent stream of life and to encounter the harrassing parade and dissipation of the great world.

May 2d. —Called on Mr. Everett—Mrs. Bates—ordered clothes at Stultz.—Preston¹ —ev[enin]g went out to Leslie's—he was not at home. Returned home fatigued and dispirited.

¹ William C. Preston (1794–1860), the South Carolina statesman and orator, who, a quarter of a century earlier, had met Irving in Liverpool, and later in South Carolina during Nullification times. Letters between these old friends were exchanged until Irving's death.

3d. —Called with Everett on Lord Aberdeen—met with cordial reception—talked about affairs of Spain—called on Bandinel.² Evening at opera—"Lucia de Lammermoor"—but tolerably performed—called this day at Murray's.³ My heart was in my throat on finding myself in the drawing-room, the scene of many an interesting literary meeting at the early period of my London career. Kindly received by Murray and his family—promised to dine with them on my return to town.

² James B. Bandinel, of the Foreign Office, the antiquary of whom Irving wrote to his sister (May 9, 1842), "He is a peculiar character; a capital scholar, a man variously and curiously informed, of great worth, kindness, and hospitality."

³ John M. Murray (1778–1843), Irving's famous English publisher, at whose rooms in Albermarle Street, Scott, Byron, Southey, Campbell, and many other great writers had met in days gone by.

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Wednesday, 4th. —Dined at Everett's—met there with Rogers¹ —accompanied him in the evening to Lady Holland's² in West Street, in the house formerly occupied by her mother, Lady Coffrich. Here Lady Holland keeps up a kind of Holland House on a small scale. Here was her Prime Minister Allen. Here opposite to her was seated Lady Seymour, the Queen

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of Beauty, dressed in black and looking very beautiful. Here was the Bishop of—, very lively and conversable—Col. Charles Fox, grown stout and grey.

1 Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), the banker-poet, renowned for his literary breakfasts,—an old acquaintance of Irving's.

2 Lady Holland was the widow of Henry Richard Fox, 3d Baron Holland (1773–1840), whose home, Holland House, was the famous resort of statesmen and men of letters. Irving, as he says, did not visit Holland House, which was in Kensington, but a smaller establishment kept up by Lady Holland in *South* Street, not *West* Street. Lady Holland's maiden name was Elizabeth Vassall, and the name Irving gives her mother is not easy to find.

Thursday, 6th. —Accompanied Mr. Everett to the levee. In antechamber was introduced to the diplomatic corps—St. Aulaire, the French Ambassador—, the Russian. Cordial meeting with Sir R. Peel, who invited me to dine with him on the follow[in]g Saturday, but declined as I am going out of town. Made acquaintance with Lord Stanley, Duke of Buccleuch, etc.

Queen pleasing in her appearance, acquits herself with grace and ease. Prince Albert tall, well formed, a bland, prepossessing countenance and demeanour.

Friday, 7th. —Set off at eight-forty-five o'clock in railroad cars for Birmingham, where arrived about two o'clock. Found Sister Sarah and her daughter Marianne at home.

Saturday, 8th. —Returned to town in the afternoon

The Home—in Birmingham—of Irving's Brother-in-Law Henry Van Wart Here Irving wrote "Rip Van Winkle," and other parts of "The Sketch Book," published in 1819. Thus in this English house, American literature may, from the point of view of international fame, be said to have had its origin. From the water-colour made in 1870, by Thomas Wakeman, and now for the first time reproduced.

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199 train. Took up my quarters with Mr. James Bandinel in the Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, where I was joined in the evening by Hector Ames. Dined at Mr. Rogers. Lord John Russell and Lady there—Lord Prudhoc—Leslie. Ev[enin]g with Rogers to Marquis of Northampton's *soirée*—see Young, Milnes, Galley Knight, Hallam.

Sunday, 9th.—Lee breakfasted with us. Attended morning service in the Abbey—sat in the stalls of the prebendary—sermon by Mr. Frere—service beautifully chanted. Dined with Mr. Bandinel, Lee, and Hector Ames and Mr. Annandales, 3 Great Queen St.—where we met Mr. McCulloch—Mr. and Mrs.—, who recently were three years in U[nited] States about which Mr.—has published a very good-humoured work.

Evening at Mr. Everett's where I met Miss Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. Booth, Mr. Romaine Dillon, Mr. Broadhead (employed in researches concerning early hist[ory] of New York).

Monday, 10th.—Mr. Broadhead breakfasted with us—gave me some documents concerning New York.

Dined at home—Compton, Charles Mills, Frank Mills, Lord Canning (son of George Canning), Mr. Lee, Leslie.

Tuesday, 11th.—Had at breakfast Mr. de Gayanjos, an Arabic scholar, Consul to Tunis—has published “Arabic Dynasties in Spain”—Mr. Romaine Dillon, and Mr.—Moore of N. Y., lately from Madrid. Dined at Murray's—met there Moore and Lockhart and Leslie. Moore looks thinner than when I last saw him—has had trouble in his family. His son Russel has returned from the army broken in health and threatened with consumption. Tom has 200 been somewhat wild—has got into scrapes by his amours—had to go to India to escape prosecution. Last news of him he had sold out and was returning home. Moore speaks despondingly as if he fears he shall eventually have to come upon the Literary Fund.¹

¹ The poet's diary under May 10 shows his high regard for Irving.

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Murray looks as well as when I parted with him about ten years since. His son John, who is a steady, worthy fellow, mainly conducts the business and manages both that and his father.

Wednesday, 12th. —Drove down into the city—visited Aspinwall at his office.

Called on the Rothschilds and drew for my quarter's salary—two or three of the young Rothschilds in their office—Jew-looking gentlemen, stout and greasy—invited me to dine with them on Sunday, but I declined as I should be out of town.²

² Irving went to Birmingham that Sunday.

Monday. —This morning I breakfasted with Miss Rogers where I met Wordsworth,³ Rogers, the Miss Stanleys, daughters of Lord (once Sir John) Stanley, Lockhart, Leslie.

³ That Irving had met the great English poet appears to be here for the first time recorded. Wordsworth was then seventy-two years of age, and in the next year became Poet Laureate on the death of Southey.

After breakfast accompanied Rogers, etc., to Leslie's to look at his picture of the Christening.⁴

⁴ The Royal Christening. His picture of the Coronation had been very successful.

Dined at the Anniversary of the Literary Fund—Prince Albert presided. I sat between Moore and Hallam. Bishop of Gloucester opposite and Mr. Everett—met Lockhart, Lord Mahon, Lord Lansdowne, 20th Marquis of Northampton—Mr. James¹ —Mr. Milnes, etc. —very nervous throughout the dinner, knowing my health was to be drunk. Sir Robert St. Inglis introduced it with a very kind and complimentary speech. It was cheered in the warmest manner, which contributed to embarrass me. Rose, declared my want of talent for

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public speaking, and returned thanks. After dinner James came up and shook hands with me cordially by way of renewing old acquaintance.

1 G. P. R. James (1799–1860), the English novelist.

At this dinner Campbell was deputed to give Hallam's health. He made an introductory speech, but, having drunk too much wine, became so prosy and maudlin that he was absolutely clamoured down.²

2 We learn from Moore that Irving's nervousness was caused in great measure by the fact that he had broken down in his speech as chairman at the dinner given Dickens in New York. Moore also shows that Lockhart was equally nervous, and would not go to the dinner until assured that his health would not be drunk. The fluent Everett made amends for Irving's shyness, and Hallam, as Irving tells us in his prefatory epistle to Harper's edition of Beattie's biography of Campbell, came to that poet's rescue and paid him such a tribute as both convicted the company of their discourtesy and soothed the sensibilities of the insulted man of letters.

Thursday, 13th. —Breakfasted with Hallam—met there with Wordsworth, Everett—dined with Rogers—met there Lord Prudhoc—Lord John and Lady Russell, Leslie.

Evening, accompanied Mr., Mrs. and Miss Everett to the Queen's fancy ball.

Friday, 14th. —Breakfasted with Sir Robert St. Inglis—met there Wordsworth, Milnes, young Wordsworth,³ Everett, Bandinel.

3 Young Wordsworth may have been the poet's nephew, Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1855), afterwards Bishop of Lincoln and a well-known theological writer.

After breakfast went with Bandinel to Egyptian 202 Halls, British Museum—called at Miller's—accompanied Miller to see Mrs. Miller and John Miller beyond Knightsbridge.

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Dined at home—went with Bandinel to the German opera, Covent Garden—"Don Juan," miserably performed.

Saturday, 15th. —Lee breakfasted with us—called on Catlin¹ —Lady Stratford (Miss Caton) whom I found grown rather plump, but looking well, and as usual full of good sense and good humour—called on Charles Bristed, and invited him to breakfast to-morrow.

¹ George Catlin (1796–1872), the American artist and author, famous for his paintings of American Indians.

Dined at Lord Stanley's—present, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord and Lady Canning.

Evening at Mrs. Bates' with Mrs. Everett.

Sunday, 16th. —Charles Bristed took an early breakfast with us—set off at nine-forty-five o'clock in railroad cars for Birmingham, where I arrived at half-past two.

Dined at home—evening, the Goddards, etc., came in.

Tuesday, 18th. —Dined at William Van Wart's, with the family.

Wednesday, 19th. —Passed the day at home. Capt. Holdridge came up from Liverpool to dine with us. Mr. Church² dined here also. Ev[en]ing, Mr. Goddard's family, Miss Koll, etc.

² Presumably Edward Church, who, in 1820, had interested Washington Irving and his brother Peter in the steam-boat enterprise on the Seine.

20th. —At home—afternoon, Mr. Lee and Hector Ames arrived—ev[en]ing, at Matilda Koll's.

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Friday, 21st. —Leave Birmingham at twelve 203 o'clock in railroad car (London line) in company with Mr. Lee and Hector Ames. Stop at Weedon Station, Northamptonshire —take post chaise for Sulgrave, natal place of the Washington family, from whence John and Laurence Washington emigrated to America in Cromwell's time—John, great grandfather of George Washington. We drove by crossroads checked by numerous gates across the country—rich-looking though low country—huge trees, overgrown hedges, old grey stone villages, with Tudor style of architecture—stone-shafted windows with water tables, moss-grown, weather-stained—old grey Gothic churches with towers wrapped in ivy—some of the oldest-looking villages I have seen in England. Large, rambling, Gothic mansions—gardens with Yew trees of formal cut.

At Litchborough a large, picturesque Tudor mansion with various gables, stone-shafted windows—escutcheons in relief—one with three coronets.

Canons Ashby—old Gothic mansion by roadside, at present owned by Sir—,—immense trees—elms, etc.,—some overrun with ivy.

Arrived at Sulgrave a little after four—stop at vicarage—Rev. Mr. Harden—send in card —follow it—find Mr. Harden and Mrs. Harden and Mr. Clark—clergyman of neighbouring parish—neat parsonage—little lawn in front with rustic seats, shrubs, etc.—polite reception —wine and biscuit—Mr. Harden knew of the monument of the Washington family. He and Mr. Clark accomp[ani]ed me to church. It is a grey Gothic church—square tower—has been repaired in simple Gothic style—singular green mound near the church called Castle Close. It appears to have been surrounded by a ditch may have been part of fortress or keep in old times. 204 Mr. Clark says there are several [of] what are called Roman and Danish mounds in this part of the country—and remains of Roman camps near Daventry, Charlton near Brockley, Deddington, etc.—rural scenery round church—parsonage in distance with shrubbery—low, grey, thatched stone houses of village with casements—rich green meadows with rough hedges—numerous cattle.

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Church simple—old oak pews with seats that let down on hinges or were for poor—tomb of Washington: flat stone or pavement close by the pulpit—inscription in black letter.

Here lyeth buried ye bodies of Laurence Wasshington Gent. and Anne his Wyff by whome he had issue IIII sons and VII daughters Laurence died Anno [obliterated] and Anne deceased 6 day of October Anno 1564.

Above the inscription is an escutcheon bearing the Washington arms.

Below are brass plates on which are engraved effigies of the sons and daughters—also an effigy on brass plate of a female figure, probably Anne—the effigy of Laurence obliterated. Mr. Harden said the remains of this monument should be carefully preserved. Walked to the old manor house—now much dilapidated—old grey stone and plastered house with great grey stone stables and outhouses—has been purchased not long since by Colonel Hutchinson, who resides a few miles distant. It is farmed by a Mr. Lets, a hale, sturdy farmer. Were shewn about the house by a plump country lass. House has 205 never had much pretension to grandeur, tho' there are remains on a gable end of escutcheon of arms with supporters—lion and dragon rampant—and escutcheon on border of old Gothic window of dairy. The rooms are low and panelled—old oaken staircase—the remains of a hall flagged with bl[ac]k stone—large fireplace—wooden joists of ceiling. A portion of the hall is divided off into a dairy—great pans of cream (they have seventeen cows)—Gothic window—on the walls in rude relief the family supporters—lion and green dragon—old, plain fireplaces upstairs. The family arms were formerly emblazoned in coloured glass in one of the windows, but we were told Colonel Hutchinson had removed them to his room at his residence. Little garden surrounded by low stone wall—formerly probably a terrace. On the gable end near the acorns is a primitive sun-dial such as we see in the old country houses in this part of the country—lofty old elms about the building—rooks sailing about. Everything has an ancient air, which indeed pervades this part of the country—literally a piece of old England—a country little hackneyed—mere cross-roads—little travelled. Farmer came home while we were looking about the house. Tall, stout, fresh complexion

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—coat square with deep pockets—breeches—gaiters—very respectful. The house is to undergo repairs which will probably obliterate some of its peculiarities. It is visited occasionally. Mr. Harden says there are inquiries made now and then about Washington. It is a tradition that Queen Elizabeth, before queen, was at Sulgrave. It is recorded that she was in a retired part of Northamptonshire. Primitive manners of country people—Mr. Clark gave an entertainment to about 1,000 country people. They 206 danced on the green—very orderly—not a rude or profane word spoken.

Mr. Harden wished us to dine with him. We declined. While post-horses were putting to we took a snug dinner of cold beef and ham with home-brewed ale at a decent little village ale house—number of country lads smoking in outer room—landlady tidy, short little woman. We were waited upon by her daughter, a very pretty girl with fair complexion and fair hair. Everything neat and good—excellent bread and nice butter. Left Sulgrave about quarter past five—returned thro' the old grey moss-grown village with escutcheon on the doors and reached Weedon about seven—and at eight Hector and myself set off in cars for London where we arrived at eleven and put up at Victoria Hotel. Lee returned to Birmingham.

Saturday, 22d. —Breakfasted at Victoria Hotel. Drove in hackney coach to Southampton railroad station. Set off at eleven o'clock A. M.—arrived at Southampton a little before three, having been delayed near an hour on road—rainy day. Put trunks on board steam-boat *Grand Turk*—call on the Aspinwalls—find them all at home—Col. and Mrs. A., Eliza, and——. Take dinner of cold meat. Col. accompanies me to steam-boat. Set sail five o'clock—pass the night on sofa in cabin—quiet voyage.

Sunday, 23d. —Arrive at Havre six o'clock—send for Mr. Taylor—get our luggage passed at custom house without examination. Mr. Beasley drives to town in his carriage to meet us—takes us out to his country retreat where we breakfast—Mr. Forceth of N. York there. Mr. Winslow pays us a visit. Drive out on *côte*—call on Mr. Winslow—see his wife, 207

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daughter, and niece, and youngest daughter. Dine at home—at Beasley's. Mr. Forceth and Mr. Taylor there—retire to bed at nine o'clock.

Monday, 24th. —Set off at quarter-past five in steam-boat for Rouen. In the course of our voyage we pass a vessel which had run on a sand-bar and been upset by the violence of the current. Nine men on the sides making frantic signals of distress and crying “*Sauvez-nous! Sauvez-nous!*”—put out our yawl—several boats put off also from the shore to their assistance, but they cannot get to her on account of the violence of the current. The distress of the poor fellows increases. Sympathy of ladies on board of our boat who weep and implore the captain to aid the poor people. The capt[ain] put steam-boat about, passes wreck, tows the boat up to her, and gets off the men. One boy had been drowned. Send the men on shore, all but one who was wounded—a subscription was made for him and fifteen dollars collected on board. Arrive at Rouen half-past one—put up at the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre—visit Cathedral—tomb of Longsword.

Tomb and monument of Duke.

In one part of monument he is represented as an infant in nurse's arms—in another as a warrior in complete armour and mounted on horseback. Below on sarcophagus is his emaciated body in winding sheet.

Ev[enin]g at theatre—play “*Il y a Seize Ans.*”

Tuesday, 25th. —Leave Rouen at five o'clock in steam-boat for Paris—breakfast and dine on board, where we have an excellent restaurant. Arrive at St. Germain at quarter-past seven—depart on railroad cars at eight—arrive in Paris where I am met by Mr. Storrow and conducted to his house.

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Sunday, 30th. —Drive out with Mr. and Mrs. Storrow and Hector Ames to Meudon, thence to St. Cloud, where we dine—return in ev[enin]g.

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Tuesday. —Ev[enin]g. Go with Gen[era]l Cass to Mr. Guizot's,¹ Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Guizot small, thin, dark man with grey hair—speaks very fair English. Introduced there to the Prince—, former head of Polish nation—an elderly man with a pale, somewhat melancholy countenance, amiable in his deportment and manners—spoke with much interest of Spain, tho' he had never been there.

¹ François Pierre Guillaume Guizot (1787–1874), the distinguished French historian and statesman.

Mr. Dupin came up to Gen[era]l Cass—after a friendly salutation, “Well,” said Gen[era]l C., alluding to the question of the right of search,² “ *c' est une affaire finie.* ” “ *Nette!* ” replied Dupin, with an expressive gesture. Then, speaking of the English pretext of philanthropy, he snapped his fingers,—“Bah! It's a mere thing in the air; while at bottom there are the most interested motives.”

² Great Britain's attempt to maintain the right of search on the high seas was vigorously opposed by General Cass, and mainly owing to the argument of the American Minister, France refused to ratify the Quintuple Treaty.

Speaking the other day in the Chambre on the signing of the treaty by the French Ministry —“It would be a matter, not of *censure* ,” said he, “but of *impeachment* . ”

Dupin has a remarkably shrewd, penetrating look, and a concise, trenchant mode of expressing himself.

Greek envoy—A large, good-humoured man—had not much conversation with him.

The saloon large, square, with somewhat of a vaulted ceiling—dingy and smoked. Furniture, etc., bears evidence of having been much used, as is 209 generally the case in public establishments of the kind. Returned home before ten o'clock.

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The question of the right of search has roused all France, and is producing an effect throughout the Continent.

When the question of the ratification of the treaty was in suspense the Duke of—¹ went to the King and observed it, was an affair not of a *ministry*, but of a *dynasty*.

¹ Ferdinand d'Orléans (1810–1842), eldest son of King Louis Philippe, who died this very year from a carriage accident.

June 3d. —Visit the Invalid[e]s in company with Sarah and Hector Ames.

Napoleon's remains in a *chappel ardente* ² hung with purple, wrought with bees. On each side the entrance to the chapel were seated a veteran *invalid* in uniform, holding a tri-coloured standard planted in the ground. Another veteran patrolled about the entrance. Through a grille we had a full view of the interior. Napoleon's body is in a sarcophagus of some dark kind of wood richly wrought. His imperial mantle was spread on it—upon it were deposited his crowns. At the foot of the sarcophagus and much lower was a richly wrought and gilt box containing his heart. On top of it was his sword, and under a glass case his famous little cocked hat. Around the sarcophagus lay quantities of wreaths or chaplets of immortelles; votive offerings, from time to time, at his shrine.

² *Chapelle ardente*. The term has reference to the illumination surrounding the sarcophagus.

June 4th. —Saturday. At eight o'clock in the evening drive out with Gen[era]l Cass to Neuilly to be presented to the King.³ Pleasant drive through

³ The "Citizen King," Louis Philippe (1773–1850), brought in after the Revolution of 1830, overthrown by that of 1848.

²¹⁰ the park—guards about here and there. At the entrance to the court-yard of the *château* a lancer mounted on each side, a sign, always, of the presence of the King.

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Went thro' suite of rooms—found the company assembled in an interior saloon. Queen, and Madame Elizabeth,¹ with various ladies, among whom were Madame Soult and the Countess of Monjoie (*dame d'honneur*) seated at a round table with needle-work, etc., before them. Company around the room—King, dressed in black, with shoes and stockings, conversing with Mr. Bulwer,² British Sec[retar]y of Legation. I was presented to the Queen, who excused herself from speaking English and conversed with me in French. She is thin and rather pale, an amiable countenance, blue eyes, light, or grey hair. Madame Elizabeth, sister to the King, a very frank, cordial manner—a countenance indicative of good nature and good sense. I had a very cordial reception from the King, who in conversation shewed himself well informed of all the passing events in America. The affairs of Mexico and Texas, etc. Had some conversation with Countess of Montjoie—Mr. Chabannes, who reminded me of our having met in 1829 at the house of the Duke de Caze—with Bulwer, with Gen[era]l—, aide-de-camp to the King, etc.

¹ Irving in a letter correctly calls her Adelaide.

I am told the King is extremely annoyed in taking his rides about the park, to find himself continually in sight of sentinels placed here and there for his security, since the repeated attacks upon him. He says it is almost as bad as the case of Napoleon at

² Sir Henry Lytton Earle Bulwer (1801–1872), author and diplomatist, and elder brother of Lord Lytton, the novelist.

²¹¹ Longwood, who could never find himself out of sight of a sentinel.

June 5th. —Sunday. Dined with Col. Thorn,¹ to witness the contract of marriage of his daughter with the Baron [Pierre]. Thorn lives in the Hotel Monaco, Rue de Varennes, Faub[our]g St. Germain, a noble mansion *entre cour et jardin* —the latter of great extent, looks like a morsel of an English park. Fine lawn with noble trees (horse-chestnuts and others) on each side—broad terrace back of the hotel. At dinner we had the Prince and Princess de Bethune, the Duchess de Montmorency, etc.

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1 Colonel Herman Thorn, an American of great wealth, whose regal entertainments brought to his house all the old nobility of Paris.

The Prince is head of the house of Sully, a somewhat dandyish old gentleman, with his scanty white hair brought from behind so as to partially cover the top of his head, and white whiskers that reach to the corners of his mouth—good-humoured, but light and somewhat faddy. The Princess is a woman of good sense, knowledge of the world and excellent manners. Sat at dinner between Mrs. Thorn and Mrs. Chauncy, her daughter-in-law. The latter, German by birth, speaks English very well. The conversation was full of intelligence and talent.

After dinner the company began to arrive, and in the course of the evening the assemblage became quite numerous, composed of the old noblesse—the high aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. Gen[era]l Cass came in the evening. The company all signed as witnesses, the contract of marriage. The bride-elect, a very pretty, beaming girl with a frank, amiable expression of countenance. Understanding from Gen[era]l Cass that the Marquis Brignole, 212 Sardinian Ambassador, was present, I told Gen[era]l Cass that I had an idea I had seen him play the part of Orasmin¹ in a translation of Voltaire's "Zaïre," at the country palace of his mother at Sestre de Ponente² near Genoa, in 1804, when he was about nineteen or twenty years of age. Gen[era]l Cass offered to introduce me to him, but I first wished to ascertain whether it was the same. We went into an adjoining saloon to look for him. Gen[era]l Cass told me to point out the gentlemen present whom I should suppose to be he. I examined the countenances and pointed to a tall, grey-headed person, who was seated conversing with a Neapolitan Ambassador. I was not mistaken. It was indeed the once young and elegant Brignole, who thirty-seven years before I had seen playing the hero of the drama with a grace and talent that captivated all the ladies present; and who I believe made a serious impression on the beautiful representative of Zaïre. Gen[era]l Cass introduced me to him and I recalled the circumstances just mentioned. He remembered having played the part and set me right as to the name of the representative

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of Zaire, which I had supposed to be Madame Navara, but which he told me was Rivarolla. He paid me some civil compliments upon my "Life of Columbus," a subject so interesting to the people of Genoa.

1 This character of the famous play is an officer of the Sultan of Jerusalem.

2 Irving meant "Sestri Ponente."

June 6th. —Monday. At twelve o'clock drove out with Sarah to Mrs. Welles' at Suresnes. Took St. Cloud in our way and passed some time in the park. Mrs. Welles in a *maison de campagne*, beautifully situated on the banks of the Seine, with fine 213 shrubbery, walks, garden, etc.—forty acres—returned through Bois de Boulogne.

Tuesday, 7th. —At twelve o'clock attended at the Church of St. Roque to witness the marriage ceremony of Miss Thorn to the Baron Pierre. After the ceremony the numerous company adjourned to Thorn's hotel where a breakfast was served at two o'clock to about thirty-six persons. The repast was in a noble saloon in one wing of the *château* looking out upon a noble avenue of trees under which a grand military band performed various pieces of music. I was seated next Madame de Varenne, a very intelligent old lady, with fine black eyes and hair almost entirely white. I found out afterwards that she was the person who planned the escape of La Valette.

The loveliest woman present was the Princess Demidoff, daughter of Jerome Bonaparte. She had somewhat of the Bonaparte countenance and one of the most delicious, fascinating smiles I have ever seen. I was presented to her after breakfast just as she and her husband were on the point of getting out their carriage to proceed on a journey.

In the course of the morning I was introduced to the Marquis de la Grange,¹ a member of the Chamber, and an exceedingly intelligent man. He told me he was occupied writing the history of his ancestor—de la Force, connected with the history of Spain.

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1 This was Adélaïde-Édouard Le Lièvre, Marquis de Fourelles et de la Grange (1796–1876), French statesman and author.

Thought Charles V presented a fine subject for the historic pen; thought Robertson's history, though a beautiful composition, was not satisfactory.²

2 William Robertson (1721–1793), the distinguished Scottish historian.

Dined with Mr. Bulwer, in a curious little mansion 214 made up of irregular saloons and pavilions, with garden behind it, which formerly belonged to the Princess Pauline and was a kind of *maison de plaisance*. At dinner we had Gen[era]l Cass, Col. Charles Fox, a Monsr.—, who is engaged in the history of the Moriscos, and Mr. Walewsky, a Pole, said to be a son of Napoleon.¹ He has the Bonaparte stamp in his countenance—a handsome man about thirty-five—speaks English very well—very intelligent and agreeable—conversation turned upon travellers in the East. Lamartine² was shewn up as being excessively poetical in his mode of viewing and relating things—false and exaggerated as to landscape, people, facts, etc. Cass spoke of his interview with Lady Hester Stanhope and of her indignation against Lamartine, who, she declared, “lied abominably.” She mentioned various circumstances concerning herself which he had stated were totally false. Lady Hester Stanhope³ was much considered and honoured in the country as long as she could spend money freely but when her means became straitened as they latterly did, the prestige vanished, and she fell into neglect.

1 Alexandre Floria Joseph Colonna, Comte Walewski (1810–1868), a soldier, journalist, and statesman.

2 Alphonse de Lamartine (1790–1869), the greatest of French elegiac poets, and prominent as a man of letters and a member of the provisional Government of 1848.

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3 Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope (1776–1839), eldest daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, the brilliant *confidante* of her uncle, William Pitt, best known after 1810 for her eccentric career in the Levant as a sort of princess among the tribes of Mount Lebanon.

Sir William Gell in one of his first works gives a fanciful and false account of the Island of —, and the ruins of the Palace of—. When the English took possession of the island all was found to be false. He was asked how he came to fabricate such 215 fables—“Why,” said he, “I never dreamt that we were to gain possession of the Island.” He supposed there would be no travellers after him to detect his misrepresentations. His subsequent writings about well-known countries are of quite a different character as to veracity.

Speaking of Mad. La Norman,¹ the famous fortune-teller, Bulwer said he had once been to see her—found her ingenious—prone to put questions and draw hints and conclusions from the replies.

1 Her correct name is Marie-Anne Lenormand (1772–1843). She came early to Paris and was consulted by the Empress Josephine and other notabilities.

Walewsky told of his having some years since called upon her, knowing that a beautiful woman with whom he had some *liaison* was about to call on her. Madam La Norman began to talk to him in the usual way but he repeatedly interrupted her, telling her he had no occasion for her science, but had come to aid it. He described the lady who was coming to consult her. He related many striking facts concerning her. He stated what might be said to her as to the future—“I do not advise you to tell all these things,” said he, “I counsel nothing; you may do as you please, but here are six Louis for you.” So saying he took his leave. The lady's fortune past and future was told in a manner to astonish her, and greatly to the advantage of Mr. Walewsky.

Charles Fox told us of a singular train of coincidences which had happened to his father, Lord Holland. When a boy he was nearly drowned in the Thames, and brought to shore

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perfectly insensible. On another occasion he met with another accident of great danger and another time in Lisbon, he—2

2 Irving leaves a blank half-page for the anecdote which still remains unrecorded.

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In the evening I accompanied Bulwer to the Duchess of—'s,¹ niece of Talleyrand. Met there with Lady Rencliff, whom I had not seen for sixteen years. She was looking very well—grown plump. Introduced to a very handsome girl, Mademoiselle de Noailles, granddaughter of Lafayette. Met the Marquise de Brignole, and was introduced to her sister-in-law, Madame—.

¹ Dorothée de Courland, Duchesse de Dino (1792–1862), who married Talleyrand's nephew, Count Alexandre de Périgord. She was a beauty and a favourite of the famous diplomat.

Old Lady Oldborough present—nearly ninety years of age, but fashionably dressed, animated and full of conversation.

June [13th]. —Monday. Dined at Lord Cowley's² (British Ambassador)—present L[or]d and Lady Cowley, Miss Wellesley, Lord and Lady Throgmorton,—Marquis and Marchioness Durazzo, Lady Rencliffe, Mr. Bulwer, Mr. McTavish, etc.

² Henry Wellesley, Baron Cowley (1773–1847), brother of the Duke of Wellington. He had a long and distinguished career as a diplomat. One of his daughters married Bulwer-Lytton.

Ev[enin]g to Thorn's—Grand *Fête* —gardens illuminated. Introduced to Eugene Sue—stout man about thirty-six—strong, black beard—spoke with great approbation of Cooper's writings.

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June [14].—Tuesday. Dined with Col. and Lady Mary Fox—present, Mr. Dumas,³ Bulwer, etc.

3 Doubtless the great romancer, Alexandre Dumas (1803–1870).

June [15].—Wednesday. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Greene—present, Mr. and Mrs. Storrow, Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard, Gen[era]l Cass, Dr. Randolph of Phila[delphia], Mr. Ray, the Miss Greens.

June [16th].—Thursday. Went out to Versailles in railroad cars with Mr. and Mrs. Storrow and the 217 child, and Mr. Ames. Took up quarters in the Reservoir Hotel.

Ev[enin]g drove to Viroflay to Bon Repos—dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis—met there Lady Ryal, Gen[era]l Cass, Ledyard, a Mr. Wilkinson, etc. After dinner walked in wood of Meudon. Visit Mr. Wilkinson's country retreat—his wife a pretty French woman—two daughters are very handsome.

June 27th. —Monday. Accompanied Mrs. and the Misses Wheaton to *soirée* of Duchess de Caze.

June 29th. —Wednesday. Dined with Baron Rothschild at his villa at Bo[u]logne—present, Duke de Caze, Marquis de Salvandy, Madame de Girardan, formerly Delphine Gay,¹ Mr. Bulwer, etc.

¹ Emile Delphine de Gay (1804–1855), a voluminous writer, married in 1831 to M. de Girardine, the journalist.

Evening company—Duke and Duchess of Grammont, M. de Kenevitz, Minister of Saxony, his wife and daughter, Madam Bernsdorff, wife of Prussian *chargé d'affaires*, etc., etc.

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July 11th. —Leave Paris at eleven o'clock in carriage and four horses for Bordeaux accompanied by Alex. Hamilton, Jr., Carson Brevoort and Hector Ames—Benjamin Gowien, domestic² —fine weather.

² Irving in a letter of July 20, 1842, writes: "I have picked up a most valuable servant at Paris, a mulatto named Benjamin Gowien, native of South Carolina."

Arrive at Orleans at half-past nine o'clock—put up at La Boule d'Or, a very neat, clean hotel.

July 12th. —Leave Orleans at eight o'clock—stop about one o'clock at Blois and visit the old castle where the Duke de Guise was assassinated.³

³ This was Henri I de Lorraine (1550–1588), one of the authors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and head of the Roman Catholic League. He was assassinated at Blois, along with his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, by order of King Henry III.

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Fine, cool day, having had showers last night—arrive a little after seven o'clock at Tours. Put up at the Hôtel de Londres—good.

July 13th. —Rise early—visit Cathedral, etc.—leave Tours at eight o'clock—drive through Montbazou—ruins of castle—fertile country round it—gardens—small river.

Pass thro' fertile, green country—ridges of low hills with *châteaux* and vineyards. Pass thro' Châtellerault—beset by knife merchants. Arrive at Poitiers about five. Picturesque approach to the town—limestone crags on one hand, small river on the other—put up at Hôtel de France—good—take bath—walk in public promenade built partly on walls of old town. Enchanting view below the walls—small, rich valley with the Vienne gliding thro' it.

Visit Cathedral—very spacious, wide—side aisles nearly as wide as the nave.

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14th. —Walked before breakfast with Mr. Brevoort—visit Cathedral—Church of St.—,—
Saxon architecture—columns with very high reliefs. Leave Poitiers at eight o'clock.

Weather this day very hot—dusty—pass thro' country of vineyards—straight road—
monotonous. See at a distance the *château* of the Rochefoucaulds.

Arrive about seven o'clock at Angoulême—have to wind up hill through the town—put
up at the Hôtel de la Port—walk out about boulevards along the crest of the hill—looking
over rich extent of country with the—, gleaming through part of it. We are in the country of
truffles and *pâtés*, etc.

15th. —Leave Angoulême at seven o'clock—beautiful walks made around the place on the
boulevards, etc.

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A hot, dusty day's drive—about three posts before reaching Bordeaux hear of the death of
the Duke of Orleans.

Pass over magnificent hanging bridge over the Dronne—arrive at Bordeaux about six
o'clock—put up at Hôtel de Paris.

July 16th. —Keep at home all day on account of the heat—drive out in the evening to
Floirac to visit the Guestiers—Mr. Guestier absent. Find Mrs. G. at home with her son-in-
law, Wash: Phelan, who married her daughter Minna, and Mr.—, who married her niece,
Miss Lorton—numerous family—four born since I was here. Accompan[ie]d in this drive by
Hamilton and Brevoort—fine drive home by moonlight.

Sunday, 17th. —Drove about twelve o'clock to Lescare—country seat of Mr. Nath.
Johnson. Found him at home and Mrs. N. Johnson—Mr. J. just recovering from severe
illness. After a while old Mrs. Johnson returned from church accompan[ie]d by her
daughter Georgiana and her husband, Mr. Deluz—passed an hour there very agreeably.

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In afternoon Hamilton, Brevoort, and myself drove out to Floirac, where we dined *en famille* with the Guestiers. Mr. Guestier had returned and greeted me cordially on my arrival. About twenty persons sat down to table. Mrs. Phelan was there and Doctor—. Passed a very pleasant evening.

18th. —Paid morning visits to Mrs. Deluz, Mrs. Nath. Barton, Mrs. Phelan, and Mr. Grigsby of Virginia, American Consul.¹ Dined at Lescare. At table old Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. N. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Deluz, Mr. and Mrs. N. Barton, and

¹ Probably John Blair Grigsby (1800–1881), afterwards a well-known authority on Virginia history.

220 Mr. Scott, British Consul. Returned in ev[enin]g in carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Deluz.

19th. —Leave Bordeaux at four o'clock p.m. in diligence for Bayonne—hot, dusty journey in the afternoon—travel all night.

20th. —Day cooler—there have been showers to lay the dust—arrive at Bayonne at four o'clock—at diligence office find Mr. Lucaze, who conducts us to Hotel St. Étienne—take bath—stroll about the town.